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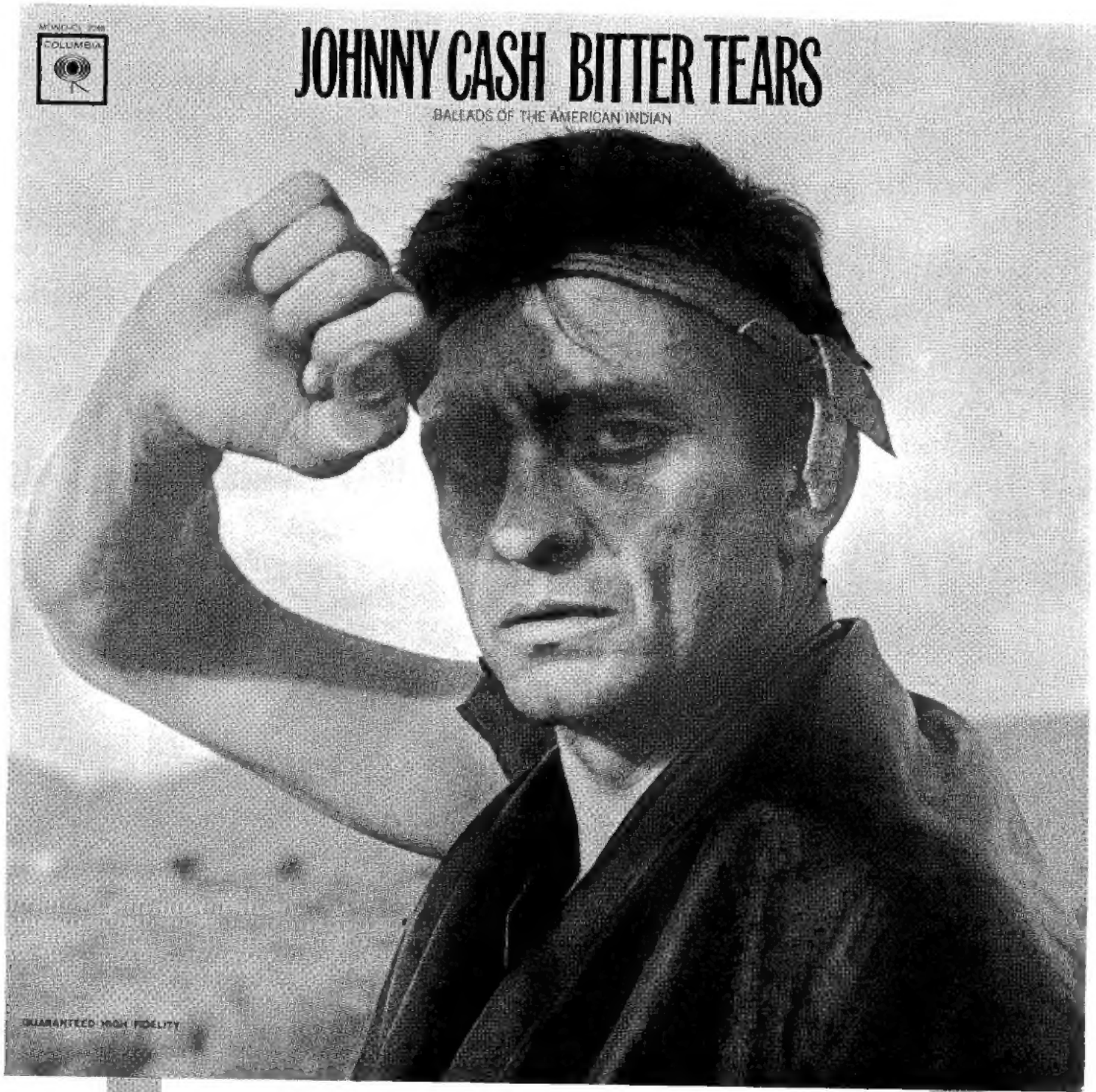

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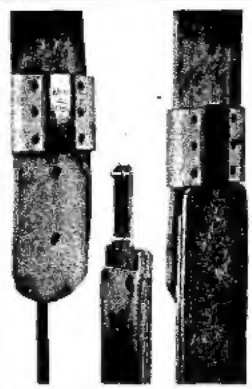

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May-June, 1965
Volume 12, No. 5
Whole No. 69

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: Joe Grandee

A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

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HERE'S WHAT WE WANT!

I HAVE just finished reading the last word of "The White Red Man" by Olevia E. Myers featured in this issue. I am reading it some months before you'll get a chance to, of course, but I want to have my say while it's fresh on my mind.

After I finished the piece I leaned back in my chair, closed my eyes, and Ollie Stewart's life unfolded in fresh memory almost as if I had lived it with him! It seems that I know the man. It is the type story that you *know* must be true because who could write fiction like that? Every sentence says something. He spent no time worrying about the past or cogitating about the future—but lived life day by day and told his story that way. The author had the very good judgment to let the old man tell his story and not jazz it up. Frankly, I think it is the best thing that we have received since our award-winning "Nine Years Among The Indians" which appeared in FRONTIER TIMES.

By now you undoubtedly have a slight suspicion that I like this particular story! I believe all of you will. This is the kind of thing we are hunting. This is the kind of thing we could get if we had a couple hundred thousand dollars to put writers with tape recorders out all over the country to record these stories before it is too late. There are actually *thousands* of stories walking around on two feet now that are just a matter of years, perhaps a year—even a month—away from oblivion—or at least near oblivion. Nobody could have told Ollie Stewart's story the way he told it. If someone proves it mostly fiction, I think I'll sell out to a *smart* publisher!

We get stacks of letters asking what we want. To authors and to those of you who say you can't write, read this story and you'll find out! We don't mean that each story should be this particular type since we have many fields to cover in the Old West. But, write it in this meaty form—where it starts moving in the first paragraph and goes right on until the last word with every sentence meaning something. It makes me want to pull my hair when I think how many wonderful stories will die along with the old-timers who lived them because somebody didn't get a tape machine and spend a day, or two, or whatever time was necessary with these characters—or, at least, didn't take the facts down on paper. It does not have to be a savage, bloodthirsty account. A true portrayal of the life and times can be very interesting—or very dull—depending on who is telling it and how he goes about it. Boiling it down, we want TRUE (down to the smallest detail), INTERESTING articles. A great historian once remarked, "You can't sell history books on a newsstand!"

So if you know of an interesting story of any type that comes under the Old West category, hop on it. Ollie Stewart was 104 years old before someone got his story. If he had died at the "ripe old age of 103," it would never have been told.

I want to make a heart-felt statement here—is there *any way* that we can tell you that there is no such thing as a "bad writer" so long as he can get an authentic story down on paper the way one of these old-timers tells it! We have lost utterly hundreds of stories merely because people who are not professionals tell us, "There is a wonderful story in that old man, but I am no writer!" Some of the best pioneer stories ever printed have come from people who are not writers—but people who put down "what the man said." But watch those facts! If they aren't detected by us and our researchers, they *positively* will be by our readers—and we'll all have red faces then.

Naturally, every story will not be a prize winner. Some of them I am sure we can't use. So many of the old folks ramble, like to fool you with "windies," are concerned with uninteresting incidents or dates which mean nothing—people who married this person and their children married this one and that one and the other—all interesting *family* history but not something that would hold the interest of a national audience. However, in so many of these dry accounts, suddenly there bubbles a story that is as fresh as a spring in arid country, and it can be used with a little explaining fore and aft.

IF YOU KNOW of such a person and still are afraid to make a tape of his life, or write down the highlights, or do not have time, send us the name and address of this person and we'll see if there is any way that we can get the story. We are completely snowed under as it is (actually sometimes I get as far as six months behind on my personal mail—forgive me, you'll hear eventually but helping get three magazines out is quite a *task!*—) but we'll see if we can find somebody somewhere to get that story.

When I think of the account of a life's expanse like "The White Red Man" dying like a library of irreplaceable old books in a fierce fire—it makes me want to climb a dead snag, pull my hair, and shout at the birds! You see, even printed in these turrible rags, these stories will be around for a long time to come. Libraries, collectors, museums, and various other depositories of history will keep Ollie Stewart, for instance, alive for a long time to come!

Sure, you'll run onto the dry type who is a good talker but really led a rather ordinary life; you'll run across the old-timers who are great with the big windies; but generally you can tell when something is genuine and when it isn't. Also, we've got research sources all over the country now and, although it is impossible to check on every detail of a person's life, we can check times, places,

(Continued on page 64)

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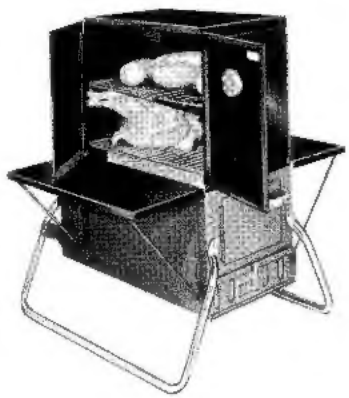

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True Western

Sam Tilden

One Red Friend—One White Friend Gone

Gentlemen:

I am writing to tell you that Samuel Tilden, the nephew of Chief Joseph, has died. He was ninety-seven or ninety-eight. Sam was about ten years old when the Nez Percé War broke out on the Salmon River. At the last, when the Indians were surrounded, Sam escaped and crossed into Canada. In 1903, Sam accompanied Chief Joseph to Washington to plead with President Roosevelt for permission for his people to return to the Wallowa country in the Northwest. I remember you ran Sam Tilden's picture as a cover on TW several years ago.—George H. Coe, 2104 North 23rd, Boise, Idaho.

Sir: In June, 1964 you ran a story on Chapo Beatty, one of the last of the Arizona Rangers. He has since died at age ninety at Nogales. For awhile, Mr. Beatty believed he was the only survivor of the famous law group, but two other men, one in California and another in Phoenix, have said they were members also. Mr. Beatty got his nickname, which means "Shorty" when he was a young cowboy in New Mexico.—Margaret Kuehlthau, 2227 East First Street, Tucson, Arizona.

About Treasures and Relics

Dear Friend:

I am enclosing a picture of a strongbox which is made of one-inch thick oak, dovetailed corners, and square nails. I have had it since about 1927. I bought a used car and the strongbox was used as a tool box. It was quite a novelty, so I kept it. Now I am wondering about its value. Could your readers help? Its outside measurements are: 14½" long; 8" wide; 9" high. It had a padlock and chain at one time stapled to the front but I have lost that. It has no stencils or marking for identification.—M. L. Hartman, 22497 Avenue 18, Madera, California.

Dear Sirs:

Having read and reread "Texas Treasure Hoax," I felt prompted to offer this information. It might well be of importance and interest to Mr. Luna and Mr. Ruppel. Perhaps in their effort to identify their treasure they may have overlooked the very old and rare coin known as the "Prince Edward Island Holey Dollar."

Spanish dollars were perforated during the reign of Governor Smith with both rings and centres countermarked. The rings passed for five shillings currency and the centres for one shilling. These rings, or "holey dollars" are very rare and their centres excessively so, since when they turned out threepence overweight, local thrift caused them to be shipped overseas for melting down. These coins were also issued in larger size (centres) in copper, silver and gold.

Early coinage struck for English-American colonies was made of brass or similar substance, such as Hogge money, and lightly silvered or gold washed.

Several factors pointed out about the chest of coins is of little importance. Isn't it possible that the so-called "machine screws" were inserted by a former discoverer who also noticed what seemed to be washers, carefully replaced the old iron screws or pins, reburied his find, and intended to research its contents before taking the chance of being ridiculed? The fact of the chest's feeling light upon hefting was of little consequence. Even if the coins had been gold, the weight would have been considerably lessened with the centres removed. *(Continued on page 70)*

Back and front view of Mr. Hartman's strongbox

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The White Red

He was white from the skin in—and anything required from the skin out. It all depended on the campfire and who was sitting around it

OLLIE STEWART'S faded blue eyes grow brighter and his quivery old voice seems to grow stronger as he peers back—far back—through the swirling mists of over a hundred years.

Ollie came to Indian Territory when he was eleven years old, in 1870. He now lives quietly with his memories in a little two-room home in West Tulsa, and does his own cooking and housework. He saw the Old West as it really was. He lived it and helped build it.

The Owl-Hoot Trail on which all the bad ones rode, Frank and Jesse James, The Younger Brothers, Jim French, Verdigris Kid, Blue Duck, Belle Starr, Cherokee Bill, has no nook or cranny that Ollie Stewart does not know.

I sat with him on his 104th birthday and listened to his almost incredible tale of the old days, and I have tried hard to capture the colorful language in which he relates his experiences.

Author's Note: Here is a perfect example of a man who lived in the Indian Territory not as an outlaw—"on the lam"—nor as a "do-gooder" trying to help the poor savages, but as a free man who wanted to work out his own destiny in a wild and unhampered land.

There were thousands of them, my own parents among those thousands, who lived smack-dab on the middle of the fence between the law and the outlaw, with each side well knowing that they tended strictly to their own business.

By his own frank admission, Ollie Stewart was a young hellion as he grew to manhood, but upon reaching man's estate he put away foolish things and bent his efforts toward rearing and providing for his family.

I recently visited the Sallisaw country and found several old-timers who remembered Stewart, and each of them had nothing but good words for Ollie and his family.

'TWAS in the late fall of 1870 when Pappy at last pulled up the ox team and hollered, "Whoa, Whoa!" We were on a purty, slow-sweeping hill in Injun country near where the town of Sallisaw, Oklahoma, now stands. There was a few old Injun huts there, but no town—nothing even looking like a town. It was coming on night when we pulled up and Pappy looked around and 'lowed as how "this was the place."

We had come all the way from Indiana in this old wagon with all the housekeeping stuff and all Pappy's plunder in it, along with me and my brother. We had Mammy with us part of the way, but it was a long hard trip, and Mammy never had been strong—I think she had lung fever—anyway, she died summers along the way. Me and Pappy dug a grave and buried her. My brother was porely like Mammy was, and so he didn't help dig the grave, but he got some wild flowers and put at her head and her feet, and we give her as Christian a burial as we was able to. Then we went on.

It was coming on night when we stopped, and Pappy said to get some firewood together so's Brother could fix some supper while we fixed a shelter.

Soon as we had unhitched the oxen, Buck and Jude we called 'em, we took the chopping ax and started cutting purty good-sized young trees for the corner posts of our shelter. We got the corner posts cut that night and then slept in the wagon after eating a good supper of sow belly and biscuits cooked in the old Dutch oven by the campfire.

Sometime that night I waked up to the God-awfullest screeching and hollering you ever heerd and the wagon was plumb surrounded by Injuns. They was all on horseback and nary a one of 'em had a saddle—just a sort of bellyband around the horse's middle and a kind of stirrup fastened on to this bellyband. I

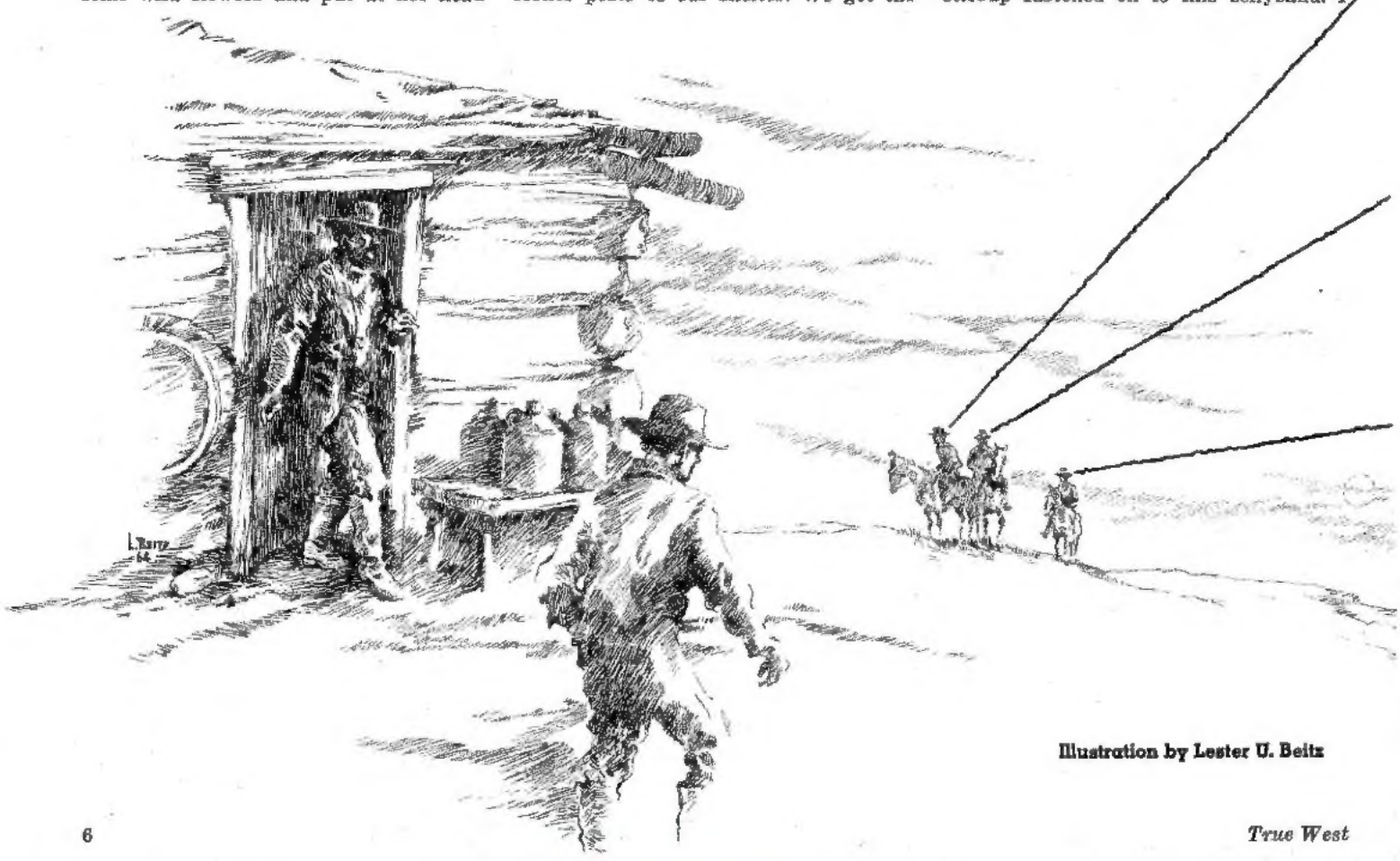

Illustration by Lester U. Beitz

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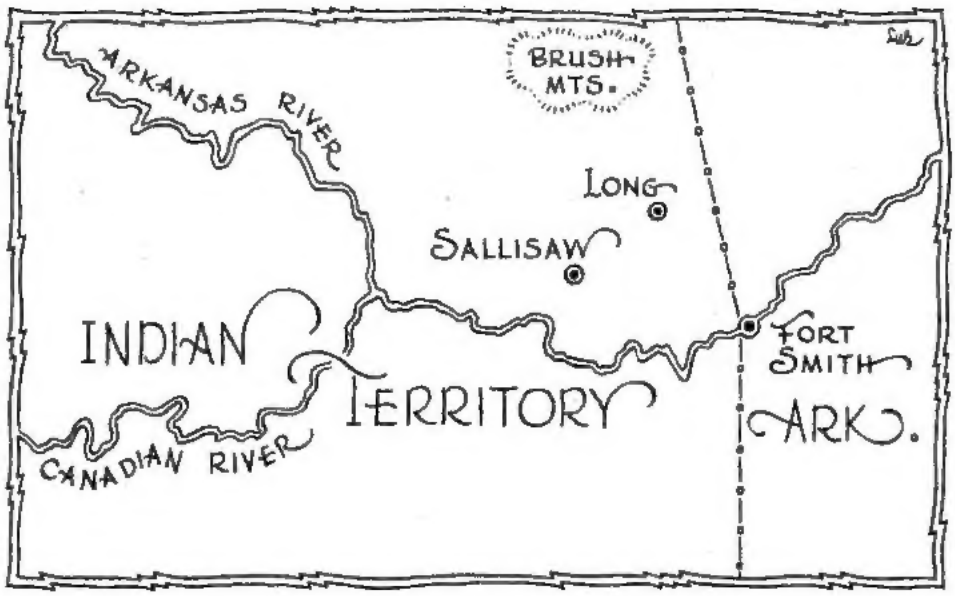
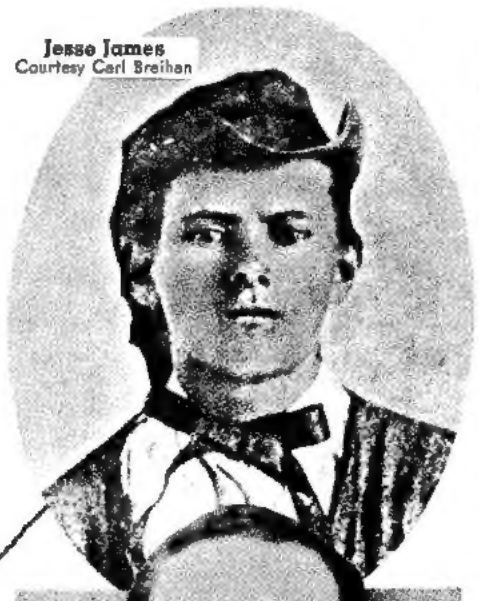
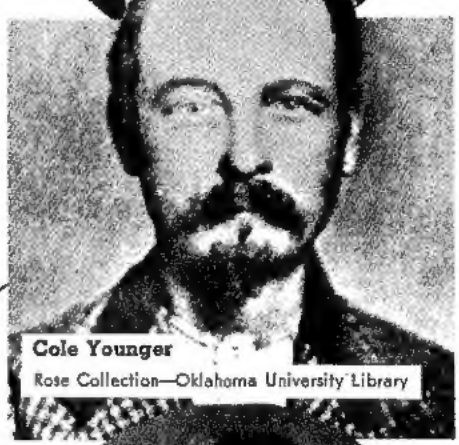
Man

By OLEVIA E. MYERS

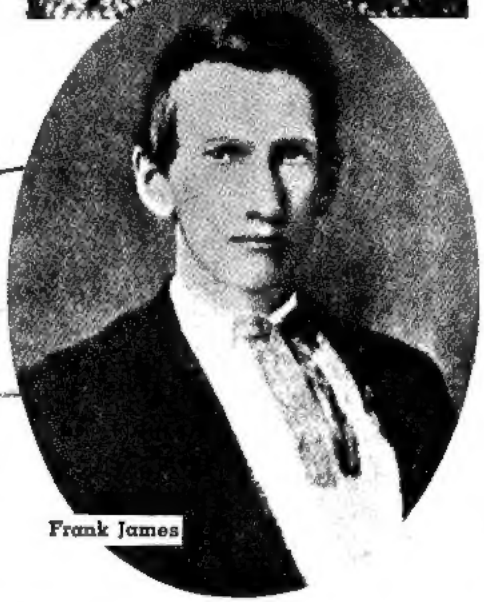




Jesse James
Courtesy Carl Breihan



Cole Younger
Rose Collection—Oklahoma University Library



Frank James

was skeered to death almost, but Pappy—Pappy waren't afeared of nothing, for he'd gone through the War without a scratch and had been a prisoner for awhile, so he was hard as nails and dangerous as a rattler if you crossed him.

Pappy got out of the wagon pulling his galluses up over his shoulders and making friendly motions toward the Injuns who was all 'round the wagon. He pointed to the coffee pot near the fire and said, "Git down—we'll make coffee."

The Injuns jest stared at Pappy and then an old buck with long greasy hair and feathers all braided into it, said, "Goody."

Pappy didn't know what in the world he meant, and shook his head in puzzlement to show he did not understand. By now I had the old shotgun in my hands and had 'er eared back—she was double barreled, 12 gauge, and loaded with buckshot. I would have let go sure as shooting if they had made a move, but I was skeered—God, I was skeered!

The old greasy-haired buck made a motion as though he was drinking, and now and then he'd let out a war-whoop. "Goody, Goody!" he demanded.

All of 'em was gitting restless now—there was 'bout seven as I recollect—and finally Pappy said, "Whiskey?"

"Goody, Goody!" the Injuns all yelled and Pappy turned to the endgate of the wagon and reached in, pulled out a gallon jug of redeye we'd hauled with us, and when them redskins saw that jug, they kept hollering, "Goody, Goody!" and ever' last one of 'em jumped off their ponies and gathered around the campfire. The jug went round and round.

Each Injun would take a big swaller and then gobble like a wild turkey. They'd pass the jug to Pappy each time it went round, and he'd take a little swig jest to be friendly. After a little while, the jug was empty and the Injuns made motions to Pappy that they wanted him to go with 'em. Pappy didn't know jest what to do, but he stuck his head in the wagon and told us that he thought he'd better go 'long as he thought they was friendly.

Pappy told us to git some sleep, that he knowed what he was doing and there was a hard day's work ahead tomorrow, because didn't none of us figger to sleep in that wagon another night. So there in the middle of nowhere with prairie grass plumb up to the top of my head, we was setting alone, Brother and me.

WHEN I waked up pretty early next morning, Pappy was back and already drinking coffee by the chunk-up campfire. Pappy told us the Injuns had taken him home with 'em and had built up a fire outside a shelter where the old Injun lived and then had called the squaws out of bed to cook for 'em. Then they roasted a fat dog for Pappy! You see—the fat dog was their way of being nice, jest like we will cook up a mess of steak or the best we've got for company.

Well, Pappy had never eat dog, but he said he figgered that iffen we was gonna git along with these folks we'd have to eat what they put before us jest the same as we'd expect 'em to do when they come to our house.

Soon as it was good daylight, we started on that shelter fer us to live in, and know what we done? We took the corner posts we'd cut the day before—they all had forks at the top—and we set 'em good and deep in the ground, then we took smaller poles and laid in the forks, then took still smaller poles and laid 'em across these poles and kivered the whole she-bang with grass and limbs and we had a purty good shelter after we'd leaned some poles up to three sides and kivered them the same way.

We lived there for two years. Always in the winter we kept a big fire going on the side that was open and it was plenty warm all the time, but I tell you we used a heap of wood to keep that fire going. Course there was always plenty of red coals to use in cooking the wild game we killed, and many a good pot of deer, bear, squirrel, rabbit, turkey—Good Lord, at the wild turkeys!—and then there was the pigeon roosts along the river banks. You can't ever imagine the swarms of pigeons roosting on the limbs of trees. I've seed big limbs broke off by the roosting pigeons.

Know how we killed 'em? Well, we'd take a big stick—usually we whittled a hand-hold on a good hickory limb—and then we'd jest go down to the pigeon roosts, taking a good rich pine torch which seems to sort of blind 'em, and start knocking 'em off the limbs. You

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could swing that club and a dozen would fall. After we'd killed what we thought we'd want for the winter (we salted 'em down in barrels), we'd gather 'em up into the wagon and haul 'em home. Took a whole day to clean 'em, too, but we'd all pitch in and they was shore good eating when the winter was on.

All the time while we lived in the shelter, Pappy was working up a good trade in whiskey. He had a good scheme. He'd go acrost the river to Fort Smith or Van Buren and go 'round gitting a few gallons here and there—a gallon or two at a time—and hide it in the river bottom. Then after night he would go to the Arkansas River to a place where he always forded—away from the regular ford, and he would swim acrost with a load on his horse's back, then go right back acrost the river to where he had hid his whiskey in the thick bottoms, and get another load. Sometimes he'd work all night gitting his load of redeye acrost into the Territory. Then he would load it up in the wagon and bring it on home.

The Injuns all knowed him by now, and not a one of 'em but would've died before he'd betray him. Funny how an Injun would never go back on his word. They would all watch for the U. S. Marshals and warn Pappy if one was in the Nations, and Pappy could have all that whiskey hid in no time a'tall.

We was real friendly with all the tribes. You see, this was Cherokee country, but there was a awful lot of both Creeks and Osages lived here too, and ever'one got along fine.

THERE was no doctors, but the Injuns didn't need a doctor—they knowed about remedies for ever'thing and they worked, too—most of the time. I remember when Pappy got a big running sore on his shin, a set-fast we called it, and he had rode to Fort Smith several times trying to git it cured. Then this old Injun named Walking Stick come along, looked at Pappy's leg, shook his head and muttered, "Me cure. You want 'em me cure?"

"I shore do, Walking Stick," Pappy replied.

Walking Stick walked out into the woods, me trailing along, and found a dried cow-chip—got a handful of that—and walked on to where a big old cottonwood tree stood and picked up a handful of the dead white bark that is always on the ground under a cottonwood tree. He then took the cow-chip and cottonwood bark and, finding a smooth rock, he spread this stuff out. Taking a smaller rock, he pounded and pounded, and he'd sift it 'round and pound some more 'til it was just like flour. Then he took some bear grease and mixed into it 'til he had a thick salve.

He told Pappy to not let his pants leg touch him for three days. He then took great gobs of this stuff and made a real thick blanket of it all 'round Pappy's leg. Three days later he come back, removed real careful the stuff that had hardened like plaster almost. He wet it with warm water, peeled it off, and we could see the leg was healing.

Walking Stick went through the same process again—he said it had to be fresh made—and three days later when he come back, the leg was healing a lot more and was all pink 'round the sore instead of grey runny matter like it had been for so long. He told Pappy to let it air for three days, then again he applied the stuff and that was it. Pappy never had no more trouble with that set-fast.

I remember a squaw who was having trouble before birthing a papoosie. She was all swelled up like she'd bust from the pizen in her, and the squaws went out and gathered a great big bunch of mullen leaves. They started a fire under the old iron washpot and started wilting them mullen leaves down and kept cramming in more, punching and stirring as they wilted, and purty soon they had a whole potful of thick looking water from the green mullen leaves. They wrapped the squaw in this gooey mess, wrapped her head and foot, in a dirty old blanket with jest a little place cut out fer her to breathe, and a couple of little slits fer her to see through.

I saw that squaw, and I tell you true as I'm asetting here that after a while, you could see her going down. By morning she had lost ever' licking bit of that pizen and that day she birthed a great big papoosie.

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This squaw was the wife of a Creek named Squirrel and that night we had us a celebration to beat all celebrations. It was the custom in them days to begin to fatten up a couple of young dogs to celebrate papoosie day, and when it happened, them Injuns—just the bucks—gathered to celebrate.

Pappy always took along a couple jugs of redeye, and the Injuns butchered them fat dogs and as they roasted, turning slow like on a spit over the hot coals, all the bucks would drink firewater. By the time the dogs was about half-done, they'd start cutting favorite pieces from them, and it was a mess, I'm telling you. Ever' Injun getting drunker by the minute, and urging me and Pappy to eat more—"Heap good. Eat more." As I recall, that dog was purty good eating and I've et many a one!

BY THIS time, two years had passed and I was gitting on to being almost a man, and I was helping Pappy git the redeye acrost the river. Many the time I've waited on the Territory side while Pappy went to Fort Smith and got his load. Pretty soon I was swimming that old river and fetching the stuff acrost myself while Pappy went in for more.

Pappy decided it would be better if we'd build us a log house, so we went over about five or six miles from where Sallisaw is now to a little place called Long, and here Pappy picked out a spot. You see, the Injuns would let us live anywhere we wanted 'cause Pappy was good to 'em and treated 'em like people instead of dogs, like lots of whites did. And then, too, he shore kept 'em in firewater for which he got all kinds of fur pelts that he could sell in Fort Smith—or go there and ship 'em to St. Louis fer a good price.

We went to work and cut some big walnut logs and Pappy took the old broadaxe and hewed 'em good and square. Then we give a log-raising. If you don't think an Injun will work, you should've been there at Long about 1872. Pappy passed the word that when the house was done, there'd be free firewater for all who helped and we couldn't hardly do nothing ourselves fer the Injuns putting up those logs. They swarmed all over the roof helping to put on the boards we had "rived" from some good white oak that would split thin as a knife blade, almost.

When night come, that cabin was laid, roofed, chinked and daubed, and a stick and mud fireplace had a good little fire burning in it. You see, you had to burn a slow fire in them stick and mud chimneys fer awhile to sort of bake the mud slow-like 'til it got set good.

That night we didn't have no roast dog, but we did have a quarter of bear, and a whole venison roasting through the day while we worked. At sundown it was jest right. Talk about a time, man, we et bear and deer meat till we was about to bust. Funny thing about them bucks—they didn't seem to ever git enough. Time after time, I've seen 'em eat till they'd be sick and go off and vomit jest like a dog and then come right back and eat some more.

That's what they did on the night after the house-raising. They'd drink that firewater—an Injun don't take a swaller like a white man does—he takes a drink, like a drink of water—and then he'd fill up on bear or deer, go off and puke like a buzzard, and come back for more. Next morning ever' last one of them Injuns was sleeping around that campfire, feet toward the fire and rolled up in a blanket. 'Bout daylight, you'd see 'em gitting up and, silent as death, they'd pick their own pony out of the bunch in the rope corral and ride away.

WELL, it was a fine party, and a mighty fine log cabin. We lived in it about two or three years, me helping Pappy all the time get the redeye acrost the river into the Nations and gitting to where I thought I was a pretty smart cookie myself. In fact, it was about this time I begin to think Pappy couldn't tell me much of anything. It was right after we had moved over to Long that I found out Pappy knowed a lot more about outlaws than I ever suspected he did, fer we had not been at this new place long before I found out Pappy's cabin was built right smack-dab on the old Owl-Hoot Trail, as it was called. We lived on what was knowed as Hagger Mountain, and then there was a long valley all covered with thick timber and clear little mountain streams and a good spring sprinkled in ever' so often. It was shore a purty place, but it was not peaceful, I can tell you.

Strange men with big hog-legs on their hips kept coming to the house asking fer food and sometimes they'd jest ride up, talk to Pappy fer a minute, and ride on. Purty soon Pappy would be fixing a sack of grub and he'd tell me to take it and hang it on a certain tree just off the Owl-Hoot Trail.

Sometimes the men didn't even come to the house if they was being trailed purty close; they'd jest hoot like an owl or make some other kind of noise. I'd take the vittles, and when I went back next day or two, there would be a sack hanging there and it would have a few gold pieces in it or maybe some silver.

I was a great big overgrowed boy by now an' it didn't take me long to figger ever'thing out. Purty soon I knowed who the men was—at least the most of 'em. They guessed I knowed 'em and they would joke me, and call me the up-and-coming young owl-hooter.

This little place called Long where Pappy settled waren't no more'n thirty miles from Younger Bend where Belle Starr had her hideout and many's the time I've hung grub on that tree limb for the owl-hooters who was riding hard for Belle's camp.

Jim Reed, Sam Starr, The Younger Brothers, Jim French, Verdigris Kid—I knowed 'em all. Best of all I remember Frank and Jesse James. They was the best fellers you'd ever want to meet if you treated 'em right. First time I ever seed Frank and Jesse, Pappy had sent me over to help a widder woman named Mary Hill to git her little shirt-tail patch of corn worked out. In them days you never expected to be paid fer helping a neighbor out.

At any rate, Pappy had sent me over there and me and Mrs. Hill and the oldest boy, 'bout eleven, I reckon, had been working that corn patch and Mrs. Hill went in to fix a bite of dinner. When me and the kid went in, two men was setting at the kitchen table while Mrs. Hill cooked. They was fine looking men and acted real gentlemanly. All of a sudden, Mrs. Hill busted out crying and one of 'em—I later learnt it was Jesse—said, "Ma'am, don't be 'fraid of us. We are not going to hurt you and we will pay you fer the food. We don't bother widder women."

Mrs. Hill wiped her eyes on her apron and told 'em she was not crying 'bout them being there—she was crying 'cause she was going to be put out of her home and she didn't know what in the world she was going to do—her with three little kids and all.

Jesse wanted to know all about it and while they et the meal Mrs. Hill had fixed, she told 'em how it was. Mr. Hill had mortgaged ever'thing they had to a merchant over at Sallisaw, named Jess Waters, and he was going to foreclose on her. He was coming out the next day, which was a Saturday, and, of course, she could not pay the hunderd dollars, so she'd have to just walk out.

Jesse asked a mighty lot of questions and him and Frank went outside after they finished eating, and purty soon Jesse came back in. He handed Mrs. Hill a little sack and told her, "There's the old skin-flint's money. There's a hunderd dollars there and I want you to give it to old Waters when he comes out but don't let him leave here without giving you a receipt for 'Paid in Full.'"

Mrs. Hill commenced crying all over again and a-trying to thank the James boys, but they jest mounted up and rode off laughing at something.

WE WENT on back to hoe corn and next morning I was back bright and early, fer I sure wanted to see the look on old Waters' face when Mrs. Hill give him that money.

Well sir, 'bout nine o'clock, Mr. Waters come riding up on a fine bay horse with a fancy silver-mounted saddle and bridle. He come in looking real pious and commenced saying as how he hated to do this, but he must have his money this very day.

Mrs. Hill walked over to the cupboard and reached up, took down an old pitcher and poured out that hunderd dollars, all in gold.

"There's your money, Mr. Waters, after you give me a receipt fer it—all free and clear."

Old Man Waters' eyes bugged out like he seed a ghost and he asked where she got all that money.

Mrs. Hill told him, "It's gold, ain't it?"

He wrote her out a receipt that the mortgage was paid up, and rode off. Mrs. Hill started laughing and crying all at the same time 'cause she had her home saved and 'cause Old Man Waters looked so funny when she give him the hunderd in gold.

Well sir, it waren't but a day or two till most ever'one on Hagger Mountain made it a p'int to come over to visit the Widder Hill, and ever' last one of 'em was curious as a pet coon as to where she got the money. After awhile she told 'em right out that Jesse and Frank James give it to her, but she didn't know 'em when she took it.

Old Man Waters never made it home with that hunderd dollars in gold. No, sir-ee. A couple of men—according to his story—stopped him right where the Owl-Hoot Trail crosses Brushy Mountain and not only took the hunderd in gold but about a hunderd that he was a-carrying besides.

On Wednesday of the following week, Jesse and Frank showed up again at Mrs. Hill's and asked again fer some grub. When they started to leave, Jesse pulled out a little bag and laid it on the table. Mrs. Hill looked him right in the eyes and said, "God bless you boys fer helping a helpless woman, but I don't want your money and I don't want you to ever come here again. I'm trying to raise my three children to be God-fearing folk and I don't want 'em ever to say I was not a good mother."

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The boys looked at her a second and both of them lifted their hats like they was in church and at the same time they both said, "God bless you, Ma'am," and they rode away.

Mrs. Hill said she'd not have taken the money even to save her home and ever'thing, if she had knowed it was not clean money.

They'd left the little package on the table and it had almost two hunderd dollars in it. Well, Old Man Waters never missed that little bit and even if he could not prove where it come from, well, he had a purty good idea. Mrs. Hill sold off her little shirt-tail of goods and went back to Kentucky to her folks.

By now, as I said, I knowed most of the Owl-Hooters and I often talked with 'em when Pappy sent me to tie the grub in the tree for 'em. Many a time I've set under that old tree jest off the Owl-Hoot Trail a short distance from Glass Holler where there was a good cave and where the outlaws often hid out.

Cole Younger told me one day, hot as hell it were, that he wished he'd never got started outside the law. "Once you're out, boy, there's no way of gitting back in."

He told me he had one brother, but I've forgot which one it was, that wanted to be a farmer more'n anything. He said that he even carried books on farming in his saddle bags, and would read 'em and talk about new ways of farming while the rest of 'em played cards or drank.

ME AND A bunch of other young hellions—Walking Stick, Squirrel, Quail, Going Snake and Man-Who-Walks (so-called because he had fell off his pony when he was a baby), Custanala (he was a full-blood Creek, the others was Cherokees all but Man-Who-Walks, who was an Osage)—we all got to going over to Fort Smith on our own and gitting whiskey and bringing it over ourselves. We'd git a bunch together then, and have ourselves a time.

I remember one time we all went over and got a jug apiece and when we got back, a white feller, name of Ed Brown—he was a outlaw too—guess we all was but, you know, we never considered ourselves outlaws—anyway, Ed Brown was sort of in our gang, and we had asked him to help us git the redeye acrost the river and he wouldn't do it.

We went on and got a jug apiece anyway. Then when we got back, we all went to a place way down in the bottom, close to the river where a full-blood Creek named John Rawhide lived in a sort of brush house with earth packed all over the darn thing. He said he always built his house that way and when it started gitting old and sagging and about to fall in, he jest built another one. God, but it was always dark in Rawhide's shelter, and smelled like the devil hisself had died in there.

Rawhide had a squaw that was afeared of crossing him in any way, as he would take a rawhide whip to her iffin she so much as looked cross-eyed at him. I always wondered if that's where he got his name.

Anyway, we all went down to old John Rawhide's and started drinking and eating. Old John had that squaw kill a dog and start it roasting and we all started in on it when it waren't more'n half done. We all got drunker'n seven hunderd dollars, and purty soon that little ol' dog was all gone, and Rawhide started hollering at the squaw for more food.

Ollie Stewart is pretty spry in this picture despite his 105 years.

There waren't no more, so Rawhide said we'd "go steal-um cow from Brown." We all thought this was a good idea since he had refused to help us git the whiskey acrost the river.

We went over to Brown's pasture and picked out a nice young heifer and drove her to Rawhide's. While we was doing this, some of the other bucks went for their squaws. You see, a buck would never do anything but jest kill the meat, and then the squaw had to dress it out. Oh well, the bucks always—if they was real hungry—cut the critter open and while the blood was still jest pouring, they'd reach inside, pull out the liver and heart, and eat 'em blood raw. Many a time I've seed a buck give his half-growed son the heart while it was still quivering and tell him, "Eat much quick—make-um strong." They would take that hot liver and tear great chunks offen it and eat 'er down, blood running ever'where.

On this night when we got back to Rawhide's with the fat heifer, there was five or six more squaws there and they had a good fire a-going; and there was a whole passel of papoosies—from tiny ones in their board beds to toddlers—all a'setting and laying around on blankets by the fire. Funny thing about an Injun kid—they never bawl. I never recollect hearing a papoosie bawl. Iffin they started fretting, the squaw picked 'em up and just went "shu-shu-shu," and them kids jest hushed.

Well, when we got the heifer there, we all started having a dance around the fire before we killed the heifer and purty soon them bucks was a-gobbling and a-stomping and carrying on a sight. Then we drove, or drug rather, that heifer inside the dancing ring, and Rawhide let out a war-whoop and sliced her throat from ear to ear.

We all threw her down and Rawhide set on her and while she was still kicking, he cut into her, pulled out the heart—it was jumping like a bullfrog and he started eating.

Soon as he had out the heart and liver, which he give to the other bucks, the squaws took over. Them squaws knelt down right there in the dirt and started skinning and cutting. One squaw reached in, pulled out the guts, dragged 'em a little bit back so the others could go on cutting, and I'm a'telling you—this is the God's own truth—that squaw took them guts, cut 'em into pieces—oh 'bout eighteen inches long—helt each piece up as she cut it off, took a thumb and forefinger, stripped the awful stuff from inside, and handed each papoosie there, that was big enough to eat, a string of that gut. Them kids started sucking and chewing like they had a piece of horehound candy. Now, if that hain't the God's truth, I hope I die this minute.

WELL, we had us a time and then we felt so big, us boys I mean, that we decided to go back and git some more redeye and peddle it to the other bucks. We made several trips like this, always being careful to cross the river twixt Fort Smith and the Injun country at a place which the lawmen never watched. Them Injun bucks knowed more ways to dodge the Federal men than a thousand-legged worm has legs. Besides, there was a God-awful lot of Injun country fer them Federal men to kiver.

Old Ed Brown wanted to go with us fer a load of redeye again, but some way the bucks never trusted him after he wouldn't help us that time, so we always jest slipped away from him and didn't want no more dealings with him a'tall. He come over after we was all out of redeye except a little we'd saved to drink ourselves—we'd sold the rest—and he wanted to drink with us.

Walking Stick said, "No. You no help git—you no help drink," or words to that effect.

You see, I was talking Creek, Cherokee and Osage by then, jest like the full-bloods. Funny thing how a kid can pick up so many languages so easy. Anyway, we talked in whatever language was handy. Sometimes we'd be chattering away in Creek or Osage, and a Cherokee would start talking in that language and we'd all start Cherokee.

Anyway, old Ed Brown got madder'n a wet hen when Walking Stick told him he couldn't drink with us. He went off muttering to hisself, and Walking Stick watched him a moment and said, "Sometime me have kill."

We let it go at that and fergot about it till we went to Fort Smith again fer likker and got caught purty as you please by the Government boys.

Jest as we was crossing the river at our private crossing place, here come Ledbetter (U. S. Marshal Bud Ledbetter), and Deputy Jeff Carter, and Deputy Rose. They was waiting for us on the Nation side. Walking Stick's keen eyes spied the bushes move and he—quick as anything—slid his two jugs off the saddle horn into the river. So did the rest of us, and when we got acrost, we was bare of redeye as a baby's bottom.

Ledbetter jest pushed his old hat back, wiped his forehead, and grinning, said, "You son-of-a-b— think you air smart! Well, younguns, you air gonna' wind up in the Hole under Parker's court." We laughed at him and rode on.

(Continued on page 40)

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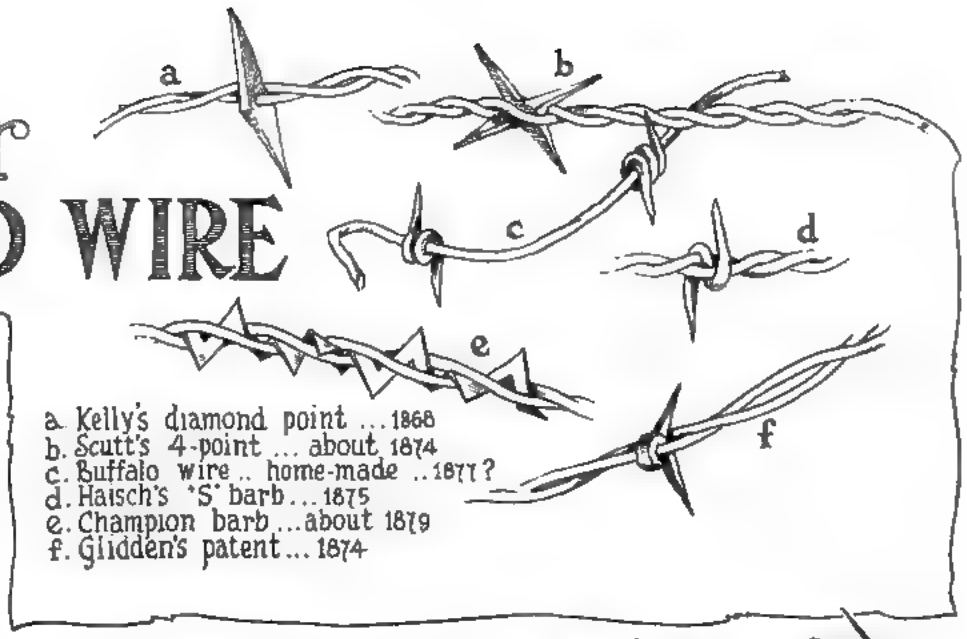
Frontier BARBED WIRE



a. Kelly's diamond point ... 1868
b. Scutt's 4-point ... about 1874
c. Buffalo wire .. home-made .. 1877?
d. Haisch's "S" barb ... 1875
e. Champion barb ... about 1879
f. Glidden's patent ... 1874

Written and Illustrated

By LESTER U. BEITZ

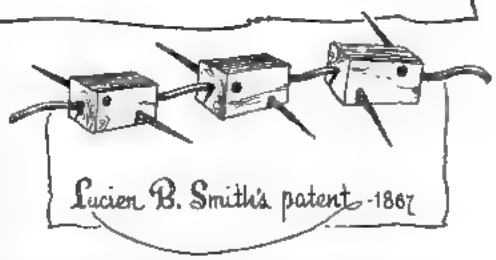
AUTHENTIC old barbed wire from frontier homesteads and ranges has certainly "arrived," so to speak, in attaining acceptance and recognition as true Western Americana. During the past couple of years, curators and museum directors have placed a special emphasis upon the recovery and preservation of these fragments of pioneer development, for several types representing the earliest patents have all but disappeared.

I have spent the better part of eighteen months in combing the scrublands of western Kansas and along the Kansas-Nebraska border country in search of early types, and have come to realize that certain primitive, hand-produced examples are to be regarded in that same category of frontier relic as the buffalo skull or Colt Peacemaker.

My research has disclosed that the earliest patent for a wire fence equipped with projecting points or barbs was issued to a Lucien B. Smith on June 25, 1867. His design consisted essentially of small wooden blocks encasing a stout wire. Through each block two sharp brads were driven, each in an opposing direction. Smith had hit upon a basic idea but he must have been a poor businessman because no fences were ever marketed which employed this principle of attaching barb to wire strand. I know of no existing example of his original model—there is merely the drawing which he submitted with his patent application.

Less than a month later, on July 23, a smithy named William D. Hunt secured a patent for a wire with a spur-wheel or rowel attachment. This stuff was produced in a very limited quantity—less than one mile was manufactured. Hunt was without capital and the wire was costly to fabricate, so his venture soon fizzled. An investor named Charles Kennedy bought out Hunt's patent rights for $175 and, after modifying the design somewhat, produced a fencing that actually saw use on many homesteads in western Kansas. I found a few feet of his wire near Holyrood, Kansas, this past summer—a rare and treasured find.

Now we come to the distinctive patent of an Irish farmer, Michael Kelly, who invented a flat, elongated diamond point which was so decidedly different from previous experimental types that it was granted a specific patent on February 11, 1868. He manufactured the wire under the name of Thorn Wire Hedge Company of Chicago, shipped it west, and was virtually without competition for a couple of years. This was the first commercially successful barbed wire enterprise and did much to establish barb as an effective means of keeping the "buffalo out and the cattle in."



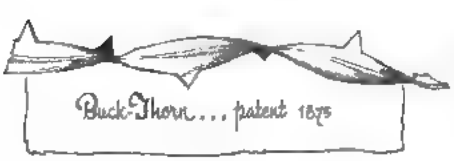
ONCE the new fencing caught on, the frontier exploded with ingenious "bob-wire" devices intent upon claiming a share of the wealth from the booming cattle trade. Emphasis shifted to simplification of manufacture, stability and effectiveness of the barb itself, and the consequent lowering of cost to the rancher or sodbuster.

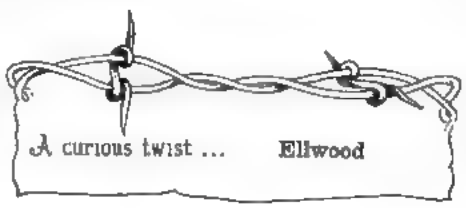
When the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad fenced its right of way across Kansas, it utilized the infamous "Buck-Thorn" spiral wire, a vicious ribbon of sharp, lance-shaped points that caused a good bit of ill-feeling among the sodbusters who alleged that the product was too mean and cruel. Some attempts were made to have it outlawed because of the injury it could do to wayward critters; however, the animals soon learned to observe a healthy respect for it. I recently found a few feet of Buck-Thorn wrapped around an old fencepost near Marquette, Kansas, and I agree that the stuff is downright barbarous.

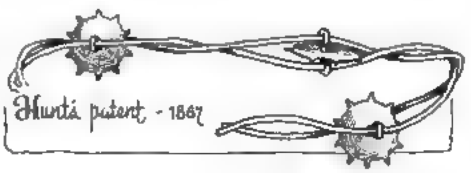
Perhaps the most successful of all barbed wire was the extremely simple two-point loop perfected by Joseph Glidden, an enterprising farmer, in 1876. Old Glidden had fiddled around for several years producing various pronged devices which he attached to interlaced double strands of wire. He was striving for a simple, durable, non-rotating barb, because the chief fault with some of the older patents (buffalo wire is a good example), was that the beasts would frequently brush against the wire and loosen the barbs, causing them to rotate ineffectively around the strand. Glidden's innovation had a strong selling point in that it guaranteed a more permanent deterrent effect.

In my field trips searching for early frontier barb, I've come upon a few types which were apparently produced by foundries and metalsmiths in direct infringement upon the recognized patent holders' rights. These specimens reflect the extensive litigation and legal wranglings which resulted from the tidal wave of barbed wire production from 1875 to 1877. Some of these barb devices are truly classic and deserve a special niche in the collector's display case.

During the rash of new types of barb, the firm of Washburn and Moen quietly bought up the old patents and enjoyed something of a monopoly of the wire market for awhile. This situation created an entirely new field for enterprising smithies. They came out with hand machines and crimping tools suitable for attaching homemade barbs to spools of smooth wire. The courts held that this did not constitute a violation of patent rights since the fencing was not sold after home manufacture. Tool sheds on many old farms throughout Kansas and Nebraska still hold rusted and pitted tools which had been used in rigging homemade barb. *(Continued on page 52)*







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Rain meant a lot in the arid land of the Acomas—so they decided on a home closer to the clouds

WHERE THE RAIN GODS LIVE

The Acoma village sits atop a lofty mesa.

"THE RAIN GODS must live up there," reverently remarked the young Zuni as he stood on a high ridge and gazed in awe at the city nestled on top of a long mesa painted gold by the setting sun.

From rock pinnacles fringing the base of the mesa, purple shadows swept far across the plain; and away to the left a massive rock jutted 430 feet into the sky—a rock Coronado, too, must have seen at sunset, for he named it "Mesa Encantada"—Enchanted Mesa.

The lofty city was Acoma, home of some 1,500 Indians when Conquistadores, searching for the Seven Cities of Cibola, discovered it in 1540. None of the oldest Pueblo Indians knew just when these people who lived so "close to the clouds" first cut footholds into the sandstone rock and climbed to the top to build their homes. All legend could say was, "It was a very long time ago."

Legend also says a former home of "The-Rock-In-The-Sky People" was atop Mesa Encantada, called by the Acomas, "Ka-Tsema," which means "Outstanding." One day—so the story goes—the Indians were working in their fields on the plain below. A terrific rainstorm washed away the sandstone stairway leading to the top of Ka-tsema. Then it was that these people moved to the mesa of Acoma.

So the Indian from Zuni, with such tales crowding his thoughts, had to see for himself this wonder city some seventy miles east of the Zuni pueblo. He felt amply repaid for his long walk by the magnificent view at sunset.

Contrary to popular belief, the Acomas did not build their village on top of the mesa as a place of refuge from enemies because, until the Spaniards came, these peaceful Indians had but little trouble with occasional bands of nomadic red men. The Acomas hold in high regard the sun, moon and stars—the elements and growing plants—birds and animals. The rain, especially, means much in this arid land, so these people wanted to get nearer to the Rain Gods. That is the reason they decided on a home closer to the clouds.

Ka-Tsema—Enchanted Mesa

THE HIGHEST position in the Acoma government is the Country Chief—a position similar to that of a king. This office is hereditary and each successive chief is from the Antelope clan. There are some ten or fifteen clans in the tribe—such as the Sun, Eagle, Turkey and Bear clans. Under the Country Chief are the War Chief and two assistants. They may be from any clan, but must be good leaders.

These three have charge of the Ceremonial Calendar. This means daily study of the sun's movement. Each morning

By C. L. PACKER

Photos Courtesy Hugh Davis

the War Chief stands at the same spot and watches the rising sun—checking its location as it moves from north to south or from south to north as the seasons come and go. Rock pinnacles and other similar outcroppings are used to gauge this movement, which is of great importance to people who live so close to nature, and who depend mainly on crops for their livelihood. Sometimes the War Chief assigns one of the helpers to this duty.

Another daily task of the War Chief or an assistant is checking the water supply of the village. Although a few pond-like hollows in the rocks on top of the mesa usually contain some water, the principal source of supply is from four springs located at distances from four to ten miles from Acoma.

At least one of these springs is visited every day. The one performing the task sets out at midnight. As he passes by the flocks of sheep on the plain below, he sings to remind the herd boys to keep awake and see that no harm comes to the sheep. Even though the Indian makes the round trip of twenty miles to the farthest spring, he tries to be back on the mesa by sunrise. Obviously, the one fulfilling this duty needs to be something of an athlete.

About the year 1850, some of the Acomas moved thirteen miles north of the mesa to the old Spanish town of Cubero. Here the Acomas, along with other tribes, learned the silversmith trade from the Spaniards. But the Indians were not content to copy the work of their teachers; they created designs of their own—motifs from the sun, moon, stars, clouds, rain, plants, animals, birds.

When the Santa Fe laid tracks across this part of New Mexico about 1880, "sidings" were built at intervals along the railway. Two of these near Acoma are called McCartys and Acomita (Little Acoma). Acomita was first known as "Alaska." Many Acomas moved to these railroad towns and worked for the Santa Fe.

The Acomas are one of the few tribes retaining their ancient religious rites in their entirety. No white person has ever witnessed all of these ceremonies.

An important religious group of the tribe is the Delight Makers. One who was to become Chief of this organization was born in the Sky City about 1872. When he was four days old, his parents chose his name. A Medicine Man took the child in his arms, faced the rising sun, and prayed for a long and happy life for the little one. The parents, in accordance with tribal custom, chose a name appropriate to what they wished their son to be—alert, industrious—like our "Early Bird." So the Medicine Man gave to this babe, born into the Eagle clan, the name—Dawn Man.

WHEN Dawn Man was twelve years of age, his father moved the family from the Sky City to McCartys where he worked for the railroad so he could send his children to the white man's school. At sixteen Dawn Man went to Albuquerque and helped build the town's first Indian school and became one of its first students.

Now living in Tulsa, Oklahoma, is a full-blood Acoma, one of the nation's leading silversmiths. This man, Wolf Robe, is the son of Dawn Man. Wolf Robe is the source of information for this story.

Wolf Robe married an Oklahoma girl, Glenal Davis. Once while they were visiting at Acoma, Glenal decided she would try to climb to the top of Ka tsema. She had done some climbing, but conquering this high mesa proved to be a rugged task. Her shoes were soon discarded because she needed bare toes as well as fingers to cling to cracks and bumps of the precipitous sandstone walls.

Old, weathered juniper poles thrust into holes and cracks of rocky crevices were utilized in making the ascent. Some of these "rungs" appeared none too safe, having been placed there many years ago. One sheer wall that had to be climbed slanted outward at the top. After Glenal had surmounted it, she looked down. Although the sight made her dizzy, the Oklahoma girl was not about to quit. She finally stood on top and looked across and *down* on Acoma.

A year later, Glenal's brother, Hugh, and his family visited Acoma with the

(Continued on page 65)

Glenal Davis utilized a weathered juniper ladder in her ascent to the top of Enchanted Mesa. The sheer sandstone walls below present a challenge to both amateur and experienced climbers. Below left, an Acoma woman chops woods for the oven. Right, Acomas plaster a house with adobe.

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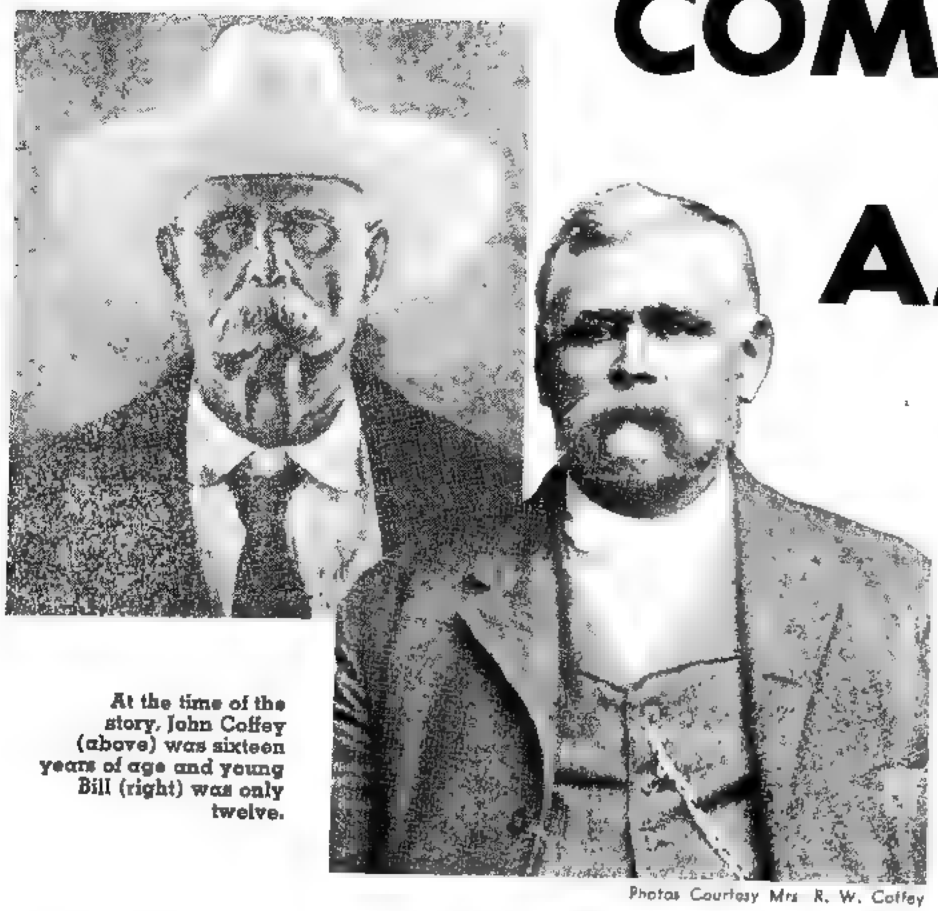
COMANCHE AMBUSH



At the time of the story, John Coffey (above) was sixteen years of age and young Bill (right) was only twelve.

Photos Courtesy Mrs. R. W. Coffey

BILL COFFEY stood on a hillside overlooking Elm Creek Valley as he told of a misfortune that had occurred there. Across the creek on the east side lay a wide flat which stretched to the hills a mile away. On the west side the land started climbing at the water's edge and leveled off onto a flat bench.

"That's where the chuckwagon was camped," he said as he pointed to a grove a half mile up the creek. Then he made a sweep of his arm which covered the wide flat. "The remuda was grazing out there."

A waterhole a quarter of a mile long lay against a cut bank approximately twenty feet high on the west side. The clear water sparkled in the morning sunlight. As of 1904, the farmer's plow had not touched the area, and the creek bottom was free of mud and the water still unclouded by loose dirt washed away from cultivated land.

"That's where John rolled over the bank into the creek," he said as he designated a spot near the upper end. "And," he added, "I was in swimming at the lower end."

There was an air of peaceful serenity in the surroundings. The stillness was broken only by the chirp of birds as they fluttered among the trees along the creek. It was hard to believe that this place had been the scene of violence and bloodshed only thirty-four years before.

"Everything looks about the same as it did then," Bill stated. "The trees are a little higher and spread out more. The grass is a little thinner and shorter. That's about the only difference."

IN 1850 young Rich Coffey and his bride settled on the east bank of Elm Creek in the south end of Coleman County, Texas. The place became known as The Flat Top Ranch because of the structure of the buildings he erected. That was to be their home for the next twenty years. During that time their small herd of cattle increased to a sizable number, and three sons and three daughters were born.

Grazing land was as free as the wind that blew across the prairie, but he knew it would not last forever. With that thought in mind, Rich bought a tract of land on the Colorado River across from the mouth of the Concho. That was to be his permanent home. He expected to pay for the land from the sale of a cattle herd that he started up the Kansas trail that fateful first day of May, 1870.

Nathaniel (Nat) Guest was the trail boss and Rich Coffey's two oldest sons were to be on the drive. John, who was sixteen, filled the place of a regular cowhand. And Bill, who had reached the mature age of twelve, was wrangling horses. Bill drove some forty head of saddle horses in behind the chuckwagon when it pulled out that morning, and the herd that followed numbered over a thousand.

"To be exact," Bill said, "We road-branded and tallied out 1,070 head."

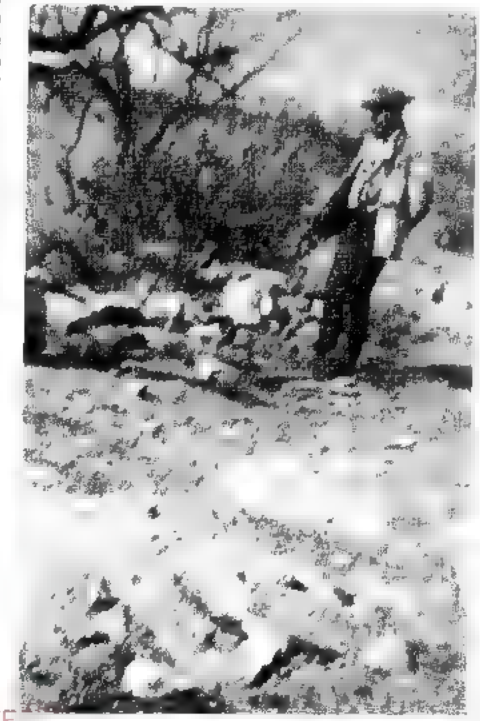
The herd had been worked most of the day before and held under close guard that night with little chance to feed. Now the cattle were hungry. They were spread out in loose formation on the west side of the creek and allowed to graze. Eight cowboys held them in shape trying to make every step count toward that faraway destination of Abilene.

The herd moved slowly, slowly, grazing as they walked. As the sun climbed higher, the day became extremely warm. About noon the leaders started pulling away and the line strung out, which indicated their hunger was satisfied and they now wanted water.

There were other things going on that none of the cowboys knew about. On top of a hill a mile away, where he was screened by a thin cluster of mesquite trees, sat a Comanche Indian. He was patiently waiting and watching for a suitable time to signal hidden members of his band to start their raid.

Nat Guest had selected the long waterhole as a good place for noon camp. The cook drew up in a grove of trees, and Bill stopped the remuda on the wide flat to let them graze. While waiting for the time to take the horses into camp so the men could change to fresh ones, the clear creek water tempted him. Bill did what most any other boy of twelve with time on his hands would have done. He went in swimming.

JOHN COFFEY was riding on the point next to the creek. Resting in the scabbard swung under his right leg was one of the first short-barrelled Winchester repeating rifles ever to reach that part of the country. Because of the kind of metal in the breech and side plates, it was called "the little brass-jawed Winchester." The magazine held eight rim-fire, .38 caliber cartridges.



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With skill and cunning the raiding party struck while the cowboys were scattered around the herd. Unable to make a united stand, it was every man for himself—including the twelve-year-old lad swimming in the creek in his birthday suit

By WALTER GANN

John was in the act of checking the lead cattle when lightning struck. With their horses running at full speed and with loud and frightening yells, punctuated by gunfire and singing arrows, thirty or more Indians came at the cowboys from all directions.

The Indians had executed their plan with skill and cunning. The place of attack furnished adequate hiding while they waited for the signal that the herd was in their trap. The Indians were a raiding party who had stolen away from the reservation in the Indian Territory. No one suspected there were any of them in that part of the country. Most of the cowboys saw the lookout's grass-fire smoke signal but, scattered as they were around the herd of cattle, the cowboys had no chance to get together and make a united stand. It was every man for himself from the beginning.

John thought his best chance lay in making a run down the creek bank and spurred his horse in that direction. He hooked his bridle reins over the saddle horn, pulled his Winchester, and started shooting as he ran. To his dismay he discovered that there were only thr shells in the magazine. He and some of the other boys had been trying out the new gun the day before and he had carelessly neglected to reload.

John was holding his gun in an upright position while he took cartridges from his belt loops and crammed them into the magazine. All of a sudden he discovered an Indian charging toward him at an angle. Three startling and vital events took place at once. The Indian bumped into him and seized his horse by a bridle rein which swung the horse around. John brought his gun barrel down on level with the Indian's head and pulled the trigger. He never knew the result of that shot. At that instant a ball from a muzzle-loading rifle struck him in the side. The impact of the rifle slug and sudden swerve of his horse threw him off balance and he fell on the brink of the high bank. John rolled over the edge and carried his gun with him.

The water broke the force of his fall and, fortunately, a large tree had lodged against the bank at some previous flood time. Behind the tree stump the current had cut out a small cave which made an admirable hiding place. John scrambled into the small excavation and made ready to fight. He felt secure for the time being. The only place open to assault was from across the creek and he had the stump and the waterhole as bulwarks. The Indians apparently had no stomach for jumping down on him from the bank above.

John's wound was painful and bleeding, but he was not alarmed. The rifle ball seemed to have been deflected and had not penetrated deeply. For more comfort, he removed his belt and then he counted his cartridges. He had twenty-two in his belt loops and three in the gun.

A few Indians on horseback appeared across the creek. John was ready. When they were within range, one shot knocked an Indian from his horse and the others scuffled back out of sight. Waving of the tall weeds later told him they were crawling toward him. He waited until he caught sight of one, and a shot stopped that approach.

He never saw any more Indians, but they were still there. When he attempted to crawl to the water's edge to get a drink, their arrows and bullets drove him back. For the remainder of the evening, they kept him pinned down in his impregnable hiding place. John knew they had taken the cattle and horses and that part of them were at that time driving the stock away. He decided the ones left behind wanted his gun more than they wanted his scalp.

JOHN began to fear for awhile that the Indians would outlast him. He suffered frequent spells of nausea and lapses into unconsciousness which came and went. In an apparent attempt to break his nerve, the Indians pitched the scalped and naked bodies of three of the dead cowboys over the high bank into the water where they floated around in sight. Even the wild Comanches knew how to practice psychology.

John's intense thirst finally drove him to taking a desperate chance. He decided to get water in spite of anything his

(Continued on page 61)

Courtesy James Stephenson

Tumbling walls are all that remain standing today at Flat Top Ranch where Rich Coffey and his bride settled in 1850.

On a recent trip to the area where he grew up, the author was photographed in front of the old Coffey home (below). Because of changes during the intervening years, some searching was necessary to locate the graves (below left) of the cowboys killed in the ambush. Photos courtesy James Stephenson.

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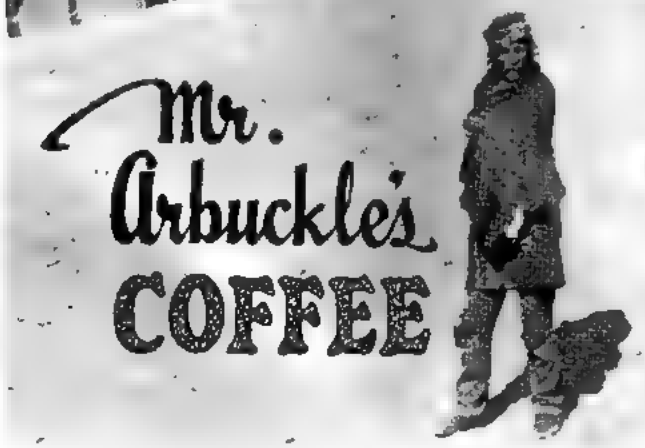
[illegible]TRONIC[illegible] PRODUCTION PR[illegible]

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy
Smithsonian Bureau of American Ethnology

Never before in the history of the West had so little—meant so much—to so many

Mr. Arbuckle's COFFEE



The shelves of Lynch Brothers General Store were no doubt stocked with Arbuckle Coffee.

YEARS AGO at Inscription House Trading Post in Arizona, a Navajo Indian Agent's wife said to my mother while taking dinner with us, "I notice wherever we visit traders' families on the reservation, all of you have this same pattern of silverware. And," she tacked on while glancing down at her plate, "the same kind of china. Would it be rude of me to inquire if it is because the pattern is very popular, or does it just happen that you buy from the same wholesale house?"

My mother smiled at her and asked, "Have you noticed the tablecloths, bedspreads, towels and window curtains are also the same?"

The Agent's wife exclaimed, startled, "Now that you mention it, yes!"

My mother nodded solemnly and explained, "Traders' living quarters at posts are furnished with signature premium coupons that come on packages of Mr. Arbuckle's coffee. If it weren't for Mr. Arbuckle, we would have to do without many nice things out here in the back country."

For more than sixty years Arbuckle's coffee was not only the most important product sold in the Indian country of Arizona, but in fact was an institution. English-speaking Navajos called for "Mr. Arbuckle's" when buying it. The long-hairs asked for "Hosteen Cohay," meaning literally in their language, "Mr. Coffee."

No other item of trade was ever as useful or more important in Navajoland than Arbuckle Brother's Ariosa brand. Not only was it the Indians' favorite brew, a staff of life, but the premiums and wooden boxes provided many things in our daily lives.

During the golden era of Arbuckle's coffee, Indian babies began their life in cradles made of the boards, and sometimes went to eternal rest in a coffin made of them.

The box boards went into building walls. Smaller additions were constructed of them. The coupon, bought back from Indians for 1¢ each or a stick of peppermint candy, furnished homes and put better items of merchandise on the store shelves.

Long before the days of vacuum packed cans, the paper-packed coffee came to us in wooden cases containing 100 pounds. On their sides was impressed in big black letters:

ARBUCKLE'S
TRADE (Here a flying angel) MARK
ARBUCKLE BROTHER'S,
NEW YORK, NEW YORK
GUARANTEED BY
ARBUCKLE BROTHERS

The boards were thirty-six inches long, three-eighths of an inch thick and varied in width from four to ten inches. Despite its thinness, the Maine fir was unusually strong. Some of these shipping case boards still remain in the walls of old trading posts. Forty years ago my father used them to build a large lean-to warehouse for his Rainbow Lodge trading post at Navajo Mountain, now owned by Barry Goldwater. I knew more than one trader who used the boards to make all of his household furniture—except spring beds, but they formed many a wall bunk. Use of the boards was routine from one end of the Navajo Reservation to the other. They were the handiest pieces of material for dependable construction available, and we prized them even above "Mexican iron."

I buried many Navajos in coffins made of Arbuckle cases. They also came in for other unusual services. For instance, in 1899 when my father bought a partnership in ancient Wolf Post on the Little Colorado River, all water for domestic use came from it regardless of silt content. The stream vanished sporadically; yet, with the river bottom bone dry, he still obtained water. An Arbuckle coffee box, with bottom and top removed, was pressed down into the sand. After the inside was shoveled out, water seeped in to fill it. When the water table lowered, the frame of another box was added. This continued until he had a well four coffee boxes deep, about five feet and ten inches. If the water disappeared at that point my father claimed, "It was one hell of a dry year!"

Indians made not only buckskin and silver decorated cradle boards of them but hogan doors, furniture grub boxes, storage bins for corn, and patches for their wagons and buckboards.

Shortly before 1930, Arbuckle Brothers added a smaller shipping box, 22½" by 12¾" by 12" with the original thickness. By then regular mail routes were generally in operation across the giant reservation. This box, containing 25 one-pound packages, could be sent by parcel post at a cost much cheaper than the prevailing freight rate. The small, one-man trading posts, selling only 50 to 100 pounds of coffee a month obtained it this way.

The smaller boxes offered new possibilities. Two fastened together and covered with green hide (Mexican iron) made the strongest and very best lightweight panniers for pack saddles. They were also adaptable for service as tool chests, wagon and truck boxes, and for packing out fruit from Navajo orchards —no roads were built into those deep canyons.

NEITHER we nor the Indians had the faintest idea who the Arbuckles were, or knew anything whatsoever about them. Our sole contact with Arbuckle's consisted of freighting out 25 to 100 large cases of their coffee from our wholesaler regularly. For a winter supply, before they were snowed in, larger posts usually stocked three to four hundred cases of ground and whole bean Ariosa coffee. With the brew, hard bread and a little mutton, we, like the Indians, could live well.

I have often been sorry that, in those long-ago days, we didn't know something of the fascinating Arbuckle Brothers' story. Prior to 1865 retailed coffee was not generally roasted or ground and packaged. Sold in the green state, the users roasted and ground it themselves. The western Navajos preferred green coffee much longer, not buying it roasted until about 1890.

At Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, in 1859, Charles Arbuckle, his uncle Duncan McDonald, and William Roseburg formed the wholesale grocery firm of McDonald & Arbuckle. Prior to the retirement of McDonald and Roseburg, they were joined by John Arbuckle. The brothers eventually became sole owners calling it Arbuckle's & Company, and under their management, the firm branched out all over Pennsylvania.

John Arbuckle interested himself in coffee roasting and packaging problems, aware that the "home finished" product left much to be desired. The big problem was retaining flavor and aroma in the package after the beans were roasted and ground. After long study and experiment, in 1868, he patented a glazing process which worked. In the Navajo country in my time, whether true or not, it was generally believed that Arbuckle's

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coffee received a mixed coating of several ingredients—one of which was raw eggs.

During the 1870s the brothers were attracted by the possibilities of doing business in New York City. They established a branch there under John Arbuckle. He devoted that business entirely to coffee, only later adding sugar as a sideline. Thereafter, the firm operated under the name of Arbuckle Brothers.

Following Charles Arbuckle's death in 1891, John's nephew, William Arbuckle Jamison, William V. R. Smith and James N. Jarvie entered the firm. When John Arbuckle died a widower and childless in 1912, his heirs were his two sisters, Mrs. Catherine Arbuckle Jamison, a widow, and Miss Christina Arbuckle. They, with Mrs. Jamison's son, William Jamison, became sole owners of the company.

Arbuckle Brothers established offices in Brazil and Mexico solely to buy and ship raw coffee to New York for processing. A second roasting and packaging plant was set up in Chicago, and a major distributing branch in Kansas City. They also established more than 100 stock depots throughout the United States. Shipping 100 cars of coffee a day, the company had to have its own railroad and ship terminals. It was the largest coffee business in the world.

ARBUCKLE'S coffee entered the southwestern Indian country after completion of the transcontinental railroad, now the Santa Fe. Traders were supplied by wholesalers in Albuquerque and Gallup, New Mexico, and Flagstaff, Arizona. Coffee was in both forms, ground and whole. With the latter type, traders sold Indians small home coffee mills. They kept a large one of cast iron in the store bullpen fastened to a block of concrete for customer use.

The "kitchen" of Jim Oceola's home. Although identification is not positive, Jim's wife and child are thought to be standing by the table.

Throughout the entire Southwest the coffee became known as "Sheepherders Delight"—two cups and you *had* to walk all day. Even if he possessed nothing to eat, the Navajo always had Mr. Arbuckle's product. The inevitable blackened coffee pot rested perpetually on a bed of coals in the hogan, or outdoors in summer camp. Every visitor received a cup boiled with sugar in the pot, and perhaps a piece of fried bread to make a meal. They never used either goat or cow's milk.

I can remember a trying time in 1931 when Arbuckle's coffee very nearly saved my life. Afoot and alone in deep snow for a day and night in −25° weather, I became so weak it didn't seem likely I would be able to survive after daylight of the second morning. All in, and hardly able to crawl over the road covered with four feet of frozen snow, I suddenly heard the ringing of a woodchopper's ax. Following the sound, I made it halfway to a stand of cedar trees before the Navajos there spotted me. They packed me into a brush shelter beside a blazing fire. In this temporary camp they had only some Arbuckle's coffee. After two hot cups of it, my

As stated in the story, a lot of things were made out of boards from Arbuckle Coffee shipping boxes. Walls of the shed and warehouse at Rainbow Lodge and Trading Post are made of these crates. This snapshot was made in 1925.

Photo Courtesy Author

weariness faded like magic. Strength renewed, I managed to get home to Inscription House trading post.

The nearest coffee to Mr. Arbuckle's in quality, was a brand called "XXXX," or Four X. It was cased in a somewhat similar box, lettered in blue ink, but the wood was nowhere near as strong. It proved a very poor competitor, for the Indians never took to it very well. They said Mr. Arbuckle's was powerful, and they liked it blacker than mud. When dudes began visiting the Navajo country, we stocked a supply of milder canned coffee for their benefit, but no Navajo would buy it and you couldn't give him even one cupful. Only World War II and their educated tribesmen changed their attitude.

The premium signature coupon on the side of every one-pound package of coffee was considered cash by the traders and inventoried with their general stock of merchandise. Very rarely did a Navajo save his coupons and consult the store's premium catalogue to send off for some item of merchandise. Yet I remember well one Indian, who spoke no English, going through the book until he found the picture of a simple wedding band.

"Get me that," he said. "I want my wife to wear one just like a white woman!"

The department redeeming the coupons was in itself a huge business, employing more than a hundred people. For one of their average years at the height of Mr. Arbuckle's glory, the premium department received for redemption more than 208,000,000 coupons. Four million items were dispatched to the holders. The premiums included 1,000,000 pocket handkerchiefs, 361,000 lace curtains, 200,000 razors, 180,000 pairs of assorted scissors, 50,000 finger rings and 28,000 sets of silverware.

Arbuckle's premiums consisted of just about everything under the sun. Traders' families not only furnished their bedrooms and dining rooms with the coupons, but their kitchens as well. Most of our best cooking utensils came from them. My family still uses a steam pressure cooker obtained with Arbuckle's coupons.

For the store trade we sent coupons for steel files and butcher knives, as they were superior to what we obtained from wholesalers. In addition, we got baby blankets, towels, gloves and some piece goods for the general stock. The coupons were sent to Arbuckle's premium department usually in bundles of eight to ten thousand.

Despite every inhabitant's being a customer, the Indian country was not Arbuckle Brothers' biggest trade outlet. In fact, it must have been their smallest area in consumption of packaged coffee. Yet the company affected our daily lives in every possible way.

SOMETIMES incidents, small and big, a few amusing, grew out of those coupons. An uncle of mine had counted the stock of one of his trading posts which was run by a resident manager and had started to drive away. Suddenly the trader came yelling out the front door to stop him.

"We forgot to inventory the coffee signatures!" he shouted.

"Do it yourself," my uncle replied loudly.

"There's 8,000 of them!"

After having spent nearly three days already taking inventory, and being in a hurry to get home, further delay infuriated my uncle. That the coupons were worth exactly $80 didn't concern him because the day was fading fast.

"It would take until late tonight to count that many small pieces of paper," he declared. "Burn the damn things for all I care!"

One time a newcomer to the Indian business decided he could garner a lot more Navajo trade by doubling the price of coupons, paying 2¢ each. The only competitor he hurt was at Redlake (Tonalea), twenty-eight miles away. The old-time trader running that post did not take kindly to the upstart's deal. The experienced traders had their own ways and means of solving the problem of another's getting out of line without squawking to the nearest Indian Agent. This one mulled over plans for weeks before hitting on a corking good idea.

Mixing a thick paste of lamp black and kerosene (used for marking wool sacks in thinner degree), he experimented with it on plate glass. Using the unprinted portion of coffee package paper he ran off thousands of the signatures as

(Continued on page 58)

Navajo chiefs in a hogan. A coffee mill is seen in the immediate foreground, while the coffee pot seems to be within reach of the man on the right.

The Evil One

He was far more treacherous than the animals he stalked—for as a human being he was supposed to have had a conscience!

Harry Raymond (left) and his brother Theo. Courtesy Robert E. Eagan Photo Collection.

By GARY L. ROBERTS

IT WAS late December, 1873, and winter winds were sweeping across the Kansas prairies bringing with them snow and rain. On this particular evening a lone buffalo hunter, Henry Raymond, was making preparations to return to his friends and the safety of his own camp after a successful day of hunting wild turkey. There would be fresh fowl for supper. Watching the snow clouds build up, he tied the turkeys to his saddle.

As he turned to pick up his buffalo gun, he was startled to see the glow of a fire in the gathering darkness. Silently he crept through the cottonwood thicket until he came to a small stream. A flickering blaze on the other side illuminated a campsite and sent weird glimmers of light dancing on the water.

Fading back into the shadows, young Raymond surveyed the scene. It was a wolfer's camp judging by the stacks of wolf pelts lying by. He spat at the thought. He had no love for wolfers, men who poisoned animals instead of shooting them, men who left streams and water holes polluted with their poisons. They were a sorry lot.

Even as he thought of the treachery of wolf-hunters, a large man moved silently into the camp—so silently that he startled Henry. The young fellow gripped his Sharps rifle tighter and looked at the big man.

He was dressed in antelope skins and was wearing a headdress of antelope antlers such as Henry had seen Indians wear. But this was no Indian. He was a huge white man with a great, heavy beard. Henry had thought to seek warmth and a cup of coffee at this fire before facing the cold ride back to his own camp, but there was no warmth here. There was only evil.

The wolfer turned to face the stream and stared into the darkness. It seemed to Henry that the giant was looking directly at him. A chill swept over him, a chill that went much deeper than the December wind. But the man turned away. As Henry hid among the cottonwoods, fearing to make a sound, he realized that whoever it was who stood before him was dangerous. Quietly he stole back to his horse, and rode swiftly away.

BACK AT camp his friends were waiting. His brother Theo was worried about him. The Masterson brothers, Ed, Jim, and Bat were there, too, and they scolded him for being late. While they listened, he related his experience. Some among his friends remembered that they had heard of this man, that he was known for his treachery. Henry was lucky, they said.

Young Raymond sat down near the fire and penned his entry for the day in the small leatherbound diary he carried. It was written in the matter-of-fact way of all his entries. For him, at least, the incident was over.

But one of Henry's acquaintances was not so fortunate. He was a teamster who worked out of Dodge City, the robust capital of the hide hunters. Several days after Henry's experience, the wolf-hunter with the antelope antlers rode into Dodge to hire a wagon. He said he had a cache of furs to bring in for sale. Henry's friend was pointed out to him, and the wolfer had soon after hired the teamster. They set out the next morning. The teamster had a fine wagon and a pair of beautiful horses of which he was justly proud.

The driver soon noticed the strangeness of his companion and found cause for concern when, with night falling, his suggestion that they put up at a nearby ranch was vigorously vetoed. That night the teamster slept lightly, awakening once to find his companion staring down at him, gun in hand.

The second day the teamster became ill, and by nightfall he was feeling very sick. His fear mounted as he realized his condition, and he watched the hunter closely. When the wolfer finished supper he prepared a plate and, keeping his back to his driver, was seen reaching inside his coat. A moment later he turned and, with a smile, brought the plate to the sick man.

The driver realized that the food was probably poisoned and refused to eat, saying that he was too ill. Angered, the hunter stalked away. As he stood by the wagon, he picked up his rifle. Fondling it, he sat down.

Seized with fear, the teamster moved out of his blankets and tried to slip around the wagon to his own gun. He had removed his coat and boots when they had made camp. Even as he moved, the wolfer was on his feet with his gun. He fired quickly at the bedroll, thinking his companion was still there. At the shot, the teamster began to run.

It was five miles to the nearest ranch. Shots rang in his ears as he fled across the prairie into the darkness. Alone, barefooted, sick and terror-stricken, he ran until his lungs heaved within him, and his gait was a stagger instead of a trot. Finally, after several hours, he spied lights in the distance, and stumbled toward them. The half frozen teamster hardly had the strength to call out before he fell at the door. Hours later he roused to find himself in the warmth of a Kansas ranch house. Questioning faces looked down at him. After hot coffee he related the story of his flight.

The next morning the rancher and his hands saddled up, and grimly rode away from the ranch in the direction the teamster had come. Before long they came upon the camp. The teamster's clothing was still there near the smoldering ashes of the campfire. Wagon tracks led away to the southwest. The cowboys

(Continued on page 56)

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Saint in a

"But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was, and when he saw him, had compassion on him."

Luke 10:33

The author, photographed in his first suit with long pants, bought by his unknown benefactor.

Courtesy author

"A NEAR TRAGEDY came to light yesterday when a weary, worn and bedraggled woman and her eleven-year-old son arrived in Sheridan aboard a freight wagon. The brave little mother set out on foot from near Crow Agency, Montana, three days ago following an altercation with her husband who, she alleges, duped her into marriage under false pretenses. She had to shoot her way out."

This news story appeared in a Sheridan, Wyoming, paper on or about September 21, 1908. The piece was about my mother and myself and it was true. Had the piece been followed up, eight years later the reporter would have had another human interest story about one of Sheridan's leading citizens, a saint in the guise of a saloon keeper.

It all started in southern Colorado some months earlier when Mother, a widow waging a losing battle to make ends meet, received a letter postmarked Crow Agency, Montana. The letter brought a sparkle to her tired eyes and a faint flush of color to her careworn face. The letter, she explained to me, was from a Thomas Graham—a man she had liked very much as a boy when they were in school together years before. As she reread the letter, the years rolled back and she saw the two of them as they had been then.

"He was handsome," she said with a reminiscent smile, "over six feet tall, dark hair, brown eyes and shoulders a yard wide. I was the envy of all the girls in our class. Tom walked blocks out of his way to carry my books to and from school each day."

A few months later we alighted on the depot platform at Crow Agency where they were married on the spot—even before the black clouds of coal smoke from the departing locomotive had drifted away or the stench of the chair car had left our nostrils. The ceremony was performed by the Indian Agent, and witnessed by his wife and a small group of curious Crow Indians camped nearby.

The "big ranch and fine home" Graham had written so glowingly about were nowhere in evidence, but a few miles by buckboard and they came into view.

The fine home was a cave dug into the side of a hill; the big ranch was forty acres of submarginal land, the estate of the late lamented Mrs. Graham number one, a Crow squaw.

Tears were not used to express Mother's deep disappointment; she employed words instead. But her protests of being betrayed were as futile as rain on the ocean. What could she do? The answer came about three months later when hell boiled over at the breakfast table.

"Well, if you don't like it, get out of here, you damned old sow!" my new stepfather roared as he half-rose and backhanded Mother across the mouth. Her reaction was instant. As if by reflex, her full cup of steaming-hot coffee hit him squarely in the face.

Bull-eyed, red-faced and incoherent with rage, the huge man sprang to his feet and groped blindly for the Colt .45 suspended in its holster from a beam. But Mother beat him to it.

With the courage and quickness of desperation, she snatched the gun away and fired. The shot went into the sod roof but Graham, coward that he was, bolted panic stricken for the door as though he were hit. A second shot put wings on his boots as he flew through the corral, up a shallow draw, and out of sight.

TAKING only the clothes we wore, some jerked beef, two blankets, a gun, and matches in a carpetbag, we set out on foot for the Little Big Horn and what lay beyond. Like an ice isle in northern seas we were adrift on an ocean of sage and prairie, two tiny specks in the center of terrifying horizons. Even the prairie dogs scolded noisily as we crossed their towns.

About noon the next day, after spending the night in a Crow village, we were picked up by a three-wagon freight train bound for Sheridan.

Safe at last in the kindly hands of the Baptist minister and the women of the church, Mother broke down and sobbed. Then she prayed, and if ever a prayer has been answered, her's was. Immedi-

FRONTIER SALOON

By RICHARD M. RIVERS

ately following the news item in the paper, strange things—things totally unrelated to the church—started happening to us in that rootin', tootin', hell-roaring town.

"Is yer name Graham?" a burly deliveryman asked when Mother answered a knock on the door of our dilapidated shack on the bank of Goose Creek. We were living there with permission of the owner.

"Yes, I'm Fanny Graham. Why?"

"Jest got some stuff fer ye, that's al.." And without another word he started unloading everything on his wagon. A sack of potatoes, a sack of flour, and several orange crates filled to capacity with foodstuffs of every kind—there was enough to last us for weeks.

"I didn't order these things," Mother said frantically as they were being brought in. "You must have the wrong Graham."

"No, lady, I ain't made no mistake," the big man replied kindly but curtly.

"Well, who sent them? I haven't any money."

"Bill's marked 'Paid.' I don't know who sent 'em; all I do's deliver the stuff."

That same afternoon a wagonload of coal was dumped in our coal shed and it was the same thing all over again; the driver didn't know who sent it and the bill was marked paid.

These were but the first of similar mysterious deliveries which were to continue, intermittently, for the next eight years. Invariably on the day before Thanksgiving, Christmas and Easter a delivery of foodstuff would be made to our door; and during the winter months a load of coal would be dumped into our shed, usually when we needed it most. As always, our benefactor remained anonymous.

HIS IDENTITY finally came to light in late summer of 1916 when I breathlessly tore open an envelope Thad Cole had handed me a few minutes earlier with instructions to not open it before I reached home. I ran all the way, a half mile or more. As I removed the contents, two crisp $100 bills fluttered to the floor. I couldn't believe my eyes. I stared—first at the money and then at the note I held in my hand.

Scribbled in pencil were six words, "Doc, you are going to college." The mystery was solved, it could be none other than Thad Cole who had been our guardian angel. His words, "Doc, you are going to college," swam in my tears.

It had not been at all unusual when Thad stopped me that day as I passed the Capitol Saloon, his place of business. Almost from the time Mother and I had landed in Sheridan, it had been his custom to stop and banter me about something or other whenever my errands for the drug store, where I worked, took me past the Capitol. His notice of me had disturbed Mother no end. She fancied ulterior motives despite my assurances that Thad never let me inside his saloon. But he was still a saloon keeper, she reasoned, and anyone connected with liquor and gambling was no gentleman in her book.

Thad was a very unusual man. He didn't drink, nor did he do anything

(Continued on page 70)

Sheridan, Wyoming—September, 1912. Thad Cole's Capitol Saloon was on North Main Street, about one block south of where this picture was made during the County Fair Parade.

From the collection of Elsa Spear Byron

The men of the Big Hill band had never seen such a perplexing female as the trader's wife. She tried to reform them, cajole them, doctor and educate them. Sometimes their patience wore mighty thin—just before they forgave her!

WITH THE OSAGES AT

By VIAHNETT SPRAGUE MARTIN

ON FRIDAY, May 11, 1877—it would have been the day before, had not the wedding guests tricked them into missing the train—James Edwin Finney, prematurely white-haired at twenty-four, and his pretty blue-eyed bride, the former Alice Hopkins, boarded Santa Fe's luxurious Pueblo Mail & Express.

The newlyweds were en route from Lawrence, Kansas, to the Osage Indian Agency. They were to change at Newton to the branch line ending at the railhead, Wichita. Then they would drive the sixty-odd miles to Arkansas City in a four-seated, canvas-covered "ambulance."

With the Finneys were Ed's brother, Tom, and his sister, Gertrude, with her husband of a week, Lindsay Stubbs. All were going to the Agency.

Since the 1876 time-table was still in effect, the party found amusement in the enticements it offered to settlers whom the Santa Fe hoped to lure to the Arkansas Valley. Below a drawing of a dugout was an explanation of the origin of the word, ". . . the inhabitants themselves *dug out* of some of the Eastern States for the Western World. This style of building is the only one which combines both a ground floor and a ground roof. The family usually sleeps on the limestone floor, from which originated the expression *bed rock*. . . . The A.T.&S.F. Railroad offers the toiling millions of the East every facility for erecting these comfortable homes, furnishing the land on easy terms, and also selling holes which the emigrant can drive into the ground at any point which meets his approval."

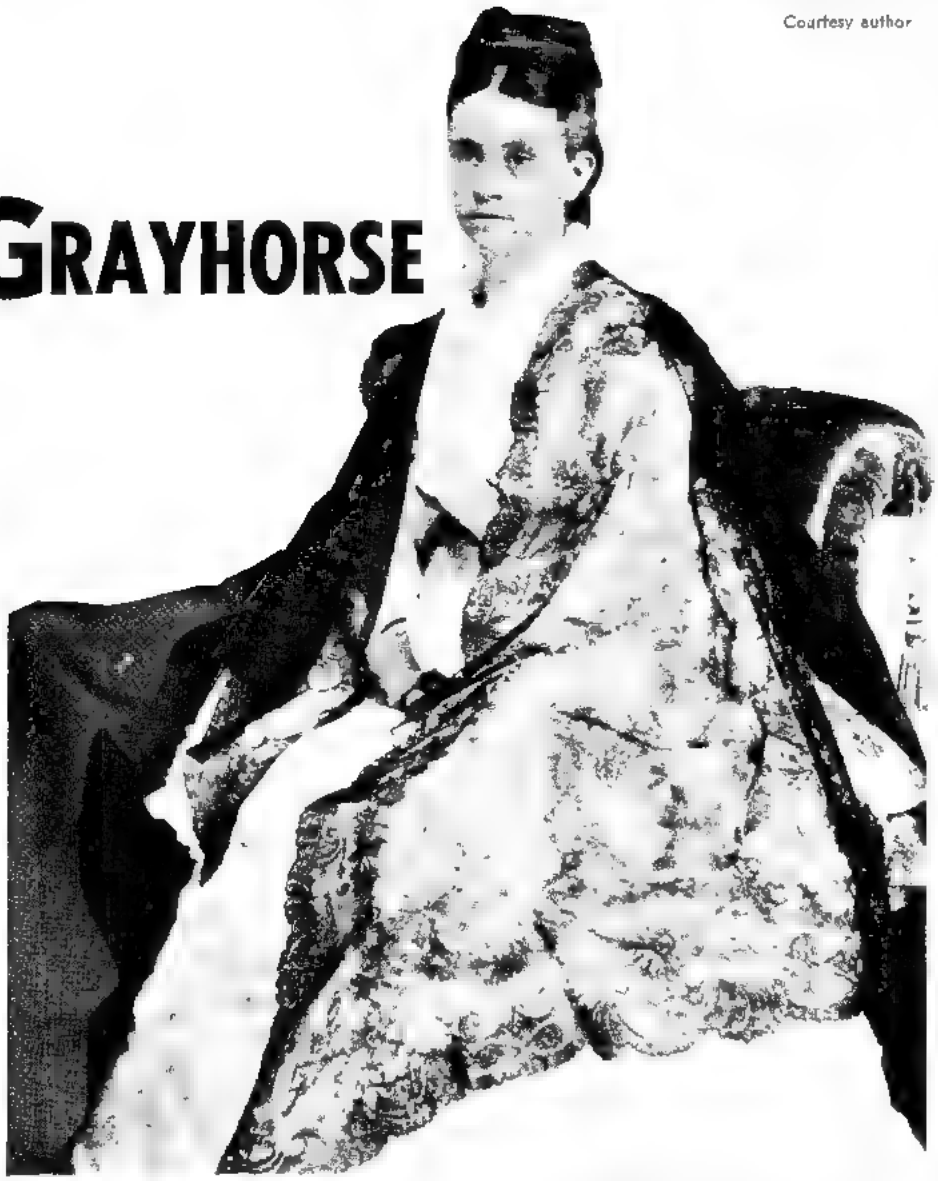
Below a picture of a prairie dog town was: "This beautiful picture represents a prairie dog town of the second class, incorporated by the Kansas Legislature. The gentleman who reposes in the foreground is the mayor. The melancholy expression of his countenance is owing to the fact that he fooled away his money on another route, instead of coming west direct by A.T.&S.F. . . . A great deal of lead has been spread over these plains by sportsmen shooting at the prairie dog from car windows. Duty to his family compels the prairie dog to bounce into his hole before the shot reaches him. . . ."

With a picture of a buffalo hunt: "This picture represents a style of buffalo hunting invented expressly for the A.T.&S.F.-R.R.Co. The hunter rides to the bloody field on a tame buffalo, hired for the purpose. On arriving at the location of the herd, the tame buffalo, actuated by sordid and mercenary considerations, lies down on his east side, the hunter lies down

A group of Indians from the Osage Agency. From left Strike Axe, Che-to-pah, Governor Jo (Pawnee-No-pah-she), Big Chief and Hard Rope

GRAYHORSE

Photos Courtesy
Smithsonian Bureau of American Ethnology



Alice Hopkins Phinney photographed in her wedding dress—1877

Courtesy author

behind him and discharges his weapon at the herd. Notice the look of calm resignation on the face of the stricken buffalo, and the smile playing around his horns. . . . He concludes to die, and as he has no property to leave to the rest of the herd, they go off and leave him. This style of hunting is practiced only under the authority of the Company."

After five years the Indians had given up attacking the "iron horse" pulling its "fast wagons," but they still resented the rails. They felt it prevented *rain* from crossing into their lands, and was the reason for the present drouth.

However, it had been the lawless white "terminusites" who had caused far more trouble. The railroad had been obliged to call upon the military to protect its property as the tracks progressed to each railhead. Oak and walnut ties, 2,600 to a mile, were laid directly on prairie sod.

ED FINNEY was the only one in a hurry to return to the Agency. He was due to shoot twenty to thirty beeves in a corral for the proud Osages to drag out, the white man's substitute for their twice-yearly buffalo hunts. Late the next evening they were waiting in Newton to take the connection to Wichita on the branch line.

Two years before, they recalled, the Santa Fe had chartered a whole ship, the *Red Star*, to bring over 15,000 Mennonites, with their worldly goods, to settle them around Newton. Already, neat farms were to be seen, and lumber houses were replacing the makeshift soddies. The gentle Protestants whose wanderings had taken them out of Holland into Germany and then into Russia, were so peace-loving, it was said, they would not lift a hand even to defend themselves.

Because of the Santa Fe's following the old Santa Fe Trail, and the "Katy" following the Fort Gibson, cattle drives were being shortened, and outfitting points were farther west. When Allie and her sister had visited the Agency in 1873, they had gone via Coffeyville, leaving about 70 miles by road, instead of 120 or so now confronting her. But the five wished to visit in "the City," hence this choice of routes.

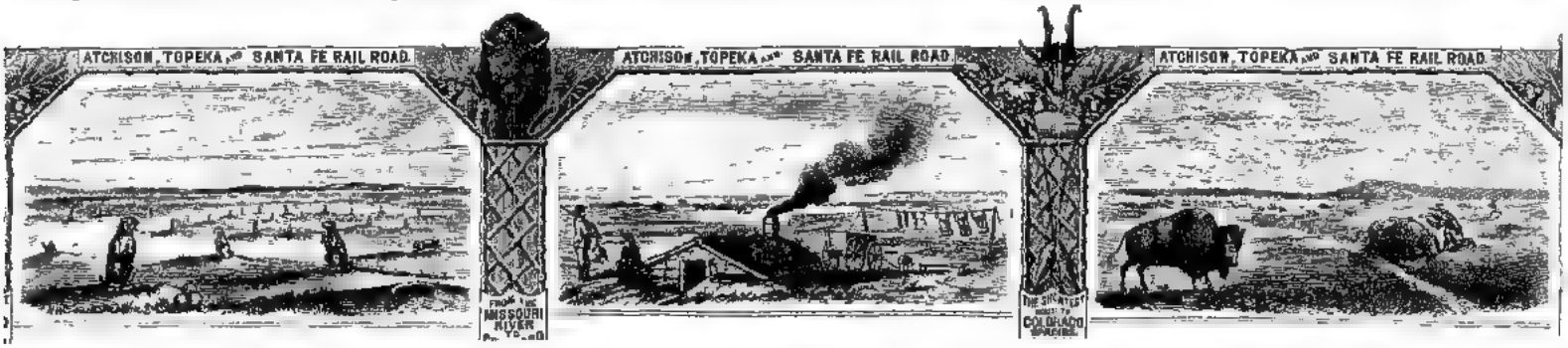
When they left Wichita, the passengers in the ambulance were anchored to their seats by straps but, even so, Allie's new straw was smashed flat on the canvas top. Worse was to come. Ten miles short of Arkansas City, the horses could go no farther, the rig being mired in the mud. Choking dust had given place to deluging rain, so the side-curtains had been fastened in place.

Lindsay carried his bride to firmer ground, while Ed made sure her skirts did not brush against the wheel; but when Ed took Allie in his arms, and it was Lindsay's turn to watch, his attention was distracted for a moment and Allie's new gray rep dress was dragged through the mud. Exasperated, Allie surveyed herself and was so mad she could have cried. But she made the best of it.

The five made their way to a farmhouse nearby where the usual frontier hospitality was extended to the stranded wayfarers. The next morning they learned that the flood was "a mile wide."

Ed was determined to go on, and Allie turned down her last chance to return to Wichita. A teamster was paid a dollar to put a big packing box in his wagon, and drive them as far as possible. Allie perched on the box; Ed stood beside her.

When the Agency driver met them with a frogging skiff, none too clean and a trifle leaky, the men carefully set the lady in the stern with her two straw valises, her hat box and sundry packages around her, and the boat made its way



Prairie Dog Town **Dugout** **Buffalo Hunt**

Illustrations from the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad brochure

through muddy swirling water to the far side. Trunks were to follow later.

Safely across, the Finneys sat in the rear seat of the Agency rig, piled their belongings in the middle seat, and the boatman, now driver, flicked the mules into action.

As the miles were left behind, the talk turned to politics.

"I wonder if Hayes' new Secretary of Interior will mean changes in the Bureau, all the way down to the Agent? Probably," the driver said. "S'wonder there wasn't civil war in every town, account that Hayes-Tilden mixup."

"I'll be sorry to see Beede go," Ed replied. "He's made a lot of progress with the Osages and they like him.

"Got 125 houses with Osages in—except the ones who keep to their tipis and put their horses in, instead!" Ed chuckled. "There are 400 children of school age now; 140 boys and 80 girls attended school for a month or more. He figures about 144 of the 2,400 or thereabouts can read after a fashion. Of course, his report doesn't say that a lot of the 'educated' Osages go straight back to the blanket from school, and won't let anybody pry English out of them. It's easier for me to talk their own lingo than to try to make them talk mine." He shook his head. "The Osages are betwixt and between, and it's hard going for them."

At right, Governor Jo, leader of the Big Hill band. Below, To-Ka, a medicine man.

Black Bear in Osage regalia

"What'll *we* do, Ed, when Beede goes, if he does?"

"Find some other place to live down here, and I'll spend more time in the store. But I've liked scouting for Gibson and Beede. Interesting."

THE TRAIL, two ruts lying across the rolling prairie like dusty ropes, took them down into creek bottoms where the shade of cottonwoods was welcome, then up over ridges where they could see for miles to the far horizon. Silhouetted against the blue, they watched four mounted Osages skimming along, bent forward Indian-fashion.

"See them go!" Allie was looking forward to a lot of riding, and she was no mean horsewoman herself, riding side-saddle with the straightest of backs.

They stopped briefly at the Kaw subagency on the bend of the Arkansas. "These Kaws are sorry-looking," Allie commented, "not like the high and mighty Osages I remember stalking around the Agency when I was visiting in '73." That visit had been the time she had promised Ed she would "wait" for him.

When they reached the Salt Creek Valley they saw tipis scattered about the prairie, with women busy about them, yet stopping to study the white woman with covert curiosity, not knowing she would someday be living in their area, far from any white neighbors. Osages, with blankets, returned Ed's "He-ow" and uplifted hand salute.

Meadowlarks were everywhere with their songs; flowers, bright-hued, dotted the green carpet. It had been a lovely day for the ride, but even so, sixty-odd miles could be tiresome, and Allie was glad to reach the Beedes' and their warm welcome, and to be greeted by relatives rejoicing in their arrival.

ON JULY 17, 1878, Laban J. Miles succeeded Cyrus Beede as Osage Agent. Automatically, the Finneys left their part of the Agent's residence and lived temporarily in rooms in the big stone schoolhouse up the hill not far away. The Indian pupils had fled home the minute they were allowed to go, finding life in the familiar tipis much more to their liking.

The Big Hill band of the Osages, who rarely visited the Agency, had been clamoring for a store down in their area, twenty-odd miles southwest. Trader John Florer decided to give it a try, and sent his brother-in-law, Ed Finney, down to check on a site for the buildings.

Ed diplomatically conferred with old Ka-wa-xo-dse, whose camp happened to be on the best site, about fifty feet from a good creek; the old Osage, pleased, told him in his own tongue, "Build here, my son," and moved his camp.

Carpenters soon had the long, low store built, and then a frame house for the Finney family, and such other buildings as were required. Even an ice-house. A boxboard walk connected the store to the house to protect Allie's $18 buttoned, French heeled boots. They had been made by hand in Arkansas City. Certainly Allie needed the comfort and support which she always declared true French heels gave to a woman's foot, for there was much to do. They moved in before the four-room house was finished, and she had to board the carpenters. This meant making bread, for one item—no small job. However, she never complained, but did insist upon keeping the standards she had set for herself. When they were settled, she used damask napkins and good china—intuitively she knew how much depended upon little things when one was so far away from daily contact with other whites.

"The place must have a name," Allie said one day. What was the name of the old Indian who had moved his camp? Ka-wa-xo-dse? What did that mean? Gray horse? "Well, that's what we'll call it—*Grayhorse*."

THE OSAGES liked spirit, and the trader's wife had plenty. Her Irish-

(Continued on page 56)

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"BUSTIN'" the Wild Ones

Rough? You bet! But there was a lot of satisfaction in showing a thousand pounds of bucking horse flesh just who was boss

By DALE VINCENT

A BRONC BUSTER was a horse "breaker," and a cowboy was a horse user. It was the bronc buster who kept the cowboy on horseback.

Of course, this does *not* imply that a cowhand never "broke" a bronc, because he certainly did, under various circumstances. Sometimes a cow ranch was too small to hire a regular bronc buster.

Also, cowhands, especially the young ones, were always quick to want to try their wings on a rank horse. But generally speaking, a cattle outfit took the breaking of their saddle stock downright seriously, and they used bronc fighters who knew their business and worked at it regularly.

Many years ago, before the range was fenced, the curt words, "Turn 'im loose," from a bronc buster set into motion a short but violent period of breaking a bronc to saddle.

The hazer, or helper, roped a bronc from his saddle horse, then "run up" on the rope, taking his dallies as he went until the bronc was snubbed up tight to the saddle horn.

The bronc was then hackamored and the blinder eased down over his eyes. At this point, the peeler slapped a "kak" on his back. This kak or bronc saddle was three-quarter rigged and slick forked.

While the hazer eared down the bronc, the peeler swung aboard and took a deep seat. He grabbed the double-rein mecate with his left hand and, with a rawhide quirt in his right hand, told the hazer: "Turn 'im loose!"

The hazer took the snub rope off and slid the blinder up from the bronc's eyes. The peeler socked his gut hooks home as the quirt descended to the flanks —and the bronc exploded through the corral gate out onto the open range, where he was ridden to a standstill or his rider was thrown, which happened very rarely with a good man.

But never did a peeler "pull leather." That would have been a disgrace never to be lived down.

Once the bronc gave up, he was turned and hazed back, dog tired, tail between his legs, to the corral. Here, sopping wet, he was unsaddled and turned into another corral where he joined other green ones that were being worked out.

IF THE bronc buster worked alone, he had to follow a different method. He cut his bronc into a corral, then faced the wild one as he circled. Shaking out a loop, he fore-footed the horse, jerked the slack, and with one boot heel dug deep, the rope anchored across his hip, he timed the pull—and jerked the fuzztail's front feet out from under him.

With the horse's front feet so he couldn't "get 'em back," the bronc buster then flipped a couple of half hitches over the loop on the feet. With the two feet tied solid, the peeler flipped another half hitch over one or both hind feet and drew them up to the front feet. One more quick half hitch and the peeler had him. No horse ever got up when pigged down like this.

Now he could take his time, putting on the hackamore and screwing down his kak. If the bronc was lying on his right side, fine. If not, he grabbed the pigging rope and rolled him over. He had to be lying on his right side. Laying his saddle on its right side on the ground, he took a five-foot long wire with a hook in one end, ran it under the horse from the belly side behind the withers, and hooked the cinch ring. Then the cinch was drawn underneath and the saddle laced on.

Now open the gate!

Then go back and straddle the bronc, while he's down. Take the half hitches and the loop off his feet, and settle into the saddle while he's getting on his feet. From then on the peeler rode him out the same as before.

Another method, when the peeler worked alone, was to rope the bronc by the neck and snub him to a post set deep in the center of a round corral. The peeler roped the left hind foot, quickly ran the other end of the rope around the bronc's neck in front of his shoulder, and jerked the hind foot up under the horse's belly where it was tied with a bowline knot snubbed to the neck.

The bronc was then unsnubbed from the post before he choked down. With his hind foot off the ground and blinders on, he wasn't going anyplace, and there was plenty of time to saddle up.

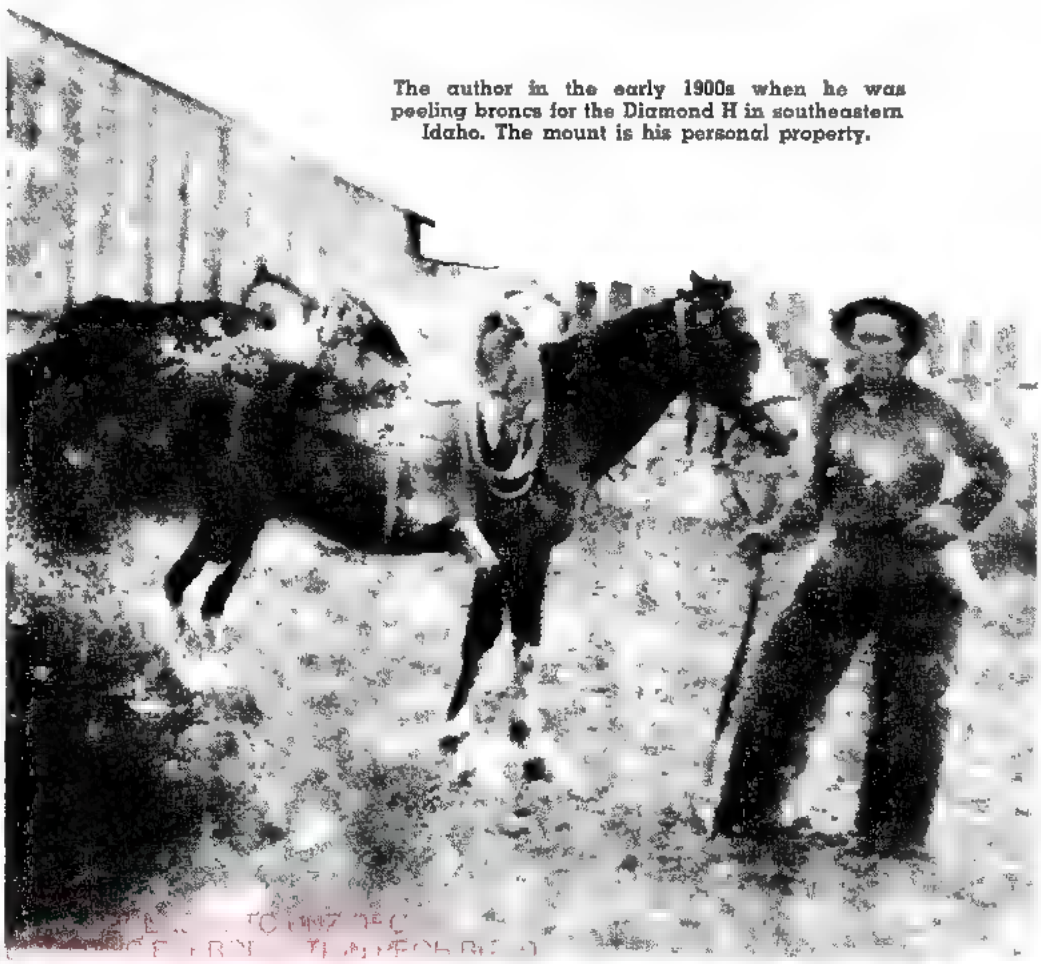
Once in the saddle, the peeler could untie the bowline knot, take the blinders off and "Turn 'im loose." Most men did not like this method for it was too easy to hurt themselves or the horse on the snubbing post.

These three methods of giving a bronc his first lesson, in those days were called "roughing 'em out."

After three or four rides, these broncs, without any more breaking, were turned in with the cavvy, and then went into some cowhand's string.

The bronc stomper took out the extreme wildness, and gave them some lessons they never forgot, but these broncs were still only half broke, and were still a little rank. Roughing them out was different from "topping 'em out," because after the cowhands got these broncs in their strings, they generally had to top 'em out many times—especially on cold, frosty mornings. If the cowboy were a good hand with horses, the broncs developed into top cow horses

(Continued on page 60)

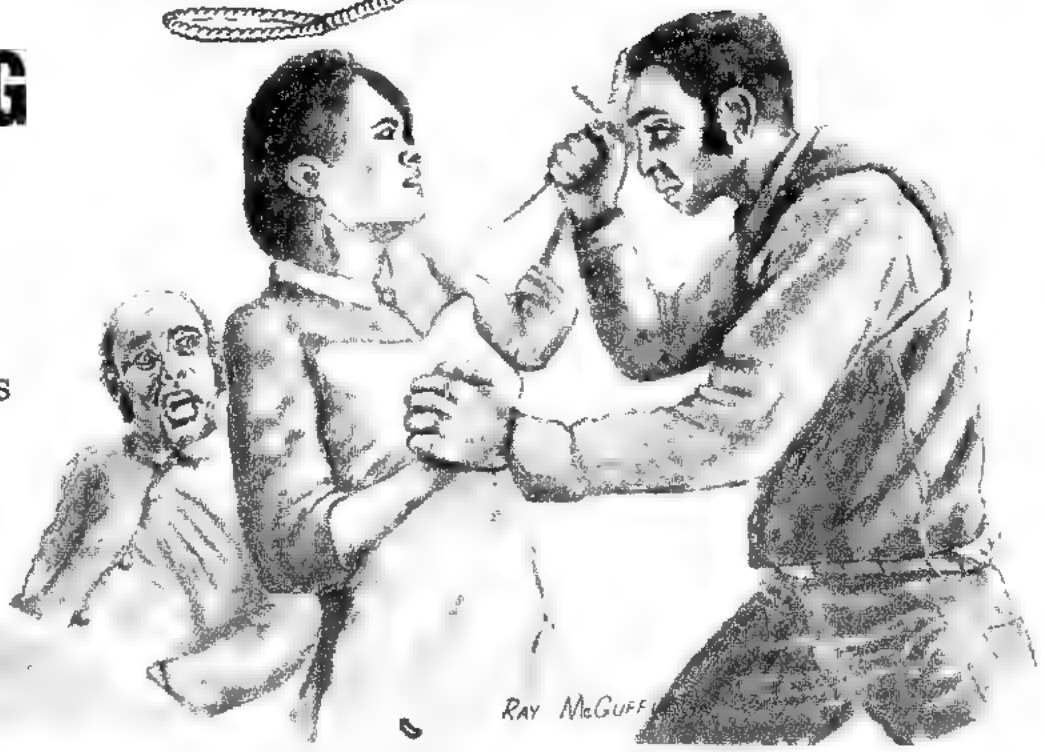


The author in the early 1900s when he was peeling broncs for the Diamond H in southeastern Idaho. The mount is his personal property.

Mexican HANGING AFFAIR

Illustrated by Ray McGuffin

By JEAN WILLIAMS



THERE was silence in the crowded courtroom as G. B. Scott, District Clerk of Callahan County, Texas, announced in solemn tones the verdict handed to him by the foreman of the jury. "We, the jury, find the defendant, Alberto Vargas, guilty of murder in the first degree and assess his punishment as death."

The eighteen-year-old received the verdict with little emotion. When asked by the court if he had anything to say, he rather startled the spectators by replying that the verdict was all right, that he was ready to be executed at any time, and only wanted to go where his beloved was.

Vargas, just one month and one day before, had unsuccessfully tried to take his own life after he had fatally stabbed a young waitress, Emma Blakley, in the Sigal Hotel dining room at Baird, Texas, on October 19, 1906.

Alberto had come to the county seat from Mexico in May of the same year, and had been employed as a dishwasher at the hotel. He was a quiet and pleasant young man, spoke enough English to make himself understood, and was regarded as a good worker by his employers.

Emma seems to have attracted him from the first moment he saw her. This attraction quickly turned into love, and Alberto, in his own inarticulate way, tried unsuccessfully to express his feeling. Weeks and finally months passed with no more than a pleasant nod from the girl. She had no serious thought for the young man in the kitchen, though no doubt she was amused by the attention he paid her.

This young woman was quite active in church work, was popular with the young people in town, and was most certainly well regarded by their parents. It must have been heartbreaking for Alberto to see Emma being squired to Sunday School and church by someone more acceptable than he could ever hope to be.

At last, realizing that he could not express himself verbally in a way that Emma could understand, he started writing to her in Spanish. These impassioned notes were never delivered, instead, they remained in his possession and later convicted him.

ONE CAN imagine this shy and almost friendless young man on alien soil, racked by the pain of frustrated love, pouring out his innermost feelings in words such as these:

"Emma—My dear, if you would only know how much I love you. If you only know what cruel wounds you have opened in my heart, with only a glance from you, especially when you smile at any man! Hay! I am not worthy of kissing the earth on which your feet walk, also as regards your blood and your class, and even as regards to your mother of being. What am I without you? I am a lonely soul, a mean and rotten person before your innocence, and I am, dear love, worse than a dog.

But alas! These great differences you can only encounter within this horrible life of ours, during which we rarely see why the sentiments occur within our hearts. So what do we see . . . it is gold . . . it is wealth . . . . Alberto Vargas"

When he learned that Emma was "spoken for," this poor young man realized that his case was hopeless. Wedding plans were being made and, without her, there was nothing to live for.

His last letter was the most pathetic of the lot:

"Dearest Emma: How could I show how much I love you? I wish you could know it—I wish you would understand me and I could understand you, that you could imagine how little it can mean to leave this world . . . . In your arms, to die with your lips close to mine, thinking of that day you fascinated me with your glance, and . . . stole my heart. How unlucky me! That being unaware of my pain, I never thought you would love me and I could never see in you the least bitterness.

So my darling virgin, you know how I love you dearly, and I have had in this life only a moment in which to adore you—I know you are going to marry and my jealousy would make me a bum—on the street! I also would not imagine that any man would degrade your honor!!

But who has the blame that this happens? Destiny—destiny is to blame that I will take your life. When I used to see you glance at another man, I imagined that you would never return to me. I do not know what will happen to us. My wish is that after we are dead, dear, that they will put us in the same tomb, so that our bodies remain united, while the universe is inhabited—while the sun is warm . . . ."

Having made his decision, he penned a last note to his mother:

"My dearest Mother—You cannot imagine how much it hurts me to think that when you receive these lines that I may be under the earth (dead)! But commend me to God, and give my best regards to the family. As ever, your son, A. Vargas"

After he finished this letter the morning of October 19, Alberto left it in his

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Vargas' brief and tormented life had definite boundaries: in the beginning, a knife in his hand; at the end, hemp at his throat

room and went to the hotel kitchen where, for the last time, he put his reddened hands in the hot soapy water and proceeded to start washing dishes. Outwardly calm, he was waiting for the moment of truth which he knew would come soon.

When the dining room was full of people, Alberto followed Emma through its doorway, grabbed her, and whirled her around. Suddenly a small kitchen paring knife was plunged into her breast. Still holding her and looking into her terrified eyes, Alberto stabbed her again. As he withdrew the blade the second time, the girl gasped, broke away from him, and staggered forward to the center of the dining room where she fell to the floor in full sight of her customers.

Before anyone had a chance to move, Alberto stood over the stricken girl and twice drove the bloody blade into his own body. Then he collapsed.

SUDDENLY everyone in the place who had been frozen in horror by the drama being enacted before them was galvanized into action. A collective roar of rage emitted from their throats while they overturned chairs and tableware to get to Emma.

The bleeding boy was lifted from the girl and thrust aside, so that a doctor who was in the dining room could conduct an examination. Finding neither heartbeat nor pulse, he gently closed her eyes, placed her arms by her side, and asked that a covering be placed over the body.

Alberto, who had been ignored for the moment, was then seized by the enraged spectators, and dragged out of the hotel and down the entire length of Market Street to the county jail. There he was practically thrown at Sheriff Tom Irvin. Irvin quickly had the boy taken to a second-floor cell and sent a deputy for a doctor.

It didn't take long for word to spread about the "Mexican" stabbing Emma Blakley. All the rest of that day and the next, groups of men gathered on the lawn between the courthouse and the jail and were constantly pestering the deputies posted outside the back and front entrances for news of the prisoner's condition.

The county telephone line was buzzing; the girl's parents, of course, had been notified, and word came through to the sheriff that cowboys from Eagle Cove in the southeast part of the county where the Blakleys lived, were going to ride into town and give the Mexican his due.

Irvin knew that if he wanted to avoid a lynching, he must take the half-dead boy to the Taylor County jail some twenty miles west.

He swore in extra deputies and placed them on guard around the jail and no one, other than himself and the doctor, was allowed to see the prisoner.

Irvin took the jailer and the doctor into his confidence, and told them that he had arranged for a curtained buggy and a fast horse to be at the back door of the jail while the extra deputies were being changed during suppertime.

He and the doctor would get Alberto into the buggy and the jailer was to go out the front entrance and give some news about Alberto's condition to the men milling outside the place. Under cover of darkness Irvin hoped to be able to get the boy out of town.

The doctor didn't give much encouragement that his patient would stay alive if he were moved, but the lawman knew if he didn't take this chance, the young murderer would be lynched for sure.

Justice seemed to be on the sheriff's side. A night without stars helped cover their flight, and, fortunately, they were able to bypass a freight train traveling east from Clyde. That train had been commandeered by a group of male citizenry who also had decided to do something about the Mexican.

Irvin's desperate chance paid off; the boy was still alive when he arrived at the Taylor County jail in Abilene.

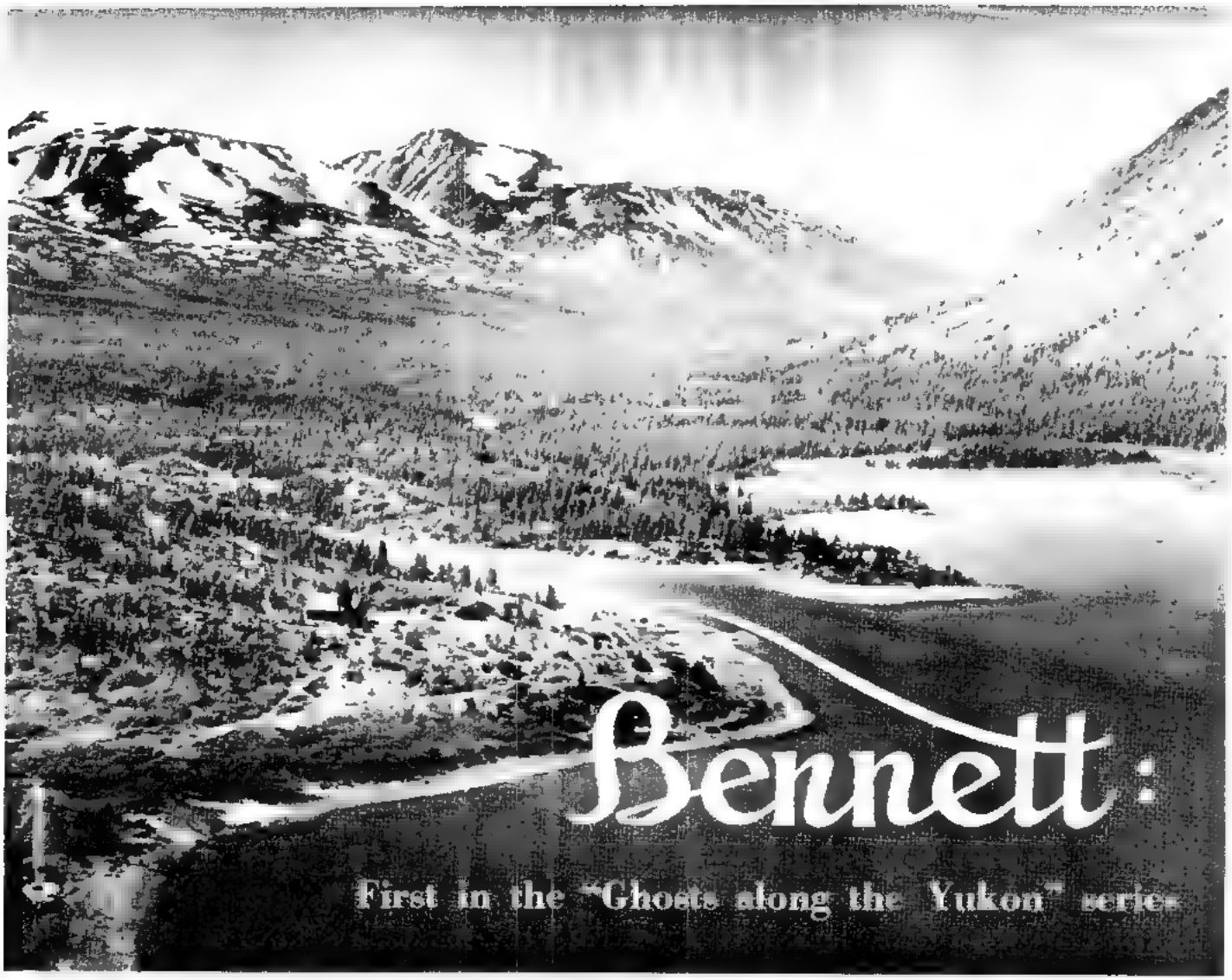
The sheriff there accepted custody of the prisoner, arranged for a doctor to attend him, and swore in some special deputies in case they were needed. As

(Continued on page 67)

Courtesy Jewell Davis Scarborough
widow of Dallas Scarborough

Dallas Scarborough, the young lawyer appointed to defend Vargas. After this inauspicious beginning, Dallas defended between fifty and seventy-five murder cases, with "twenty years" being the most severe penalty meted out to one of his clients. For a period of forty years, Dallas tried most of the murder cases in Abilene and a vast surrounding area. Despite his phenomenal success, he never forgot his first case.

Below left is an old photograph taken just before Vargas' sentence was carried out. On the right, an unidentified person checks pulse before body is cut down.



In 1898 a sprawling tent city lined the shores of the upper end of Lake Bennett. At that time the water's edge was jammed with homemade boats.

By MICHAEL JENKINSON

More than sixty-five years ago the boat above brought Klondike gold stampeders down the shores of Lake Bennett. A paddle-wheeler, out of use for many years, rests on skids in the background.

AT LAKE BENNETT, headwaters of the Yukon River, a grey, spectral church stands isolated and wind-beaten above the shoreline. It, a railroad station, and a couple of abandoned cabins are all that stand of a city which in 1898 sheltered over 10,000 gold-fevered men and women. The improbable city of Bennett, in a space of a few months, transformed the rim of a lonely, sub-Arctic lake into the greatest tent city the world has ever known.

In its heyday Bennett was scraps of dingy fabric and rough-hewn lumber thrown into lean-tos; it was circus marquee tents, endless streets of canvas where men slept, bathed, worshipped, gambled, bought supplies, got haircuts, and dallied with dancehall girls. In the midst of this gaudy setting, a minister began quietly to erect a church with volunteer labor. Ironically, its pews were to know only ghosts, for by the time it was completed, a scant two years after the founding of Bennett, the city of 10,000 was abandoned. Its citizens en masse had swept down the Yukon to seek gold in the Klondike.

At the time of the Klondike strike, Lake Bennett, as today, was a place of towering mountains, lonely reaches of water and deep silences. But once news of the bonanza had broken outside, stampeders by the thousands began struggling over the blizzard-lashed notches of Chilkoot and White Passes. All through the winter of 1897-1898 they stumbled down from the divide to Lake Bennett, there to construct platforms for whipsawing trees into rough lumber for making boats. Bennett was a place of waiting, of watching for tell-tale cracks in the ice signifying the spring break-up. Below the tents lay thousands of homemade boats and mounds of equipment, readied for a rush to the goldfields once ice was out of the river.

During that first winter at Bennett, it was discovered that the ground was frozen too hard for burials. All funeral processions inevitably wound up at a stack of coffins where the final words were said, after which the most recent box was somberly placed on top of the mound. Coffins were built sturdily to withstand the ravenous teeth of hungry Malemutes. When the thaw came, all the coffins were placed in a huge single grave.

Many types of men had been swept

north with the gold fever. There were lawyers, con-men, farmers, bankers, poets, remittance men, carpenters, and Maoris from New Zealand, among others. Ailing citizens of Bennett had little trouble securing professional treatment. Over half of the graduating class of the University of California Medical School had joined the gold rush. One young dental student set up a specialized practice in his tent—the art of tooth extraction. The unfortunate with a painful molar would be courteously seated in a homemade chair, whereupon the hefty wife of the dental student wrapped her arms around the victim's neck in a steel grip. Her husband would then jerk out the offending tooth with forceps while onlookers yelled encouragement.

There was a toughness about the people of Bennett that transcended mere physical vigor. They had crossed the Pass, had endured where thousands had been beaten back by hardship. A man and his wife packed an entire paddlewheeler across the mountains to Bennett, bit by bit, piece after piece! Over the same tortuous trail that had reduced a champion boxer to despair and defeat, a man had swung himself on crutches all the way to the tent city.

Over the trail to Bennett that winter came a gold-lusting Irishman named Pat. Thwarted by an ice-filled river from proceeding farther, he took to insane bouts of drinking. Because of the innumerable times disgusted bartenders had heaved him out into the frigid streets, he was nicknamed "Pat, the Pig." Yet, for all the nights he spent snoring loudly in a snowbank in -30° weather, he never so much as caught a cold.

ON MAY 29, 1898, ice began to grind out of Lake Bennett. Within forty-eight hours after the first ungainly craft had nosed into slushy water, 7,124 vessels had entered a wild race to the Klondike. There were scows and trim canoes, rafts of hastily lashed logs, outriggers and kayaks. In them, along with the stampeders, were goats, hogs, sheep, horses, dogs and haystacks. One man balanced himself on a single log using his coat for a sail; two women on another craft had sewn their undergarments together to catch the breeze.

Behind them, Bennett was virtually deserted. Stray dogs nosed among supplies that had been spilled or left behind in the haste to be underway. One who stayed on was Sam Steele, superintendent of the Mounted Police. It was largely through the efforts of Sam and his dedicated force that Bennett, although harboring a number of men who had a price on their heads in the cowtowns and gold camps of the western states, had a reputation as a law-abiding place.

At one point a gunman, recognized as a member of the notorious Soapy Smith gang which all but ruled the port of Skagway on the other side of the Divide, walked into the Mounted Police post at the summit of White Pass. Denied entry into Canada, he said: "Suppose I decide to shoot my way into the country—what then?"

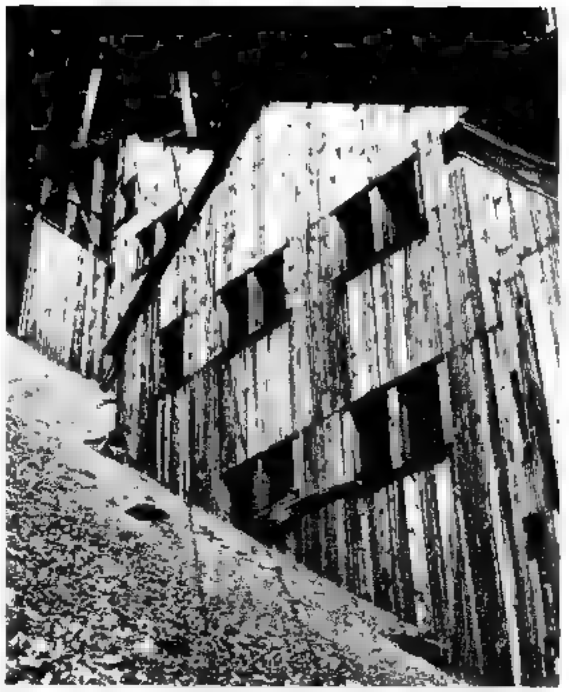
The constable quietly took a pistol from a drawer and laid it before him on the desk.

"There's a gun," he stated calmly. "Go ahead and start shooting. That's the easiest way to find out what will happen." The gunman returned to the easier pickings at Skagway.

Sam Steele had remained at Bennett because he knew the town would not completely die as long as dreams of Klondike gold still fired men's imaginations. There would be more stampeders to replace those who had departed down the lake. A few businessmen likewise lingered, wisely deciding that a fortune lay in offering wares at exorbitant prices to late stampeders and those returning from the gold fields.

By mid summer of 1898, construction crews were blasting and shoveling a roadbed for the White Pass and Yukon Railroad. Up the rocky canyon from Skagway the crews laid narrow gauge track up dizzy slopes so abrupt that often the laborers had to be suspended on ropes from above until they could hack out a right of way. The completion of the railroad in July, 1900, and the construction of a station at Bennett, gave the town hope of permanence.

But by then the impetus of the stampede had drained itself. Travelers going between Dawson and the outside merely left the trains to stretch their legs and have lunch before going on. Bennett withered. Birds nested in the church steeple, cabins collapsed under the weight of winter snows; winds sweeping off the St. Elias Range tattered abandoned canvas.



Mill of the Venus Mine just over a spur of mountain from Bennett. Although Bennett was used mainly as a brief stopping point en route to the Klondike, some prospectors remained in the area to strike hard-rock gold claims, such as the Venus.

Today, passenger trains still stop at the Bennett station for a lunch break. People get out, mill around the station a bit to restore circulation, and occasionally stroll up the hill to the church for a photograph.

But there is little to see for the casual observer; the fragments of Bennett are quiet, subtle things: chips of a hand-blown whiskey bottle in a stream bed, a leaning wooden headmarker far back among the pines or boards from forgotten buildings lying up on the beach, washed smooth and white as bone.

THIS CHURCH WAS BUILT IN 1899 UNDER
THE AUSPICES OF THE PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH OF CANADA
WAS THEN SUPERINTENDENT OF MISSIONS
THE REV. A. SING AIR WAS THE MINISTER IN
CHARGE AT THAT TIME THOUSANDS OF MEN
KLONDYKE

Ghost church at Bennett. Plans for the church were drawn up while Bennett was a roaring tent city of 10,000 stampeders headed for the gold fields. By the time the building was completed there was no one to sit in its pews, for Bennett was deserted. The inscription commemorating the erection of the Church is inset below.

Starving OUT in LONG VALLEY

By EFFIE ESTES

Their needs were simple—so they managed to smile and find a substitute for the many necessities they didn't have. But it's hard to find a substitute for food . . . and smiling doesn't come easy when you're hungry

Photos Courtesy Author

"LONG VALLEY, Idaho!" Father exclaimed in amazement. "Why should we want to go there?"

Although I was only eight years old at the time, I could see the shocked surprise on my parents' faces as they listened to Grandpa's recital of why he wanted us to leave Oregon and make the long trip to Idaho.

"They say it's wonderful cattle country," Grandpa explained patiently.

"The Prescotts are going and we could travel along with them. We can file on a quarter-section of Government land. Bert Prescott says the soil is rich, bunch grass is knee high, the Payette River runs the length of the valley so there's plenty of water, and the hills are covered with wonderful timber."

"But we've only just settled here," Mother argued. "Our crops are all planted and we just couldn't leave them now."

"You're right, Emma," Father said. "By fall we'll know more about Long Valley and maybe we can go then."

Father had become discouraged with our worn-out land in Missouri and in November, 1887, had gone west to try to better our financial condition. He rented a house and some acreage near Durkee, Oregon, and sent for Mother and us children.

Mother's parents came along with us. I guess Mother was glad for help because it couldn't have been an easy job for a lone woman to travel across the country in 1888 with five children ranging from two to ten years of age. Two families of Prescotts, a family named Barnes, and my grandparents started for Idaho in June with four covered wagons and a considerable bunch of cattle.

They built cabins for themselves and one for Grandpa. They were happy and why not? The climate was wonderful and each man filed on 160 acres of rich Government land. Grandma wrote glowing accounts of the valley. Mother and Father decided to join them in the fall. Father hired a man to haul us to Long Valley. We had no furniture, only personal belongings, bedding, dishes and small household items.

We bought groceries and flour at Salubria, which was the last city before reaching the Valley. After a week of jolting over rocky roads and fording innumerable streams, we arrived safely at Grandpa's little cabin. There was no heat in the house but Grandpa had collected stones to build a fireplace. Father placed them, then used small poles heavily daubed with mud to finish. The fireplace was a roaring success. It warmed the cabin, gave us light at night, and Mother and Grandma cooked our food over it.

We were all well and I think quite happy. I'm sure we children were. The winter was ideal, five or six inches of snow. The Prescotts were jubilant because their cattle "rustled" for a living the entire winter.

Timber was near and plentiful and Father was a good woodsman. He cut pine trees, then hewed the logs to make a house for ourselves and one for Mr. Prescott. Mr. Prescott hauled the logs. The neighbors helped each other "raise" the logs and lay the shakes.

We felt quite rich when we moved into our big new house. It was thirty-two feet long and sixteen feet wide with an opening in one end for a window.

Father bought a cook stove from some people who were leaving the Valley. Our other furniture consisted of beds, or rather bunks made from poles, a table of split slabs and chairs made from lengths of logs sawed at the proper height. Our floor was the frozen earth but we were happy until the ground began to thaw. Then we were stranded.

"Billy," wailed Mother, "what in the world are we going to do? Just wade in the mud?"

"Take it easy, Emma; I'll fix it," Father told her, and he did by splitting short lengths of logs and placing them where needed to move from place to place. We youngsters had great fun jumping from log to log; sometimes we failed to connect but Mother was blessed with a good sense of humor and wasn't hard on us. By spring we now had an an excellent dirt floor, level, smooth, tramped and tramped hard.

Mr. Prescott came and plowed some ground for us. Mother made a garden and Father planted a small patch of oats. Friends of the family came from the East; and as ours was the largest house, they stayed with us until their house was ready to occupy. Father was fortunate to get work with a group of surveyors and earned enough money to buy winter clothes and provisions.

There was a small sawmill about fifteen miles south and Father got enough unplaned boards, one inch by twelve inches, to floor ours and Grandpa's houses, and make bedsteads, table and benches for us to sit on. The rough boards were impossible to clean but during the winter Father smoothed them with a small hand plane.

EVERYONE was surprised and distressed by the amount of snow that fell early that fall. It snowed and snowed and still it snowed. It piled up three and four feet on the prairie and drifts two and three times that high around the house and on the hillsides. Father made skis for us. We youngsters loved snow and had the time of our lives.

Mother didn't glide on her skis—she walked -but did manage to go to Grandpa's a few times during the winter. I was ten years of age and the go-between. Seldom a day passed that I didn't go to see them. I adored Grandma and today she is still my "most unforgettable character." I know she wouldn't have won any beauty contests. She was tall and angular—not an ounce of fat on her body. She always wore a cap or a bandana handkerchief, preferably red, over her head and tied under her chin. But she had the merriest brown eyes and an ever ready smile, and I loved her dearly.

I never went there that she didn't ask, "Child, are you hungry?" and, of course, I always was, even if I had just got up from the table at home. She would give me a slice of salt rising bread —and butter, if she had butter.

I loved Grandpa, too, but I always watched my step when he was around. I had a vivid mental picture of what happened when he caught brother Ira and me wading knee deep in his newly threshed wheat.

The deep snow prevented Father from working in the timber though he did split some rails to protect our garden and little patch of grain from the cattle that roamed the prairie.

The winter was trying on all of us. Groceries were running low and it was impossible to buy more. "The coal oil is nearly gone," Mother said one day. "We can have lamplight only when we have company."

Father would build a roaring fire in the big Bonanza heater—then open the stove door and we would sit in semi-

(Continued on page 55)

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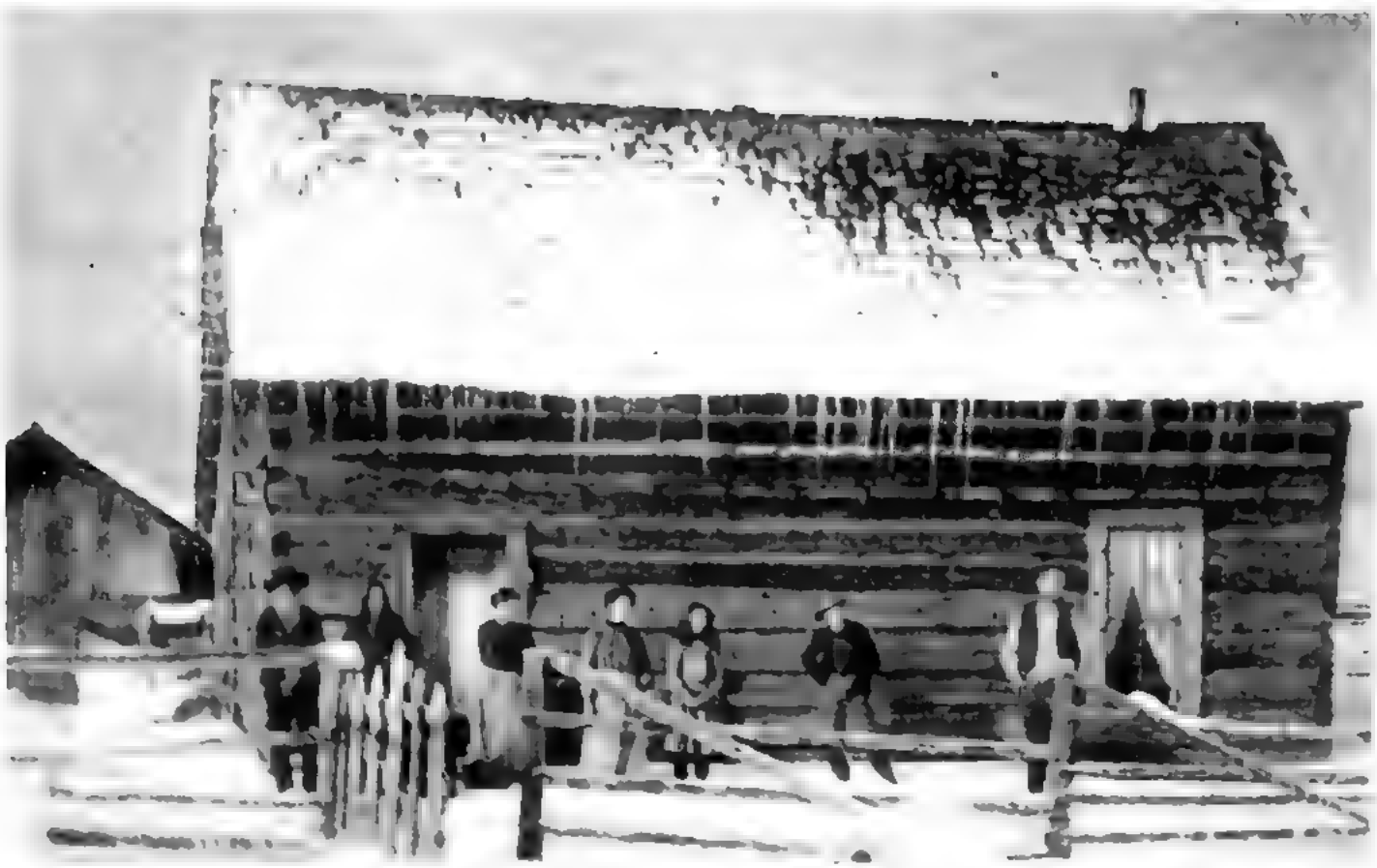
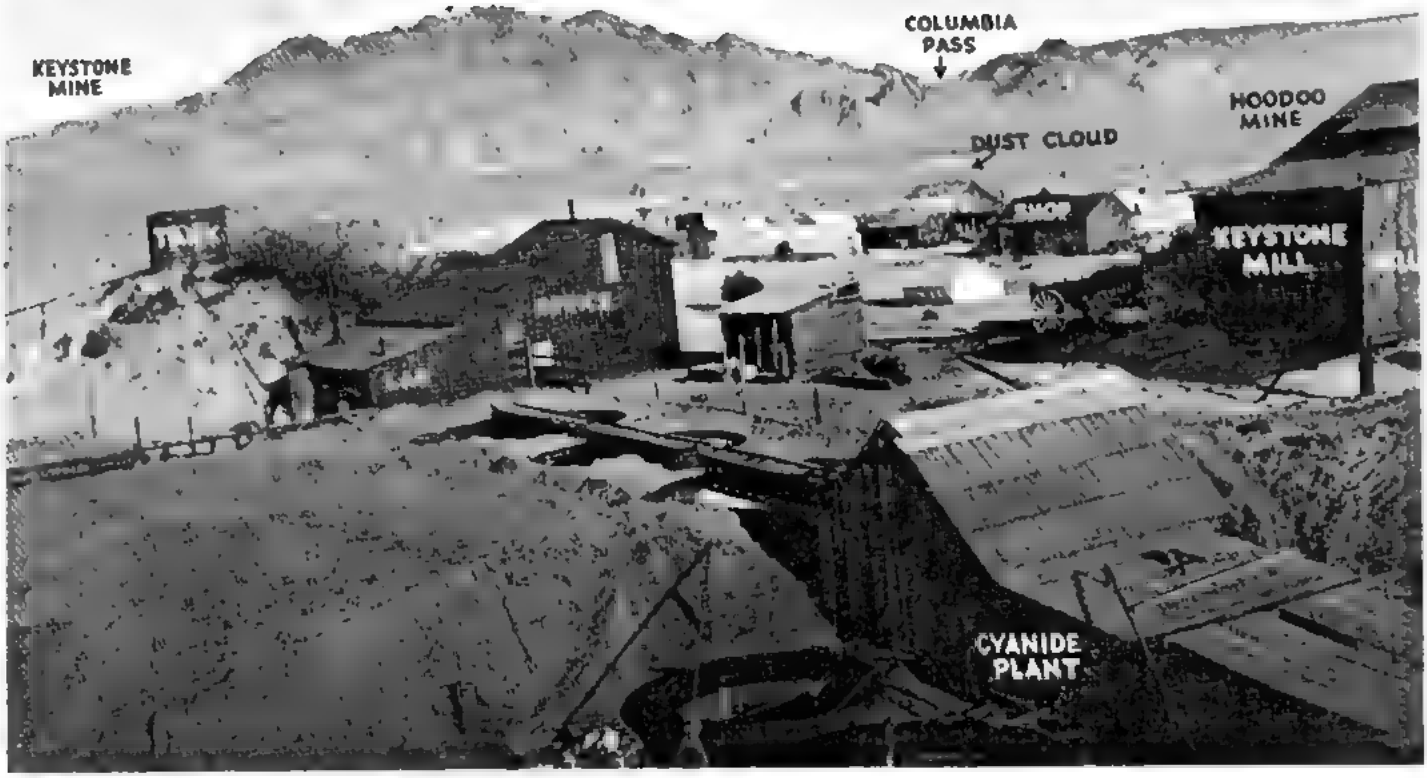


Above is the old homestead the big house that was 16 by 32 feet with a window in one end. Standing (from left) are Grandpa and Grandma Shira author's mother Irene Hattie and Roy (both born here) and author's father. Below some members of the family pose in their "Sunday best." Seated, are, author's parents and sister Hattie. Standing (from left): Roy, Irene, Henry and May. The author and her oldest brother, Ira, are the two missing members of the family.

The DAY



Photos Courtesy Author

Sandy, Nevada—about 1902

WHEN "a group of concurrent events or circumstances remarkable for lack of apparent casual connection" occur, then you have what is termed a coincidence. Others might classify it as "Divine Intervention" and certainly it did look as if *Somebody* had His arms around someone at the little desert town of Sandy, Nevada, one hot summer afternoon in 1906.

Sandy still shows on some maps as being in southern Nevada close to the California line, but the last time I saw the place, in 1929, no one lived there and the only sign of life was a windmill which was still operating.

Back in 1906, conditions were quite different. A general store, a saloon, blacksmith shop, boarding house, feed corral and a post office—all operated by John McClanahan—drew patronage from miles around. The gold mill of the Nevada Keystone Mining Company was in Sandy and, when the mill was operating, it livened up the town considerably.

At the time of which I write, the gold mill was closed down. But a number of other mines in the surrounding hills were trading with McClanahan and this business, coupled with that of travelers and the jerk line freight outfits that passed through with supplies for Bullfrog, Rhyolite and other Death Valley districts, made Sandy a fairly busy place in the evening.

Late in the afternoon of this hot summer day, John McClanahan left his store and went over to the boarding house to see how supper was coming along. As he passed between the two buildings, he glanced up the road that came over the Columbia Pass from Goodsprings, about fifteen miles away. John saw dust on the road, four or five miles out and near the turn-off to the Hoodoo Mine.

Now a dust on the road meant travelers coming, and John wanted to know how many there would be, so that the cook could prepare for extras for supper. He went back in the store, got his field glasses, and came out to take a closer look. John got the glasses out of the case and began to focus them when, to his great surprise, instead of a small dust and a moving rig he saw an enormous cloud of dust in which the moving rig had disappeared. This was a puzzle. The merchant knew that he had seen a rig coming down the road and now he could see no sign of movement either up and down the road.

John went in the store, told his clerk what he had seen, hitched up a team, filled a couple of canteens with water, and drove up the road to find out what had caused that big cloud of dust. When he was within a few hundred feet of where he had last seen the moving rig, he spotted something in the road ahead of him. It proved to be a man crawling on his hands and knees.

Through the blood and dust John finally determined that it was little old Jim McCormack and, after giving him a drink of water, John asked what had happened.

With a great effort Jim mumbled, "Damn road blew up. Passenger."

More puzzled than ever, John loaded the driver in the wagon and drove on to the scene of the explosion. There he found that the passenger was in very bad shape, the front end of the rig was demolished, and the two horses, in addition to other injuries, had had their tails blown off.

Knowing that they would be unable to get competent medical help in Sandy, John loaded both men in his wagon and drove ten miles over the Columbia Pass to Goodsprings.

JIM McCORMACK was a little old Irishman from Texas. He was about sixty years of age, and for years had made a living driving "drummers," engineers and other desert travelers around the Colorado and Mojave Deserts. His headquarters had been at Barnwell on the Santa Fe Branch until the new railroad called the Salt Lake Route was built. Then he moved over to Jean, a station on the new railroad about thirty miles south of Las Vegas, Nevada.

Jim was a dead-pan wisecracker whose witty and sometimes stinging comebacks had made him quite a favorite with the traveling salesmen who covered this

THE ROAD BLEW UP

McClanahan just happened to look up the trail at the crucial moment the rig disappeared before his eyes! What had happened to the inbound stage?

By HARVEY HARDY

area. On this occasion he was driving a salesman for one of the large Los Angeles wholesale grocery firms whose name, as I recall, was Bruce Stevens. They were on a trip that would take them from Sandy on up the Mesquite Valley to Manse, Pahrump, Johnny, Ash Meadows, and eventually to Bull Frog, Rhyolite and other booming Death Valley camps.

The trip had been rudely interrupted in a manner that neither Jim nor his passenger could explain other than Jim's laconic, "Damn road blew up."

Arriving in Goodsprings (a town with a population of about fifty people when they were all at home), they were fortunate to find Harry Riddall. Harry was from New York City where his father was a practicing physician and surgeon. Harry had had a good deal of experience in first-aid work and a bit of medical schooling. In the three years that he had been out west, employed as chemist and metallurgist by the Nevada Keystone Mining Company, most of the boys had come to regard Harry as their doctor and, whenever there was sickness or accidental injury, he was the one consulted.

In this case Harry soon found that all he could do for the two injured men was to pick some of the rocks out of the wounds, clean them up, and apply first-aid dressings. He recommended that they be taken to a doctor or a hospital as soon as possible, as Stevens was in bad shape from loss of blood.

Getting to a doctor out there was not a simple matter. The nearest one was at Las Vegas some forty miles away. There was a single wire telephone line from Goodsprings down to Jean and a message was sent over that line and then transmitted on to Las Vegas by railroad telegraph. It got a doctor on a special train and down to Jean late that night. At the station a team was waiting to rush the doctor up to Goodsprings and the injured men.

Fortunately, they had been given good preliminary treatment, but it was necessary to get them to a hospital where more detailed examinations could be made. Arrangements were made to carry the injured men to Las Vegas. Both eventually recovered from their trying experience, though I understand that Stevens was hospitalized for three months.

This genial group was celebrating a house warming in California, just across the state line from Sandy. Those identified are (1) Jesse Jones, a stage driver, (2) the author, (3) Harry Riddall, (4) "Chuck-a-Walla" Wilkenson's daughter, (5) "Kid" Springer, and (6) Sam McClanahan, John's nephew.

AFTER several months in pasture, Jim's horses recovered enough that Jim could drive them in his rebuilt rig, but neither Jim nor his team were ever as good as they were before that "damn road blew up."

When John McClanahan got back to Sandy, he began trying to find out what had happened when Jim McCormack's rig disappeared in a cloud of dust. Examination of the scene left no doubt that there had been a dynamite explosion, but where the dynamite came from and what set it off was a question. There was nothing at the scene to suggest an answer.

John and his helpers at Sandy began asking questions of everyone who went through the town and eventually they turned up a teamster, driving a six-horse freight outfit, who admitted that he had lost a ten pound box of Giant Powder off his rig the last time he came through Sandy. The loss occurred up at the edge of the mesa about four miles out of town.

He said that the box fell off his lead wagon and was run over and crushed by the wheels of the trail wagon. He went back and looked at it, saw that he couldn't salvage any of the powder, threw the box out of the road, and went on.

Now that driver either knew nothing about dynamite or else he had no consideration for his fellow travelers on that road, for what he left there was a most dangerous booby trap. In those days Giant Powder consisted of 40% nitroglycerin contained in 60% of fuller's earth or other absorbent material, and in that form it was not very dangerous. It could be crushed (as it was by the wheels of the trail wagon) without an explosion and it could burn without an explosion. But after it had simmered under that scorching desert sun for a couple of days, it was a very different story. The four pounds of nitroglycerin contained in the box melted out of the absorbent material, crystallized on the rocks in the road and, in that very volatile condition, just lay there waiting for an accident to happen. When the calk on the horseshoe of one of Jim McCormack's horses hit a siliceous rock that was coated with the crystallized nitro, there was a flint and steel effect and the explosion was triggered with its disastrous results.

You can call it a miracle, an accident, a coincidence, an act of God, or whatever best suits your own personal philosophy, but the fact remains that if John McClanahan had not happened to look up the road at just the particular moment when the explosion occurred, two lives would surely have been lost. Of course, Jim McCormack had left his canteen with his passenger and started out to crawl the several miles to Sandy to get help, but the chances were about 100 to 1 that he would never have made it in his weakened condition. The gutty old rascal had the nerve to try, anyway.

Perhaps it was due to living in a lonely, isolated place as Sandy was at that time—where you knew everyone intimately and knew that you could depend on them—that the camaraderie so established had an effect on everyone. They used to tell this story about Charlie Ching, a Chinaman who operated a restaurant in Sandy for some time before

(Continued on page 60)

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Colorado's LIVING DOLL

By INEZ HUNT
and
WANETTA W. DRAPER

Colorado's Living Doll

Photos Courtesy
Lady Blythe Marvin

AT THE 1963 Christmas party in the Odd Fellows' Home in Canon City, Colorado, the curtain fell for the world's most famous mechanical doll. She walked woodenly in the glow of the Christmas tree lights. The talent was not imported. Lady Blythe Vashti Marvin is a resident of the home, where she shares a corner room and a lifetime of memories with her sister, Dr. Myrtle Childers. Many are the stories that are hidden in such institutions, but few more fantastic than the story of these two Colorado women.

Lady Blythe was born in south Denver, December 28, 1890, of a pioneer mining family, the Dillers. At the age of seven, she began her stage career at Elitch's where there was no theatre as such, but only an outdoor platform. A British couple, the Martins, were so impressed with her beauty and ability that they persuaded her family, on the advice of Mary Elitch, to allow her to accompany them to England, where she appeared as a French doll in the stage show of "Dolls of All Nations." The performance ran for eleven years with command appearances before royal families. She was later to appear before three United States Presidents, both Roosevelts and Woodrow Wilson.

Perfecting the mechanical doll act, her most famous role, involved many backstage maneuvers. Her makeup was achieved by the application of a coating of wax which gave her skin its unreal appearance. A doll costume contributed to the illusion, along with her golden curls which, at one time, reached to the floor. Her hair was insured by Lloyd's of London for $10,000, and a guard accompanied her for two years to insure that her tresses were not cut.

On stage she was guided by an attendant who pretended to wind her up, after which the doll moved rigidly in a straight line, her eyes staring unblinkingly into space. At the signal of a clicker, she faced the audience, moved her arms up and down, and bowed stiffly at the waist. To close the performance, she collapsed on signal and was caught by the attendant who carried her limp body off stage.

Before beginning her act, Lady Blythe always fixed her thoughts on a memory recalling a sensation of horror—a kind of self-induced hypnosis. She claims that her consciousness became suspended and she was guided only by reflexes, with no physical sensation until she was recalled from the trance by the signal. During this trance period, her eyes did not blink, her blood pressure was increased, and her temperature rose slightly. Her sister, who was on stage with her for twenty years, is a chiropractor and often assisted in returning "the doll" to consciousness.

In this role, Lady Blythe made three world tours. She married Lord Francis

Arthur Marvin in 1912. Their son died at two-and-a-half years, and Lord Marvin was lost at sea in 1925. For a time she lived in the Marvin castle and "Lady" became her formal title as well as her name. This title, she says, brought her no wealth and no happiness. Lady Blythe has the answer to the old radio soap-opera query, "Can this girl from a little mining town in the West win happiness as the wife of England's richest, most handsome Lord?"

"As for a title," says Lady Blythe Marvin, "there isn't any worth having except the one you work hard for and earn. When you hear of someone being titled, you think of furs and jewels and extreme wealth. Believe me, such isn't the case. We both (she and her sister) worked hard for something to eat."

In 1912, Lady Blythe appeared with the Monte Carlo Grand Opera in San Francisco and was featured as the million-dollar doll in a glass case at the World's Fair there in 1915.

Robert Ripley featured her in his "Believe It or Not" as the doll which nearly sold for $1,000. Lady Blythe explains that this experience followed her appearance at Los Angeles' largest department store. A very old and extremely wealthy woman glued herself to the same seat at every performance. After the final one, she dashed backstage and pounded on the dressing-room door, clamoring to see the doll. Not wanting to disappoint the children, at no time did Lady Blythe destroy the illusion that she was not actually a doll. The manager intervened, but the customer took out her checkbook, eager to pay him $1,000 in order to take the gift home to her granddaughter for Christmas.

The old lady refused to believe that she was attempting to purchase a live human being and went into such a state of shock that she had to be removed to the store's emergency room. Lady Blythe, after her costume was removed, went in to talk to the woman, but failed to convince her. The would-be purchaser was finally asked to accompany the doll to her next performance and to watch the complete process of make-up and costuming. Only then did the old lady accept the fact that the doll was not for sale, even for $1,000.

ALMOST as incredible was her account of a Christmas party at Richmond, California, when a distraught father begged permission to bring his son backstage to see the doll, in order to prove to the boy that she was not actually a toy. Reluctant permission was granted, with the stipulation that the boy would not spoil the act by telling other children. To Lady Blythe's consternation, the little boy she had expected turned out to be six feet tall.

"You see, Junior," she said, "I am not a doll."

The young man grabbed her, ripping her dress, and cried, "I don't care, Daddy, I want her. I want her." She later learned that the boy had been brought home for the holidays from a mental hospital.

A humorous experience concerned an argument between two men, the younger one of whom insisted that the doll was a human being. His companion was equally determined that she could not be or she would come back after the show and take a few bows to let the world know. "Besides," he argued, "there isn't a woman alive who can keep her mouth shut as long as that!"

Naturally, Lady Blythe gravitated to the movies in the glamor days of such stars as Tom Mix, William S. Hart and Charlie Chaplin. She performed as a stunt rider in films which resulted in injuries from which she never fully recovered. It was Charlie Chaplin who, unaware of her self imposed trance during her performance as the doll, wagered that he could make her laugh during her act. He became very angry when he failed, and dragged her offstage, calling back to the audience, "No use, folks. It isn't alive!"

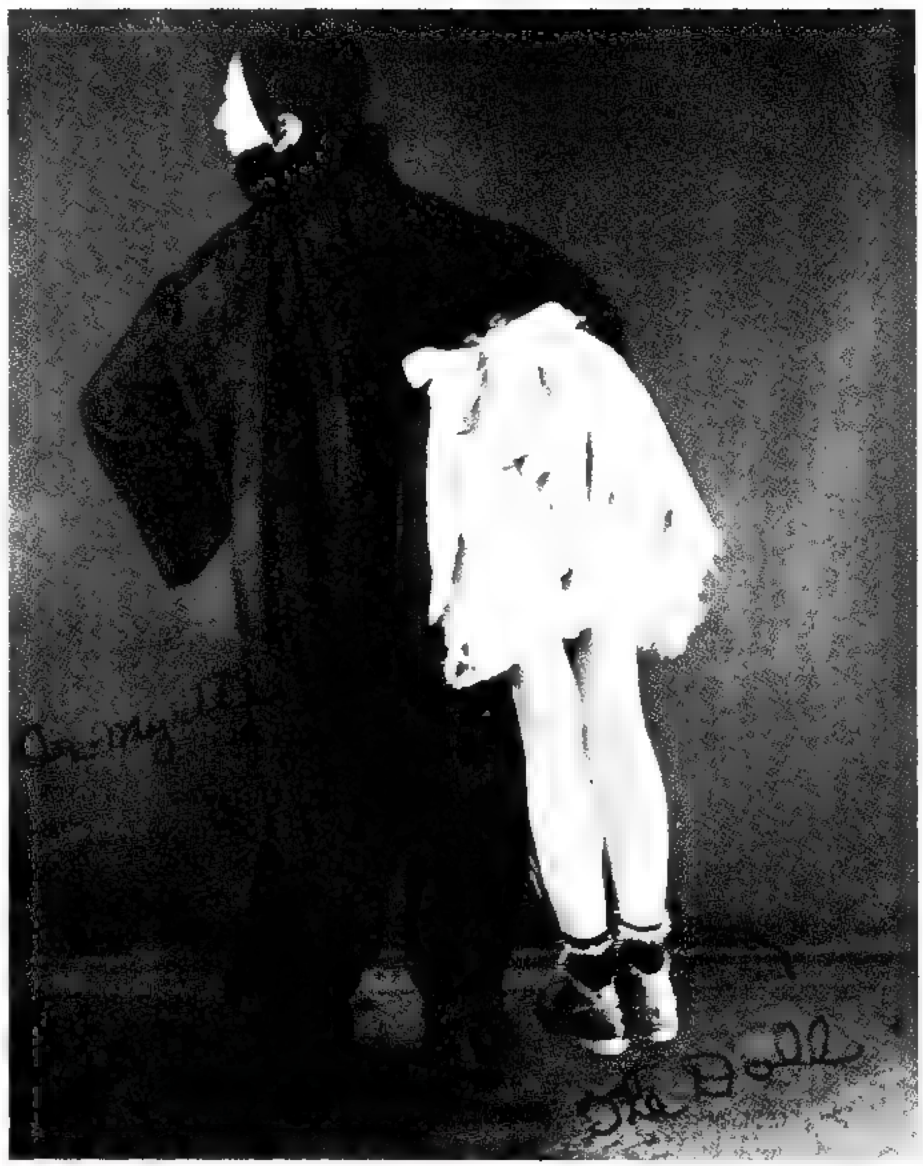
Volumes of scrapbooks give proof positive of the many honors which have come to Lady Blythe. Although Bernard Shaw didn't put it in writing, she recalls his coming to see her in New York and London at which time he said he was impressed with her amazing ability to control body, nerves and mind. But there are many who did write letters —enough to fill page after page and book after book. Signatures include those of Queen Mother Mary, Queen Elizabeth II, Bing Crosby, Paul Whiteman, Al Jolson, Damon Runyan, Tom Mix, Bette Davis, Barney Oldfield, and President and Mrs. John F. Kennedy. Among Colorado autographs are those of Governors Ed C. Johnson, Dan Thornton and Steve McNichols. Each year she receives a calendar from English royalty.

Lady Blythe was the last Coloradoan to appear on the stage of the Tabor Theatre in Denver before it was converted into a movie theater. She was recalled to the stage in 1950 to give a performance for the Central City Opera cast in McClellan Opera House in Georgetown. She was an invited guest on Denver's last streetcar ride. In 1956 she rode on a float at Fairplay, celebrating the Gold Days. At this time Governor Johnson presented her with a trophy.

When Denver celebrated its 100th birthday, October 28, 1958, the doll was an honored guest and was presented with a silver plaque for her national and international career as a thespian. This was a far cry from her days in Breckenridge when, despite her delicate beauty, she and her sister helped her miner father push out the muck car and drill from eighteen to twenty holes a day.

But age has never succeeded in dimming the twinkle in Lady Blythe's eyes or the sweetness of Dr. Myrtle's smile. Illness has not diminished their zest for living. Almost anyone would concede that Lady Blythe is still "a living doll."

"The Doll" and her sister Myrtle, an accomplished contortionist, teamed up frequently for a song and dance number.

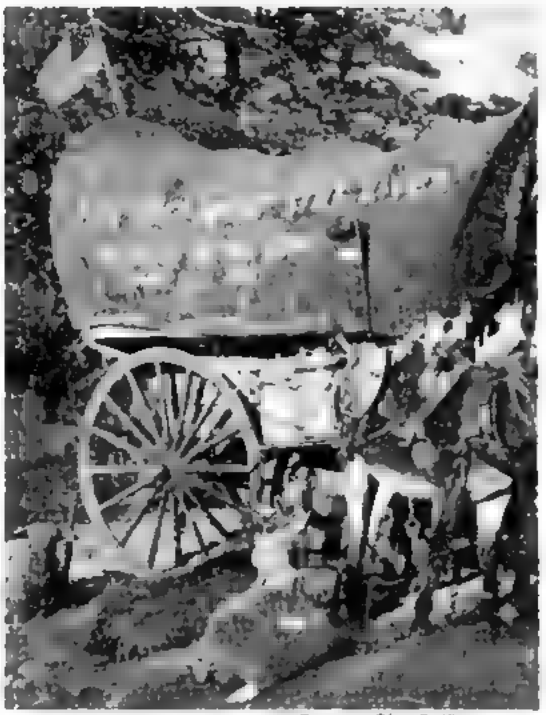


TRUE WEST Scrapbook

Courtesy Jake Herman

Bronco Bill Irving, his wife and their son, Ben. When cavalry troops left Pennsylvania for the West, young Bill hid in one of their supply wagons. When discovered, the lad was allowed to remain with the outfit as chore boy. He moved from post to post, but at Cheyenne, Wyoming, he hired out as a cowhand and became an expert rider. There he married the daughter of a Sioux chief and they went to Pine Ridge Reservation in 1879. The family traveled with Buffalo Bill's show for a long time. Little Ben, billed as the West's youngest cowboy, *was so small he had to be* tied on his horse. Ben is now eighty-three and still lives at Pine Ridge where he has been a roundup foreman, government interpreter and a long-time employee of the Indian Bureau.

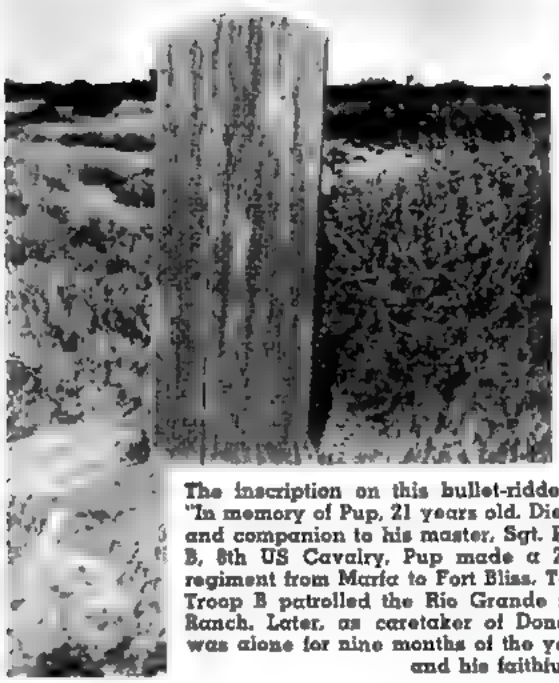
U.S. Army Photo

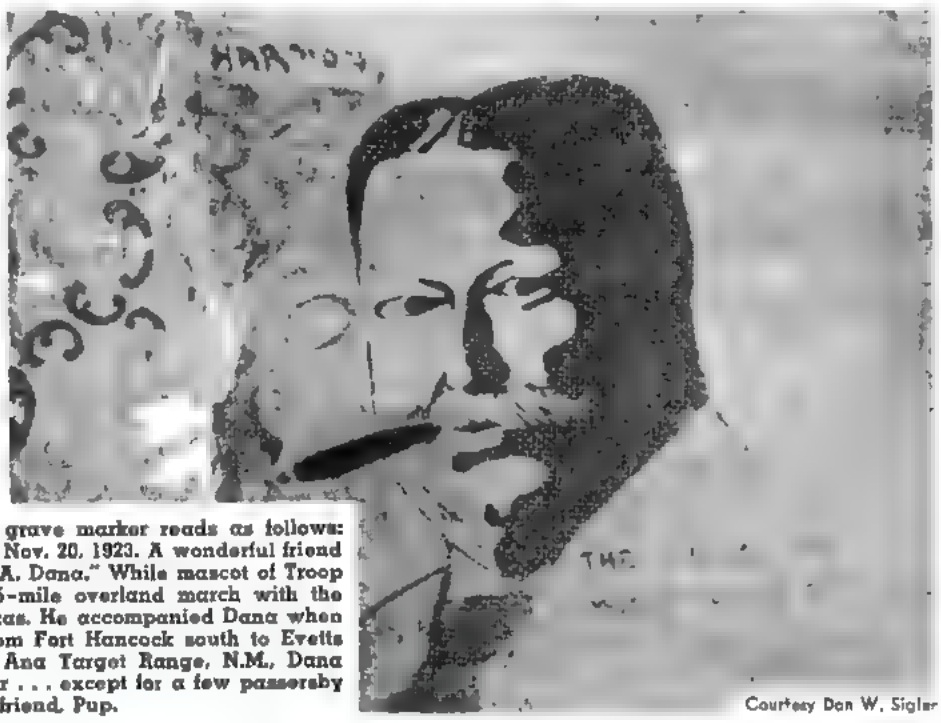


Courtesy Glen E. Kiser

The postcard above presents a study in environmental adjustment: Orville Ewing, of Pritchett, Colorado, and his touring menagerie present a study in perfect harmony.

The last cigar factory of Hannibal, Missouri, has long been out of business but the ghost of one of them remains. Pictured below is the recently uncovered surface of an old factory wall which revealed a portly gentleman enjoying a cigar—and a slogan proclaiming, "The smile that won't come off." And sure enough, the sign is right; workmen have cut around this picture to save it. It won't come off.





The inscription on this bullet-ridden grave marker reads as follows: "In memory of Pup, 21 years old. Died Nov. 20, 1923. A wonderful friend and companion to his master, Sgt. P. A. Dana." While mascot of Troop B, 8th US Cavalry, Pup made a 225-mile overland march with the regiment from Marfa to Fort Bliss, Texas. He accompanied Dana when Troop B patrolled the Rio Grande from Fort Hancock south to Evetts Ranch. Later, as caretaker of Dona Ana Target Range, N.M., Dana was alone for nine months of the year . . . except for a few passersby and his faithful friend, Pup.

Courtesy Don W. Sigler

At right is a noteworthy fragment of Western Americana. It is a wooden insulator from an early telegraph line which paralleled the Pony Express route across Nevada. The insulator was found about seventy-five or eighty miles south of Elko, Nevada, in an area where stumps of the old telegraph line remain. Undoubtedly the entire poles would remain if they had not been a handy source of firewood or building materials in a land where the tallest thing that grew was sagebrush. Our thanks to John L. Hansen of Caldwell, Idaho, for sending us this unique relic as an appropriate feature for "Frontier Scrapbook."

Western Publications Photo

Below is a photograph made at Fort Worth, Texas, in 1903, where these forty veterans of the Mexican War attended a convention. Bob Stephens, owner of the picture, has succeeded in identifying four of the men: James B. (Buck) Berry of Walnut Springs, left end on front row; Dr. J. A. Anthony of Terrell, fourth from right on front row; Crabb Griffith of Terrell, third from left on second row; and William Armstrong of San Antonio, third from left on top row. If you can help with further identification, get in touch with Bob Stephens, 3617 Granada Avenue, Dallas, Texas.

Courtesy Bob Stephens

Wild Old Days!

Grant County Oregon, Museum

Joaquin Miller

JOAQUIN MILLER'S CABIN

By Howard A. Black

Courtesy Grant County, Oregon Museum

THE CABIN where Joaquin Miller (Poet of The Sierras) wrote his first poems stands today in Canyon City on part of the lot where the Grant County Museum is located. This cabin was moved in August, 1957, from its original location on a hillside near what is known as "Whiskey Gulch" in the south part of town.

The cabin is much as it was when Joaquin Miller left it. Its timbers are sound, preserved by the dry climate, but its charm lies in its crudeness, having been built with rough guess and hard labor, not too much attention being paid to plumb line and square, as belonged to pioneer times. There is a small front room, a small middle room with a cook stove and dining table, and a back third that is divided into two tiny bedrooms. On the front porch of the cabin will be found two handmade chairs, and other such interesting features are found throughout the cabin.

Even after being moved, this cabin occupies historical ground, for it stands near the bank of Canyon Creek which produced $26,000,000 in gold, and seems to blend in with the ancient hills across from it.

Kind hands have taken care of this old landmark. Such furnishings that are not original, are at least authentic for the period when Miller practiced law in this mining community, then new and bustling, and wrote the verses that later made him famous. In the front room is a small reed organ, a few song books and some sentimental chromos in old frames on the walls. In the middle room some old guns are exhibited that might have been used to bring down wild game, but the gun that originally belonged to Joaquin Miller is in the Grant County Museum.

CANYON CITY, as far as the setting goes, has changed as little as the cabin in this long stretch of years. Gold was discovered at "Hog Point" on Canyon Creek on June 8, 1862. The town had a population of over 10,000 at the peak of the rush.

Four years later, Joaquin Miller arrived from the Willamette Valley with his wife and baby. He brought with him a small herd of cattle and some fruit trees. It was at this time that the little house now known as the "Joaquin Miller Cabin" was built, and here the man, with his family, lived for four years before going out in the world to win fame as the "Poet of The Sierras," with the new and popular name of "Joaquin" replacing the "Cincinnatus" given him by his parents. Grant County was organized in 1864, and during the Joaquin Miller's stay, he was elected the first county judge and served from 1866 to 1870.

About 1920, the Boy Scouts sold what was known as Joaquin Miller Cabin Association Stock at $1.00 per share, and from this source they raised enough money to reroof the cabin and to fence it in with heavy wire netting where it originally sat.

In 1922, the "62 Gang" staged a celebration in commemoration of the discovery of gold in Canyon Creek. One of the main attractions was a Pony Express Race between The Dalles and Canyon City, starting at The Dalles and finishing in front of the Joaquin Miller Cabin, a distance of 229 miles. The first prize was $750.00 and a second prize was $250.00. There were six entries, with Jack McCarthy of Dayville, Oregon, winning the first prize. His time was eighteen and one-half hours. Since that time, the Joaquin Cabin has been moved to its present location next to the Grant County Museum. Both are open Tuesday through Saturday, 7:45 A.M. to 5:00 P:M: and Sunday afternoon, 1:00 P.M. to 5:00 P.M. It is closed on Monday. Vacationing prospectors along Canyon Creek and the John Day River are frequent visitors. Miller's home reflects his simple tastes. He preferred, as he said, "to clothe the mind more richly than the body."

GALENA MINING CAMP

By Art R. Fortier

EARLY in the spring of 1876 after Deadwood and Whitewood Creeks and their tributary streams had been staked and duly recorded as gold placer properties, the great overflow of fortune hunters spread out through the hills in search of unclaimed territory.

South Dakota's Galena district ultimately was put on the map as a mining center second only to the great Homestake area.

The Richmond location which adjoined the Sitting Bull Mine on the south, was located and owned by Mike Dugan and others. A considerable amount of high grade silver ore and much lead ore with light bearing of gold was extracted and shipped by bull trains to Denver for smelting. It was soon realized, however, that the cost of transportation together with other expenses, by far exceeded the value of the ore. Shipments were discontinued and for a brief period, stillness prevailed in the new mining camp of Galena.

Colonel Davey appeared in Galena and eventually bought the Sitting Bull, smelting his own ore and ore from mines in that locality. For two or three years afterward, the Sitting Bull Mine was making rapid strides in its efforts to reach and go over the top as one of the greatest silver mines.

The Colonel spent money lavishly in augmenting his industries, and in building up the town. Galena had almost 1,000 inhabitants.

Being desirous of emulating the methods successfully employed by managers of other great mines in the protection of their legitimate holdings, the Colonel secured the services of an ambitious gunman known as Billy Thacker. That there were motives in this action, other than legitimate protection of life or property, was indicated by developments.

IT APPEARS that while drifting along the ore vein in the Sitting Bull Mine, the Colonel noticed that the richest part of the great vein was bearing straight to

the southeast. It had a tendency to pass under part of a mining claim which was owned and was being scratched on top several hundred feet above the vein by one Jack Gorman. Therefore, this claim had to be secured by the Colonel to prevent a conflict in that direction.

An offer was made and was rejected by Gorman. Increased offers made by the Colonel to Gorman were turned down, also. The claim was not for sale.

On more than one occasion in the Black Hills, it was proved that a sure way to get a mining claim was to first get the owner. Whether or not this was the plan the Colonel had in mind is not known. It is known that it was the plan adopted by his willing tool, Thacker, who was anxious to gain notoriety as a dangerous two-gun man and killer. In watching for an opportunity to do something in the way of earning his salary, Thacker spied the unarmed and unsuspicious quarry, Jack Gorman, coming out of the post office, and proceeded to shoot him down.

The cowardly murderer was arrested and indicted by a grand jury on charge of first degree murder. But the jury found no difficulty in reaching a verdict of self-defense, when it was proved that Gorman had actually shaken his fist at the defendant in a threatening manner!

Colonel Davey, after footing the bills, soon disposed of his holdings at Galena and departed as did the murderer, Thacker.

The turn of the century marked the beginning of a decline that hit bedrock in 1927 when the Galena spur of the Burlington Railroad was finally discontinued. As far as I know, only two or three families live there, one man being the only original resident. He is the son of an early gold seeker.

The town is approximately twelve miles southeast of Deadwood. The easiest way to get there is to follow the Strawberry Hill Road (Highway 85A) about seven miles to the Chicken Ranch Store. Turn left there and continue on the dirt road for four miles more to Galena. There will be signs to help you find your way.

Like many other mining towns, Galena was short-lived. This unfortunate ending was not due to any failure of the mines, but rather to prolonged litigation of mine claimants. So even to this day there probably is a lot of silver and gold in "them thar hills."

E. W. Wambaugh and Croppie, photographed by the author's first school teacher, who later became his stepmother.

MEMORIES OF WOUNDED KNEE

By Ralph C. Wambaugh

WITH JUST a glance at the accompanying picture, one would probably conclude that there was nothing unusual or interesting about it. Apparently a small boy has got all dressed up in his "Sunday best" for the purpose of having his picture taken at the controls of a battered and worn old cow pony. But there is a little more to it than that.

This picture was taken the summer of 1899, by Lulu E. Mann-Wambaugh, my first school teacher, and later my stepmother. The white speck near the horizon at the right side of picture, is East Point School, District No. 25, of Box Butte County, Nebraska. It still stands and is in use to this day. The chap in the saddle is E. W. Wambaugh, my brother.

In this view you are looking toward the north, and if your eyes were good enough to see a distance of something like sixty miles over into South Dakota, you would view the site of Wounded Knee.

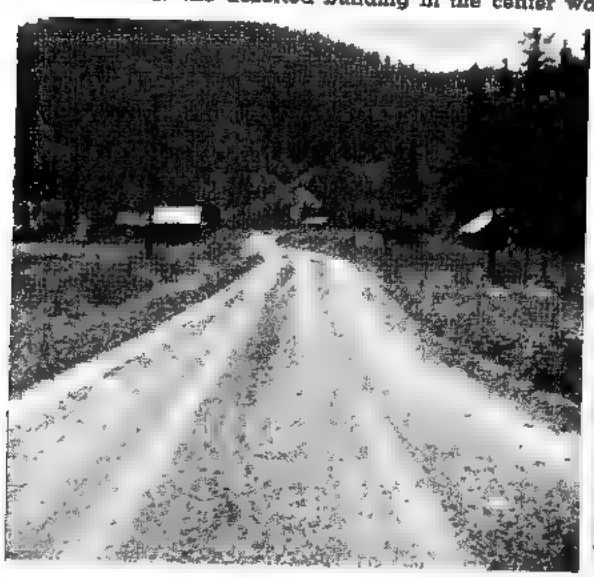
The scrubby specimen of horse flesh is Old Croppie, an Indian pony so named because his ears were cropped short. This may have been a tribal mark to indicate the rank of his rider. Again, it may just have been due to an owner's whim. There is little doubt that he was a Sioux warhorse left riderless by one of Big Foot's fallen braves.

In the spring of 1891, Father bought two ponies for $20 from a trader who represented them to be survivors of the Wounded Knee Battle, a fact which apparently no one has ever questioned.

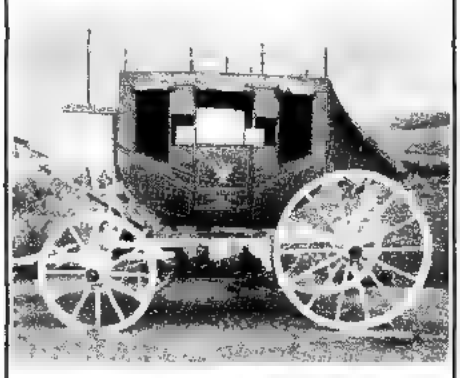
One pony was later stolen, but the thieves left Croppie because his ears made him too easily identified. His strawberry roan hide bore mute evidence of

(Continued on page 52)

The main street of Galena (below left) was once lined with saloons, a land office, a barbershop and other business establishments. The deserted building in the center was a busy store. The marker (below right) keeps a lonely vigil in Galena's "Boot Hill."



STAGECOACH FOR SALE



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The White Red Man

(Continued from page 10)

WE HUNG around in the Nations fer a few days before we tried fer more redeye. You see, I had to do all the buying because the law wouldn't let a person sell firewater to Injuns. So I'd buy the stuff, a couple a gallon-jugs at a time, and take it to the bucks down in the river bottoms on the Arkansas side. Then I'd go back to a different saloon and git some more, till I had us all a couple a jugs apiece. I never cheated on my friends or made 'em pay more than the firewater cost me like a lot of fellers did—including Pappy.

Finally we slipped acrost the river again, this time going to Van Buren, crossing the river near a high bluff right at the bend of the river. Here Squirrel would get on top of the high bluff and act as a watch-out while the rest of us gathered the firewater. If he saw any movement or anything at all suspicious, he'd hoot like an owl and we'd git out of there fast.

We went on back to John Rawhide's and had us another stomp dance, and this time, it was a ring-tailed tooter. Rawhide had asked Ed Brown to come and he was there big as life and acting tickled that he was back in the gang again.

When it got late at night and the fire was burning down a big bed of red coals, ever'one, including the squaws, was dancing around the fire in a big circle, the bucks a-gobbling and the squaws a-screeching. A couple of bucks dragged a fat pig inside the dancing ring, and Rawhide let out a war-whoop and jumped astride the pig, cut his throat, ripped him open and started eating the heart.

Then suddenly he shouted to the squaws to git inside, this was war, or at least that's as near as I can tell you what he said in English. Anyway, them squaws scooted inside and Rawhide's squaw come back outside carrying a grisly looking bundle and handed it to him. Rawhide started the high shrill war cry of the Creeks and started the war dance. That war dance is the fiercest, most savage thing you ever seen. It makes your hair stand on end. All the Injuns, and me too, and Ed Brown, started dancing in that circle, and purty soon Rawhide gives a extra shrill sort of whoop which means "Kill-Kill-Kill!"

Quickly the bucks surrounded Ed Brown, who by now was so drunk he didn't even know what was going on, or so it seemed to me, and they walked him away from the fire into the thick blackness of the river bottoms.

I knowed what was coming so I had pretended to pass out a few moments before the finish. I laid there acting passed out drunk while they led him off.

Purty soon all the bucks was back and soon as they was, Rawhide undone that little bundle the squaw had brought him. He started jumping and giving the war-whoop. When he flung the thing and it unrolled, it were a white woman's scalp; long blonde hair it were, and it made me sick to my stummick to think about it, but I also knowed how the whites had butchered their squaws and papoosies, so I reckoned it were just about even.

Later I asked Walking Stick and Squirrel and the others what they had done with Brown, and Walking Stick laughed and said, "River get-um our firewater because Brown tell lawmen on us—river get-um Brown, too. No more tell on friends."

Walking Stick pulled out the great sharp knife he always carried and, waving it around, he gobbled like a turkey and made motions of throat-cutting and ripping open. Then he said, "Take-um out guts, put-um in rock—man sink-um like jug firewater with cork out."

Anyway, Ed Brown never showed up around there again, and when others asked what had become of him, there was only silence.

WE WENT on selling firewater and stealing a few cattle and making a general nuisance of ourselves, jest like a lot of boys are doing now, here in Tulsa. I was a-gitting on to nineteen years old. Pappy had quit doing anything but raise a few cattle and hogs, and get enough firewater to drink. He was gitting along fine with the Injuns but never tried to do much of anything after he stopped running whiskey into the Territory. He got all crippled up with rheumatism and I guess he didn't feel like riding anymore. Most of my old gang was gitting married by now, and I'd found me a purty little half-breed who lived over on Hagger Mountain 'bout five miles from Long. She was half Creek and half Scotch, she claimed, but she looked full-blood almost. Anyway, we got married.

Jest about the time I got myself hitched to this little Injun girl, my brother died. He had never been well, and we thought for awhile we would lose him about the time Mammy died, but he seemed to sort of rally, what with the traveling and all, and fer awhile he seemed right peart, but all of a sudden he was took down with lung fever and died.

Jest a short time later, Pappy was feeling good and he went over to where the Injuns was having a bronc-riding contest. They just strapped on a belly-band and crawled on and hung as long as they could, and when it was all over, the one who had rode the best was the winner.

Well, Pappy got to watching 'em, and started bragging about how good he used to be riding horses. Some of the young bucks, Squirrel and Walking Stick among 'em, begin teasing Pappy, and he told 'em to catch up a wild one and he'd show 'em.

They brought up a sorry-looking roan, and Pappy crawled on. He didn't last no longer'n a snowball in hell. That horse throwed him the first buck. Pappy was hurt bad. He lingered on for several days, but he was busted up inside and finally died.

Now I had nobody a'tall, 'cept my little squaw. She was the best wife a man ever had. She kept the log house clean and neat and she cooked my food on time. She never fussed, no matter how late I was out nor how long I was gone. Yes sir-ee, she was a real wife. Brave—she was brave as any man, I think.

Once, jest after the first baby was born—and what a papoosie day that was!—I had to be gone overnight. I went over toward Stilwell to see a man, and spent the night there.

We had a big old dog named Queen. That evening just about sunset, the wife said old Queen come inside the house and laid down right close to the fireplace and ever' little bit, she'd sort of whine and the wife knowed something was wrong.

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The time to learn to break horses, play jokes, move in on someone else's girl, live lonesome, and work hard is when you're nineteen—and when most of the things you do are "just for the heck of it" . . .

Summering on the XIT

Photo Courtesy Author

Part of the XIT roundup crew at Hereford, Texas, in the year 1904. From left, Tom Woods, Ray Anderson, The Horse Wrangler (real name unknown), Gourley Mayers, the Black kid, Lamar Smith, the straw boss; Bill McCaty, bronc rider; Henry Morgan, Cap Hamilton and Bill Derrick.

By BILL DERRICK
as told to
HARVEY LaFON

IN THE SPRING of 1904, I was on a trip from my home in Vici, Oklahoma, to visit cousins in New Mexico. I was on the Santa Fe train and had my saddle with me in an old coffeesack in the baggage coach. You could check your saddle then the same as your trunk or valise. I understand that custom has since been discontinued. I usually worked for the Pursells or Teagues at Canadian, Texas, in the wintertime, and worked at other ranches in the summer.

When the train stopped at Bovina, Texas, C. R. Smith, the foreman of the X.I.T. came aboard looking for hands to make up the roundup crew. They always hired extra hands in the summer months, but kept only the regular cowboys in the winter. I hired out on the train and, after getting my saddle loaded in the spring wagon, Mr. Smith and I started for the Escarbada headquarters, a sub-division of the X.I.T. about thirty-miles north of Bovina. A short distance from the outskirts of town, Mr. Smith informed me we were now on X.I.T. territory. I asked about the way the ranch lay and he told me the south line ran by the north side of Bovina, then west to the New Mexico line, then east to a point about eighteen miles southwest of Hereford and near the town of Friona, then north about six miles to what was known as the Tierra Blanca Camp. It was so called because of the outcropping of white caliche knolls or small hills. From there the line ran north twenty or twenty-five miles to the south bank of the Canadian River and Tombstone Camp. Some cowboy was buried there—just one tombstone. Again the boundary turned west to the New Mexico line—then south to a point about straight west of Bovina.

Smith asked how I would like to help Bill McCaty break some horses for the round-up wagon and how I was with broncos. I told him I didn't set myself up as a bronc rider but managed to ride the ones I got on, and would be glad to help McCaty. After spending the night at Escarbada, McCarty and I gathered the horses from the horse pasture and drove them to the old N. D. line camp on the New Mexico line. That camp consisted of a round corral, several small pens, a large square corral made of logs and, of course, the horse pasture.

After breakfast the next morning, McCaty and I started to rope and handle a small bunch of the horses. We had extra ropes and tied several to log and rock drags. That got them used to the rope and prevented them from getting rope-burned or getting too far from camp. The drags would give if pulled on pretty hard. After McCaty and I saddled the ones we had in the round corral a few times, I would snub them for him and he would ride the buck out of them. Some of the horses were old-timers at the game and had already been broke once, but started in bucking again—those kind never did break out entirely and Bill would sure use the quirt on them. Not so, the young ones—he handled them just as easy as he could. He said the old ones knew better than to buck, but the colts didn't.

McCaty was a real hand with horses and one of the best riders I ever saw. I wound up riding about as many as he did, just for the heck of it. I was nineteen years old at that time, over six feet tall, weighed about 190 pounds and was just about as much man as the next one—at least, I thought so.

Some of the colts never bucked a jump, but most of them did. I remember one little blue-grey horse that Bill took a shine to. One day he was working him in the big log corral. All at once he flew to the north side and jumped and fell right on top of the log fence, then went on over. I saw Bill quit him on the fence and then jump down on the other side. He hollered for me to come on and help him. When I got there, the pony was down and Bill had his head pulled up with the bridle reins and was standing on the saddle horn with one foot holding him down. Bill said, "That's one pony I aim to own."

AFTER we had some of them going pretty good, we would ride and locate the roundup wagon and stay a day or so. One day Bill was riding this same pony at the roundup and had him starting to cut pretty good. The pony had a cinch sore and Bill had the saddle loosely cinched. Anyway, he picked him up a little too quick with the spurs and got throwed, saddle and all. Bill just laughed. Walked up to him and patted him on the neck and said, "You little son of a gun, I wouldn't take a hundred for you."

After about a month we had the horses going pretty good. Learned to neck, rein, and to stand when being mounted. We delivered them to the horse wrangler and joined the roundup crew. One day C. R. said, "Bill, come and go to Escarbada with me and stay all night." The next morning we started for the wagon with some extra provisions. C. R. had two water buckets filled with butter and eggs. He mounted and I handed him the eggs.

I was riding a horse known as Old Wobbly, so named because he sunfished. When I got on him with the bucket of butter, I guess he didn't like it and proceeded to come unwound. He would sun first one side, then the other. All the time C. R. was yelling, "Don't spill the butter, Bill! Don't spill the butter!"

I managed to stay aboard and still had the bucket of butter, after I had his head pulled up. A cowboy's life in the summer on the X.I.T. would be considered pretty rough for people nowadays. The chuck-wagon was their home, the ground their bedroom, and the sky the ceiling. But most were used to that and didn't complain.

I don't recollect how many cows the X.I.T. had at that time, but the roundup crew worked from about the middle of May till late in the summer. They started that time from the southeast side and worked north. The circle men were throwing in good-sized bunches all the time to the rope and branding crew, who threw the cows with the branded calves back to the territory already worked.

Along in June, they took the wagon outfit to Bovina, where they unloaded some replacement cows. I don't remember how many—maybe a thousand or more. Those cattle had to be dipped, and were driven north of the headquarters eight or ten miles, where they had some pens and a dipping vat. The vat had a large corral on each end and each narrowed down to the vat so the cattle could be driven in. Some of those old wild cows would jump in with a big splash.

I worked one end and Ray Anderson

(Continued on page 50)

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The White Red Man

(Continued from page 40)

"Queen, what's the matter with you?" she asked over and over, but Queen jest kept on acting funny.

The wife got uneasy then, and purty soon she heerd a painter (panther) scream. It was right up close to the house. She locked the door and winder—the winder was jest a hole in the wall with a thick heavy shutter swung with a couple o' pieces of old leather for hinges an' fastened inside with a peg in a hole.

She kept real still listening, and purty soon that old painter sprung up onto the roof of the cabin. She could hear him padding back and forth, and once in awhile he'd sorta scratch at the board roof.

They say painters won't bother people unless cornered, old and starving, or hurt bad so they can't kill game. Maybe this one smelled food in the house. Whatever it was he had in mind, the wife didn't like it.

The wife decided to send Queen for help. She had a Uncle living 'bout two miles acrost Hagger Mountain, and she opened the door a mite and told Queen, "Go fetch Uncle Henry."

Old Queen was trained to go to Henry's house, so she took off in a long lope and the wife locked up the door and felt sure Queen would be back with help before nightfall.

It was gitting dark as the inside of a buffalo's belly when Queen come scratching and whining at the door. The wife let her in and there was nobody with her. The old painter had jumped on and off the roof about a dozen times, and the wife was real skeered, so she tied a rag around Queen's neck and sent her back again.

Purty soon that ol' painter was back screaming and scratching. The wife thought maybe he'd jump down the chimney so she chunked up the fire good and high to scare him off from trying that. Then she took the baby and put him way back under the bed and put the trunk, and ever'thing else she could move, in front of the bed. She said that way the painter would have to get to her first.

I had taken the gun with me, and all she had was the chopping ax. She put the big kettle on the fire and filled her brimful of boiling water. There she set fer 'bout two hours, holding the chopping ax, and a-punching up the fire ever so often so's it would be good and bright.

Uncle said Queen come scratching on the door and when he let her in, he seed the white rag and knowed something was wrong. So him and the biggest boy grabbed their guns and took off.

Uncle didn't see the painter on the roof but jest as they rounded the bend before coming to the cabin, the boy seed him streaking away and took a shot at him. The moon was up now—it were bright as day almost.

They went on to the house and when the wife told 'em about the painter being on the roof they went outside and looked, and there was two boards tore off. Iffin they hadn't got there soon that painter would have been inside the house.

They spent the night, and next morning went down to where the boy had took a shot at the critter. Sure 'nough, he'd hit him. There was blood on the ground and it was dripping purty free.

Soon as I got home, we all started trailing that painter. 'Fore long, Squirrel and Quail and Walking Stick had joined up with us, and we had Queen and 'bout a dozen other dogs trailing that old cat. We kept following him and purty soon we found him. He was holed up in a bluff 'bout four or five miles from home.

We wouldn't let the dogs git at him fer he could still rip a body to Kingdom Come, but we deployed around that bluff and purty soon somebody got a shot at him, and he come out a-squalling. I disremember which one of us got in the killing shot, if I ever knowed. We was all shooting.

ABOUT this time me and my friends decided to go over to Fort Smith and git some more likker, so we went as usual and I done all the buying, but Walking Stick and Squirrel went on acrost the river with me, and hung around Fort Smith while I got the firewater stored in the river bottoms.

Next day we gathered up the jugs of firewater and started for the river. Squirrel kept looking back and ever' little while he'd stop and tell us to ride on. Purty soon he come up at a hard lope on his pony and said, "The marshals are not far behind!"

We quickly put all those jugs on Squirrel's and Walking Stick's ponies. They looked like camels, them jugs was piled so high, and they took off down a little crick that crost the old road. The rest of us—'bout seven of us in the whole bunch, as I recollect—went on straight. We was gitting a lot of fun out of this now, fer we knowed them marshals wouldn't see where the others turned off.

All at onct one of the boys said, "I got an idea. Let's ride fast." We all put the ponies to a lope and purty soon come to a little patch of watermelons, and we jumped off and grabbed a couple. We jest had one extra sack, so we couldn't get no more, but we tied them two melons (about the size of gallon jugs) in that sack, and swung it acrost my pony.

We slowed up then, waiting for the marshals to catch us. When we crost the old river and was in Injun Territory, the Marshals was right behind us. I recollect that it was Ledbetter again and two other deputies, Rose and Spunkey Taylor, I think. Anyway they rode up and Ledbetter said, "All right, boys, I warned you that you was going to wind up in the Hole under Parker's court, and it looks like we've got you. Hand over that jug."

Meek as anything I handed over the tow sack. Soon as Ledbetter got a good look at it, he knowed it was not jugs of firewater. He opened that old gunny sack and said, "Oh, you smart Alecs, we'll get you yet. Well, since we are all here and the melons seem ripe, I guess we'd all as well have a melon feed."

And right there in the bottoms, jest inside the Injun country, we all got off our horses, outlaws and U. S. Marshals, and had the doggonedest watermelon feed you ever seen. Ledbetter was a square shooter and all in the Injun country knowed it. We respected him and we was afeered of him at the same time. We all set around eating watermelons and then Ledbetter mounted up.

He set there on his horse looking at us for a few seconds, and then he jest shook his head and muttered something that sounded like "young hellions" and they rode off down the river to where

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By BILL CATE

Castle Crags—Courtesy California Department of Natural Resources

Indians weren't interested in gold in those days. So wherever they stopped to divide up the wagontrain loot is probably where you'll find the rest of the

Castle Crags TREASURE

INTERMITTENT Indian attacks had occurred along the California-Oregon Trail since 1845, usually against small parties of immigrants. Since the Army lacked adequate men to patrol the area nothing could be done to stop the raids. Not until the Gold Rush was action taken —too late for many of the earlier travelers.

In the Spring of 1848, a military supply party left Sacramento for the Northwest forts. The lightly escorted mule train wound its way along the Sacramento River. Nearing the campsite at Soda Creek, it followed the trail on the east side of the river into an ambush laid by the Pit Indians. No one escaped the massacre. After the bodies were hidden and the scene of the ambush camouflaged, the mules were led up Castle Creek and the supplies hidden in the Crags. Butchering the mules, the Indians roasted the animals and celebrated their victory.

After several months passed without word of the supply train, a second train was sent out, and this one had no difficulty in reaching Oregon. The massacre was eventually discovered, but it was too late to take any action and the incident was forgotten during the excitement engendered by the discovery of gold.

A few years later, the first white settler, Joe Doblondy, began to farm the area. Often Indians were seen wearing parts of uniforms. Newcomers heard the story of the ambush, but not until the beginning of this century did the treasure tale begin. An old Indian woman living on the Sacramento River began making periodic trips up Castle Creek. Each time, she reputedly returned with a few $20 gold pieces.

Nancy's trips became common knowledge and several men tried to follow her into the Crags, but she was always able to lose them in the brush and rocks along the creek. Since her death, many attempts have been made to find the source of the money, yet not a single coin has been found.

DESPITE any tangible evidence, the "size" of the treasure has grown. Estimates commonly given range to $40,000. Granted, the present-day worth of the payroll would be worth several times the original value of the currency. The gold coins would be among the earliest minted. But one must remember that the number of military men in the area was small, and the amount of their pay was just as small. So even considering that the payroll covered several months, it is doubtful if it exceeded $1,500.

I spent two weeks climbing crags, fighting underbrush and fording streams. I have found no treasure, but have formed a few opinions. First, I feel sure that the cache does exist; and second, I think I know where the money should be, but finding it is another thing. It is a problem of difficult terrain and lack of trails.

Castle Crags are like a broken bottle buried neck downward and rising over 4,000 feet to jagged summits. Today, they are a State Park surrounded by the Shasta National Forest. The park is about five miles south of Dunsmuir, California, on Highway 99. The granite crags form a far more impenetrable fortress than any medieval castle. Paths

(Continued on page 54)

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The White Red Man

(Continued from page 42)

we'd crost, and headed on back to Fort Smith.

After they was gone, we took off down the river to where we knew Squirrel and Walking Stick would be waiting for us. We divided up the load of firewater again and went on to Long. Most of the stuff we sold, but kept a couple o' jugs fer ourselves and had us a stomp dance and all got drunker'n hell.

A SHORT TIME later me and Walking Stick went back after another load. I had bought about ten one-gallon jugs of the stuff and had it all hid down in the bottoms except the two gallon-jugs I had on my pony. I was riding fer the ford to get with Walking Stick when the laws come right up on me. They was not hunting fer me, or they would have never let me see 'em before I got acrost into Injun country, but anyway we met square in a sharp bend in the old road.

Walking Stick was jest about a hunderd yards away, and when he seen the Marshals he jest kept quiet. It was not against the law for a white man to have whiskey on the Arkansas side, but it was against the law to give or sell it to an Injun, so all I could do was tell the Marshals that I was a'fixing to have me a drinking party all by my lonesome, right there in the bottom on the Arkansas side.

Of course, they knowed I was a-lying, but anyway they couldn't do nothing, so I jest crawled offen my pony and started drinking. After awhile the laws rode away, but I knew they was on to me, so I didn't dare try to git them jugs I had hid. I made camp right there and spent the night. I shot a couple of squirrels and roasted 'em and et 'em without no salt or anything. I rolled up as good as I could in my saddle blanket and went to sleep.

Along through the night I poured out a lot of that stuff and kept drinking just enough so they would think I was dog-drunk, 'cause I knowed they was watching me. Sure 'nough, 'bout daylight here they come back.

I jest acted drunk and they kicked the jug and seen it was nearly empty so they rode off; but I was still afeared they was watching me, so I went on acrost the river and home.

I waited about a week and then went back and got what I had hid out, without going on to Fort Smith. Walking Stick had rode on as soon as he seed me make camp, fer he knowed as well as I did what I had to do.

We was gitting 'bout out of meat at home, as I had been so busy gitting the firewater acrost that I hadn't hunted. I told some of the Injuns to kill me a couple of deer and some other meat and I paid them in whiskey. They was glad to do it—they would have killed a dozen deer and skinned 'em and ever'thing fer jest even one drink of that stuff. Lordy, me! how them redskins loved that firewater.

Things was gitting kinda crowded in the Territory 'bout that time, fer ever' feller that was dodging the law in the States headed there. A white man moved in on my territory and purty soon he was selling whiskey right and left. He was stealing the Injuns blind, too, a-doing it.

He'd get 'em drunk and then he'd trade 'em more firewater for their ponies, their guns, or bows and arrows —there was lots of bows and arrows, in fact, 'bout all the guns the Injuns had were guns they'd stole off the whites or that white men had peddled to 'em.

Anyway, this feller had jest about skinned the Injuns alive, taking their ponies and ever'thing they had that he wanted, and the Injuns got tired of it. One night after this feller had cheated them out of ever'thing they had, they all went to sleep after having a big stomp dance. The white feller went to sleep, too, and then the Injuns slipped up and took ever' last one of them ponies back and run 'em off. They took all the money offen him, too.

When this feller finally woke up, the Injuns was a-setting in a ring around him and purty soon he wanted to know where his horses was. Rattling Gourd told him, "You steal-um ponies from Injun, Injun steal-um back. This Injun country. You leave-um fast, you want live."

That feller didn't lose no time a'tall heading for the river to git out of Injun country.

The Injuns went then and got their ponies back from where they'd hid 'em, and they give the money to me and I went to Fort Smith and got firewater with it. I felt like it were rightfully theirs.

We all had a big stomp dance when I got back with the likker and while we was dancing, one of the Osages got mad at another Osage and they got into a fight and one of 'em stabbed the other right smack-dab in the heart.

Right there around the stomp dance fire, them Injuns held court and decided that the man must die for killing his brother. The Injuns called all the other Injuns of the same tribe "brothers."

They told him to be there next morning, and he was. I watched as they told him where to stand. They had already dug a grave. He looked at the grave, half grinned, and walked proud as a peacock over to the tree where they had told him to stand. He had on a white man's shirt, and he unbuttoned that shirt front and pulled it away from his chest.

Two guns spoke out, and he fell over dead. They picked him up and put him in the grave and then all the Injuns there, fer some reason, walked over to a big old cedar tree and each buck took a sprig of cedar and then they all filed around the grave.

As each man passed the foot of the grave, he tossed in his little piece of cedar. I asked some of my friends why they did this but, as good a friends as we was, they jest acted like they didn't hear me, and started talking about something else. I heard later that it was because they was not supposed to kill a man like this; they was supposed to have a sort of trial with a chief or judge or whatever they called him there, but they had seen the cold-blooded killing and jest went ahead and killed him.

I don't know about this now. All I do know is that I saw 'em kill the man and I saw 'em drop the cedar bits in the grave and cover him up. That was out in the woods not too far from Long.

NOT FAR from my cabin, there was an old outlaw named Saur, who lived in Glass Holler. He had two sons that was jest as mean as he was, if not meaner, and it was right near Old Man Saur's place where the first of the caves was where the whole passel of fellers who was dodging the marshals fer all kinds of crimes hid out. Old Saur

(Continued on page 48)

The CASE of the CAPTIVE SISTERS

By BEN T. TRAYWICK

After sixteen months in a tepee one could "go home" again; after three decades, the other could not . . .

Mrs. William Cook
Courtesy Wyoming State Archives

FROM 1889 to 1906, until the Northwestern Railroad was extended from Casper to Lander, Wyoming, the Arapaho and Shoshone Indians hauled freight and supplies from Casper to the Wind River Reservation, a distance of 125 miles. Usually about twenty to forty Indian braves made these trips with about half that many squaws accompanying them.

In August of 1900, a white woman came to Casper with a band of these Indians. She wore Indian dress, painted her face as the Indians did, spoke the Indian language, and did not know English. Upon inquiry, it was discovered the woman had been captured by the Cheyennes when she was a child about two years old. She had been raised by the Arapahoes and was then married to an Arapaho Indian named John Brokenhorn.

The story was published in several western newspapers, and one of the articles caught the attention of Mrs. W. E. Cook of Davenport, Iowa. As it happened, Mrs. Cook was indeed interested in the story. She, too, had been captured by the Indians thirty-five years before at Rock Creek, Wyoming, along with her baby sister, Lizzie, and she had not seen her sister since the time of the capture.

Mrs. Cook's father had been Jasper Fletcher, who came to the United States from England in 1861. The family (father and mother, three sons and two daughters) started for California in 1865. They left Quincy, Illinois, in May, joined a train of seventy-five wagons, and continued their journey until they reached Rock Creek in Wyoming Territory, thirty-one miles east of Fort Halleck.

While the train was camped for the noon meal, a war party estimated at 300 Cheyenne Indians sprang upon them from concealment. The Fletchers were all a short distance from the wagons. Jasper and his three sons reached the safety of the train; Mrs. Fletcher and her two daughters were seized. The mother was killed instantly by a spear thrust completely through her body. An Indian rode off with two-year-old Lizzie. Mary, who was thirteen at the time, was pierced by several arrows. She pulled them from her body with her own hands. The train of wagons was burning and the Indians were murdering the white people in their haste to depart.

Menimick was the chief of this band of Cheyennes; Black Kettle was chief of the entire tribe. Shortly after the attack, the war party fled to the mountains. There the braves drank a cask of brandy taken from the train, all becoming wildly drunk. This precipitated a scalp dance which is a terrible sight to behold. The thirteen-year-old Fletcher girl was forced to view the terrible spectacle.

Next day, the Indian who owned Mary, tied her to a saddle and the party moved toward the east. After two days of traveling they chanced upon a family named Cackle, who were on their way to Colorado. Mrs. Cackle held a baby in her arms. A buck snatched it from her and, grasping its feet, smashed its brains against a wagon wheel. The father, two children, and Mrs. Cackle's mother were murdered instantly; Mrs. Cackle was carried away by the Cheyennes.

For three hideous days and nights, the Indians dragged her with them. On the third night, the exhausted and broken woman was tied to a tree where the Indians in gleeful cruelty pierced her body with more than a dozen arrows. At last her prayers for death were answered.

Later in the week the war party was engaged by some Fort Laramie soldiers. All through the fight an Indian warrior stood over Mary Fletcher ready to kill her should the soldiers attempt a rescue. The Indians made their escape when darkness fell.

The next day the girl's face was painted red, her hair was colored with soot and water, and her eyelashes and eyebrows were burned with hot ashes. Mary was required to tend fourteen ponies as they traveled along, and compelled to gather wood for the campfire after walking all day.

In approximately six weeks, Menimick and his braves reached the main village of the Cheyennes, deep in the mountains of eastern Colorado. There were about 4,000 Indians in this village.

FOUR DAYS were spent in an orgy of feasting and dancing; then the Indians moved out upon another journey. For the next year they were continually on the move—across creeks and rivers, through deep snows and severe cold. In the early spring, while crossing a river on the ice, Mary Fletcher was trapped when a piece broke loose and moved rapidly downstream. The squaws laughed and clapped their hands to see her speeding to certain death. Mary, in desperation, leaped into the icy water and managed to reach the bank safely. The warriors praised her for her bravery, but the jealous squaws heaped abuse and indignities upon her.

In 1866, the band of Indians came to the trading camp of a white man named Hanger. Mary walked into his tent, dressed and painted like an Indian, and asked Hanger in perfect English if he had any soap. The Indian who owned her hit her in the face and knocked her to the ground.

She was rushed from the tent and given into custody of the squaws. Their desire to get rid of the white girl was great, but they dared not kill her. So in secret they sold her to Hanger for $1,600 in cash, one horse, and one gun.

The trader placed her in charge of an Indian agent who transported her to Fort Laramie; from there she was taken to Fort Leavenworth and from this point she was sent to friends in Illinois, arriving there in December, 1866. A year later she married William E. Cook in Davenport, Iowa.

Shortly after her marriage, Mrs. Cook journeyed to Salt Lake to meet her father. Mr. Fletcher had been badly wounded in the attack, when Mary had been stolen, and had lain in a ditch for two days. All three of Mary's brothers had escaped unharmed; two were living in Colorado and one in California. Until the article appeared in the paper, thirty-five years later, no word was ever heard of Lizzie.

Mrs. Cook went to Casper and from there to the Arapaho Agency where she located the white woman. Mary was convinced she had found her sister, but Lizzie Fletcher, then thirty-seven years of age, had lived with the Indians for too many years. She was married to the Arapaho, John Brokenhorn, and was the mother of several children.

She could speak no English so, through an interpreter, Mrs. Cook explained how their mother had been killed, how their father and brothers had escaped, and how she, herself, had been a captive of the Indians for sixteen months. She attempted to persuade Mrs. Brokenhorn to accompany her back to Davenport where she could again become a white woman. However, Mrs. Brokenhorn would not go.

She insisted she was an Indian; she liked being a squaw, living in a tepee, and she was happily married. And so Mrs. Cook returned to Davenport alone.

John Brokenhorn and his wife lived out their lives in a small, neat cabin about a half mile from St. Stephen's Mission.

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The White Red Man

(Continued from page 44)

told me one time when I was jest about sixteen years old that he had a washtub half full of money buried. He jest laughed when he told me and I didn't think no more about it, but he told me again not long before he died.

I think it was close to '80 –'79 or '80, somewhere along there—that way back in '73 him and some other fellers had gone over into the Creek Nation near Okmulgee and had robbed a feller named Watt Grayson of about $25,000 in gold. He said it was buried under the old man's floor where he had put it after the Civil War was over, and according to Saur, it took a mite of doing to git Grayson to give up that money.

Saur said that they—him and two other fellers—took a rope and put 'er around Grayson's neck asking him to tell where the money was, but Grayson were a full-blood and he jest stood there not saying a thing. Saur said they pulled him up slow-like so's not to break his neck, and when his feet was offen the floor they let him hang for a few seconds, lowered him, and again asked where the money was. Again Grayson jest stared at 'em in stony silence. Saur said they repeated this for five times more, but Grayson would not say a word.

All this time, Grayson's wife, who was a lot younger'n him, was standing there crying and carrying on and a-begging them not to kill him. Saur said they saw Grayson would never tell that way, so they let him loose and while one of 'em held a gun to Grayson's head, the other two took the rope and put it around the squaw's neck. Up she went. Down up again—and again. After the third time up fer the squaw, Grayson broke down and showed 'em where the money was hid.

When they divided the loot, there was over $8,000 apiece fer the three of 'em and this was the money Saur had buried in a washtub.

By now, both of Old Man Saur's boys had been killed in shooting scrapes and he told me once again about that buried money and that he was going to give it to a couple of outlaws who had been mighty nice to him in his old age. Their names was George and Dave Winton, and they lived in Glass Holler, too, jest a short way from Saur's place.

Saur told me he had been seeing a strange man fooling around Glass Holler and he was afeared that he was looking for the money. The Winton boys was gone on one of their little forays and the old man wanted me to help him git that money and bring it to his cabin. He said he'd give me $500 in gold iffin I'd help him. I had always been fair with the Injuns and ever'body, and Old Man Saur knowed he could trust me.

We started out, riding along Glass Holler, going deeper and deeper into the valley till at last we was in the part that was called Dead Man's Holler, called that because the outlaws had such a good view of it from their hiding places in the mountains on each side.

We'd gone 'bout a mile, maybe a little more, when Old Man Saur told me we was most there. He said we'd have no trouble finding the gold even though it had been buried fer nigh onto twenty years. He said, "Them two trees I put it between was jest small saplings when I put 'er there, but they're full growed trees now."

All of a sudden he stopped and listened awhile then he said, "Pull offen the trail and keep quiet."

We pulled off and sure enough purty soon here comes a rider, and it were the stranger Old Man Saur had been telling me about. We kept still and after he had passed, Saur said, "You know, Stewart, I think I must be gitting soft. Why in the world didn't I jest kill him and have it over with?"

I reminded him that things was not like they was twenty years ago, and laws was swarming the Territory now since Belle Starr and the Younger brothers and all the bad ones who rode with 'em was prowling 'round. He said we'd go on back home and later we'd git the gold when this feller had cleared out.

"And that won't be long," he said, "jest wait till Belle or Blue Duck or Jim French finds out a stranger is nosing around Glass Holler."

We turned around and went on back and I rode on home. Jest a few days later, the news come that Old Man Saur was dead. Guess that's the closest I ever' come to $500!

Jest about a month later, the Winton boys sold out, lock, stock and barrel, and left the Territory. Time after time I went searching in Dead Man's Holler, and at last I found where it had been, right between two big cottonwood trees. Plain as anything you could see where the Winton boys had dug up that gold.

TWENTY YEARS goes jest like batting an eye. Here it was 1878 and Belle Starr had come in and bought the old outlaw hideout known to ever' outlaw in the Injun Territory, and named it Younger Bend. It was the purtiest place you could hope to see—the river formed a bend here with mountains on three sides and no road a'tall. No, sir-ee! Jest a bridle path here and there—old paths the outlaws had used for God only knows how long. Well, sir, Belle would not allow no roads to be made either, and she had her the finest hideout any outlaw ever had. Pearl, her daughter, was jest a little shaver then, and purty as a picture.

Right about then is when the Younger boys got to coming through Glass Holler, heading for Belle's place, some twenty-five or thirty miles southwest. It was here under the old tree where I used to hang the sacks of grub for the outlaws that me and Cole set the day he told me he wished he'd never got started being outside the law. He was a right nice feller iffin you didn't crowd him.

Cole Younger told me hisself, setting right there under that old grub tree, that Pearl Starr were his daughter. I believed him, too, fer he was always taking 'er something and always bragging how smart and how purty she was. I can't understand how all this question about whose daughter she was come up, anyway. Ever'body in that part of the country jest took it fer granted that she was Cole's kid. I never heard nothing else all the time they was all around there.

Man oh man, but the U. S. Marshals was working the Territory them days. Ever' time you turned around there was a couple of 'em on your back. In 1889, I think it was, Belle Star was killed. Shot right offen her horse jest a short ways from home. She was riddled with buckshot. They never did find out who done it, but it was common talk that it was her own son that killed her. I don't know nothing about it, except that's what ever'one said.

Right after Belle was killed, Jim

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French—and make no mistake about it, he was a bad one—come riding through Glass Holler and stopped at my place and spent the night. He was purty hotted up over Belle being killed. You see, he had been sweet on Belle fer years and had hung around Younger Bend and ever'one knowed he was one of Belle's lovers. She had several: Jim French, Blue Duck—I never liked him, he always looked sneaky to me—then, of course, there was Cole Younger and God only knows how many more.

Jim French told me that night that he could see the end of riding free in the Territory. He said, "Old Parker (Judge Parker) is making it so tough that we're all going to have to git out."

A few days later, a U. S. Marshal named Rhodes, who rode fer Parker, and was not afeared of the devil hisself, come riding through Glass Holler, and stopped at my place fer a drink. He was a fine man and he was honest. Rhodes knowed I was on to a lot that was going on, and he also knowed I played square with my friends, be they white or Injun.

We got to talking and we was a-setting outside the cabin on the little front porch. Rhodes had took out his pocket knife and was setting there whittling on a piece of green hickory stick, and I'll never forget what he told me.

"Ollie," he says, "Judge Parker is kill crazy. The Judge said in my presence the other day when we was talking about some of his powers as a judge being taken away from him by the Government—'Well, I hope they let me keep it long enough to git me an even hunderd.'

"He said that as sure as anything, Ollie, and I tell you he don't have far to go."

At that time—I disremember exactly—but I think he had hung eighty-four men. I know he got eighty-eight before he was throwed out.

IT WAS jest a short time after I was talking to Marshal Rhodes that the big killing took place on the Owl-Hoot Trail. There was a couple of outlaws named Jones that had drifted into the Territory, and was holed up in a cave in Dead Man's Holler. There was two other fellers with 'em, but I don't recollect their names—God Almighty, it's been seventy years! Anyway, they was bad 'uns, and the Marshals was swarming around Brushy Mountain and Hagger Mountain, and up and down Glass Holler, thicker'n fleas on a dog.

I was watching it all and jest sticking close to home, going out onct in awhile to get us some game to eat. Mostly jest squirrels and turkeys, and I could always find plenty of these right close to the Owl-Hoot Trail.

I remember like it was yesterday I was a-setting right still up on the side of Hagger, and I seed these four Marshals come a-riding along down below. I was a-watching 'em, thinking iffin the Jones boys seed 'em they would be four dead fellers. The whole bunch was a-riding good-looking horses.

Before I even heerd the shot ring out I seed a Marshal's hat go sailing off, and I seed one fall. He r'ared right straight up in the saddle like he was aiming to ride standing in his stirrups, then he pitched off like a pole-axed steer—dead before he hit the ground.

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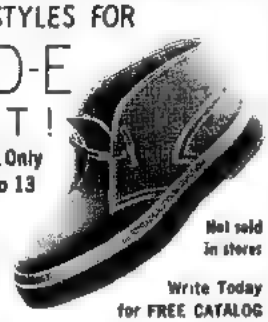

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was still coming so clost together that you couldn't count 'em.

It was over in about a minute, I reckon, but it seemed like a whole hour, at least! I never had seed the outlaws. They was hid from me by brush and trees and a little curve in the old trail.

Now, the two Marshals that was left started toward the outlaws and jest then two of 'em come in sight. They had their hands above their heads, and was handcuffed in no time flat.

I kept still 'cause that was shore not any time to go walking up on those laws, carrying a gun!

I took off fer home as soon as I seed that it was all over, and purty soon the whole country knowed that the two Jones boys was killed there on the Old Owl-Hoot Trail, and two Marshals was killed, too. I used to know the names of 'em all but I can't recollect 'em now.

When the two outlaws that was left give up, they didn't have a single bullet for their guns. The Marshals had exactly two bullets left. It was a fierce thing, I tell you. I have no idea how many bullets was fired, but I seed them Marshals reloading and poking bullets into them guns fast as their fingers would work, and that was plenty fast, make no mistake about it. Them fellers was brave. They didn't know what fear was!

The other two outlaws went to prison for long, long terms, and I heerd that one of 'em died in prison and that the other one was jest turned out a few years ago. Guess they figgered he was so gol-durned old he wouldn't bother nobody!

Cherokee Bill was the last outlaw I ever seed ride the old Owl Hoot Trail, and he was no outlaw when I first saw him. He was jest a great big overgrowed half-nigger kid that was meaner'n hell. Cherokee Bill stopped at my house one day and asked for a drink of water. We set outside talking, and a squirrel started chattering at us from an old hickory tree.

Cherokee pulled his gun—my God Almighty, he was fast!—and he shot that squirrel through the legs! I asked him if he couldn't hit better'n that and he laughed and said, "Watch me sometime when some son-of-a— bothers me, and find out."

He took that little old squirrel which was twisting around on the ground and he got hold of its legs and, with his big powerful hands, he ripped that little thing all to pieces. He done it slow and easy like he wanted it to live as long as possible. It made me sick to my stummick!

Remember now, he was not called Cherokee Bill when I knowed him. I never seed him after he got that name pinned to him. He was jest called, as I recollect, "That Goldsby Kid."

BY NOW I had me a family of five kids, and the little old log house was kinda crowded, but we made out all right. We took and built trundle beds fer the two boys to sleep in. Know what a trundle bed is? Well, sir, you jest take some timber and make a sort of sled, and you slide this sled, with the bedding on it, under the big bed in the daytime, then when night comes, pull 'er out and there's a good bed.

We was thinking of making a side room onto the house purty soon but it was not to be that way.

I had gone over about twenty-five miles away to see a feller on some business and had to spend the night there—come to think of it, it were the same feller I'd been to see when the painter got on the roof of the house. Next morning we was jest setting down to breakfast when one of my neighbors come riding up. I knowed soon as I seed him that there was trouble, fer he had jest about rode a good horse to death.

He stood there not wanting to tell me, but finally he did. "Ollie," he said, "your house burned to the ground."

"My folks?" I asked.

"All but the youngest," he told me.

I went back and got my little boy—all I had left—and I went away from there. I moved over to the little village of Stilwell, and there I married again after awhile. The boy come to me and said, "Pappy, I want a mammie. I want you to marry Duddie's mammie."

Duddie's mammie was a widder woman that had been left with this little kid that my boy liked to play with.

Well, we got married and she passed away jest last February, so here I am all alone with nothing to do, 'cept set and think. I'd like to live it all over again, and I wish I could make these young people know what the Injun Territory was really like back when I was a boy.

Summering On The XIT

(Continued from page 41)

worked the other. We had them all run through by noon and Ray and I were a mess. Our clothes were soaked with cow and dip. About that time two men and two women drove up. I don't know who they were, but they looked at us and laughed. After we had changed our clothes back of the post corral at the windmill, we washed them out and hung them on the braces of the windmill tower, and as we went to the wagon I picked up a large flat cow-chip. Ray did also.

After we filled our tin plates at the chuck box, we set them beside us on the ground and set our coffee cups and a big sourdough biscuit on them. Everytime we took a bite of biscuit we would park it right back on the cow-chip. Those people would look at us in astonishment, but Ray and I didn't let on like we noticed. We had a good laugh afterwards.

THE COWBOYS had to take, in turn, a two-hour guard every night on the horse herd, with the horse wrangler taking the first turn. The one they had that year was still not much more than a boy. One evening about suppertime, one of those fast moving thunderstorms came up, with the lightning something fierce.

He had finished his supper and gone to relieve the man on guard when the lightning struck and killed three saddle horses, and the rest took off in every direction. He came up and said to the foreman, "Well, Mr. Smith, I guess I'm going to have to give them to you. I can't stay with them any longer."

The boss didn't pay much attention to him and waited for things to settle down some. He was raised in that country, a cowhand and a foreman all his life, and it took a lot to perturb him. Several of the hands had already taken off after the fleeing remuda and soon had them in the rope corral.

C. R. was roping some of the night horses, when lightning struck again off to the south and knocked up a cloud of dust. It hit close to where it had killed the horses. C. R. looked over at the wrangler, who was leading the horses out as he roped them, and said, "Kid, I'm a

(Continued on page 52)

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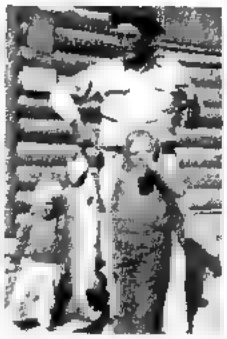

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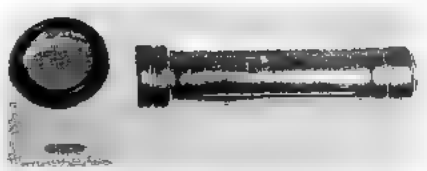

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Summering On The XIT

(Continued from page 50)

hell of a notion to give 'em back to you!"

After the roundup was over that summer, I was sent to the Tierra Blanca Camp on the east line to take George Baldwin's place, as he wanted to go home for a spell. Some of his folks had died. That was mainly a fence riding job. I would go north one day and stay all night at Tombstone Camp and ride back the next. Then to the corner south and then west. I'd meet the other fence riders at Friona and return to Tierra Blanca Camp the next day. They had telephones in all the camps even in those days. The lines came out from Hereford and went around the ranch on the barbed wire fence; all were connected to headquarters. It was a wonderful thing for an outfit of that size, and saved many a long ride.

There were a lot of wild mustangs on the ranch, which were not much good for anything but to paw the snow off the short grass in winter for the cattle. Sometimes they would spook, run into the fence and break the phone line. The line riders were always quick to make repairs, as the phone was really appreciated.

A little telephone operator at Hereford had been calling Baldwin up of an evening and playing music for him. The first time she called after he had gone, I didn't tell her I wasn't Baldwin, but she knew right away. After I told her who I was, I asked her to call the same as ever, and I would really enjoy the music.

I rode to Hereford once in a while and we would take in a show. I always remembered her for breaking the monotony for me, as that job was pretty lonely.

After the cowboy, George Baldwin, got back that fall, I went to the Escarbada for a few days. C. R. Smith paid me off but helped me get a job at a ranch southeast of Bovina called the Yellow Houses. They had artesian wells and did a lot of irrigating but that's another story. The last I heard of Bill McCaty, he and Earl Sode had a dude ranch each of Tucson, Arizona. Incidently, Earl Sode was a champion bronc rider at that time. I don't suppose they are with us anymore, as they were older than I.

Frontier Relics

(Continued from page 11)

THE CURIOUS Champion Barb, a saw-tooth stamping laced between a double strand of stout wire, was, like some of the earlier patents, expensive to produce and met with little success, consequently it's very hard to come by now. In almost two years of probing midwestern range country, I've come up with only a ten-inch well-pitted strip of this scarce type. I rather imagine it has been exposed to the elements since the day it was first strung between limestone fenceposts, because the surfaces have that certain patina which reflects plenty of age. I consider myself fortunate in having been able to latch onto that meager example.

Lyman's Four-Point barb is still to be picked up around some of the old barns and pastures in southeastern Kansas but, with each passing year, these fascinating bits of Americana are lost through deterioration and corrosion. My collection of some twenty-two types contains a dozen or so which simply couldn't be replaced without weeks, perhaps months, of diligent search. I doubt if Kennedy's spur-wheel patent would show up for me again, as it's missing in many important historical society collections. Even Kelly's diamond point is a fifty to one shot on a prairie expedition today.

So what does all this chatter about barbed wire lead up to? Simply this—many of these early types are becoming nonexistent, and the fact that antique dealers are displaying plaques of mounted barb indicates one thing -another utilitarian item of the frontier has caught the imagination of collectors.

I'll gladly trade my scarce Circle V brand iron for a ten-inch strip of Hunt's original patent any day. Better latch on to all you can find of these "bits and pieces" relics of the West—they played a bigger part than most. Bob-wire ended the free range forever.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 39)

many wounds and scars, and the top side of his tongue was slashed to hold the buckskin reins which took the place of the white man's bridle and bit. Croppie carried a Three Bar brand on his thigh which, I am told, indicated that he had passed through the hands of the United States Government.

IN DISCUSSING facts regarding Wounded Knee, I am speaking from second-hand information. I was not born until April 23, 1891, several weeks after the battle. However, I did have the privilege of association with some who were there—black, white, and Indian—people whose word I could not question.

Dr. L. W. Bowman, an Army surgeon in the area at the time, was our family physician for many years, and on occasion could be persuaded to reminisce. My parents and neighbors, living near there when the tragedy occurred, often discussed the matter.

Perhaps I got my most vivid memories from David Watts, a Negro soldier who was in the thick of the fight. Shortly after, Dave was employed for several years by my Uncle Will Colvin, one of the owners of the "SC" or Pawlet Ranch, some twenty miles south of Lakeside, Nebraska, where I lived for a time, as a child.

One of Dave's stories was about how he and a fellow soldier, when gathering up the dead at Wounded Knee, found an Indian baby girl, wrapped in a tattered blanket, covered with material from old felt boots, and partially buried in the snow. This baby, I understand, was probably the sole Indian survivor of Big Foot's band. The last that I remember hearing of her was in 1907 or 1908, when I read that she was attending an Indian school in an eastern State. I do not remember her name.

Having lost my mother at an early age, I spent much time in the care of cook and handyman Dave Watts. He taught me many things about life and how to face the problems of this old world. I learned from him that there could be a heart of gold, even under a dark skin.

Later, when the Spanish-American War broke out, he returned to the Army and gave his life, with honor, at the Battle of Manila. My uncle received a letter from his captain after his death.

We all know that there are good people among all races; also there are bad people, much as we dislike admitting the fact.

It is understandable that the Indian resented the white man's encroachment upon what had been his lands for unknown ages, and justly so. It is also understandable that the white man should

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Courtesy author

Grave of Stephen Yazza

feel that the Indian was not making full use of the land and should, therefore, share it with those willing to develop it. When clashes brought bloodshed, naturally the flames were fanned.

Croppie, a victim of war, was the horse that taught me to ride, and carried me many a mile across the prairie, while herding cattle in the days when there were no fences. It was from this old horse that I learned that animals have body and mind—and also aches, pains and worries, just like humans do. He was gentle as a kitten, and a faithful friend.

At last he became too old to work, and was turned out to pasture and rest, a reward which was certainly due him. Gradually Croppie weakened, and in the fall of 1912, when he got down in a snowstorm, Father asked a neighbor, Will Campbell, to put him out of his misery. Judging from his teeth at the time Father bought him, he must have been at least twenty-five or thirty years old when he died.

It was like parting with one of the family. Croppie's bones probably still lie bleaching on that western hillside only a couple of miles from where this picture was taken; it is a fitting place of rest, overlooking the land he knew.

MILESTONES IN HISTORY

By E. L. Watson

THE OLD military cemetery at Fort Defiance, Arizona, is hidden behind buildings and fences, and is not easy to locate. The half-acre plot is surrounded by a barbed wire fence without a gate, and without a sign to tell what is enclosed here. There is no landscaping other than the stunted junipers, prickly pears, and Indian paintbrush provided by Nature. The cemetery was abandoned by the U. S. Army years ago, the graves were removed, and only long-time residents can tell anything about their history.

Wooden headboards used in early days have given way before wind and weather. The place would not even appear to be a cemetery if it were not for three headstones standing at some distance from each other across the area. But these three stones are important; they stand like chapter-headings in the book of Southwestern history, spanning the years from 1860 to 1930 and marking radical changes in the ways of the people.

The oldest dates back to the days when Fort Defiance was actually a fort, established among the hostile Navajos of that time. This headstone is cracked through and once was mended with baling wire, though now with cement that somewhat obscures the legend. It is that of Private Sylvanius Johnson, Co. C., 3rd Infantry, who was "killed by the Navajoe Indians April 30, 1860." It was during a surprise attack on the fort shortly before dawn by more than a thousand well-armed braves, who even managed to enter some of the buildings. After a fight of about two hours, the Navajos were driven off, taking most of their wounded and dead with them.

Three of the soldiers were wounded, Johnson mortally. All of the injury was done by arrows—four-inch steel arrows, sharp and deadly. It was one of these that killed Johnson.

THE SECOND stone bears only the name "Rev. A. H. Donaldson," without dates or explanation, but from what we know of him he must have been a dedicated man. He rode horseback all the way from Grants, New Mexico, in the late 1880s, to establish a church at the Fort, then a small Indian agency. To live here was to be exiled; the Navajos were no longer hostile, but they held back from church and school, the only two civilizing influences offered them. They were still "wild Indians."

Contact with the outside world was made by the mail carrier, who daily rode the eighty miles from Fort Defiance to Fort Wingate and back for the princely pay of one dollar a trip. For such a small community, only a small cemetery was needed, and when he died, the minister was buried beside the soldiers.

The third milestone on the road from savagery to civilization is a stone of the standard military type that reads: "Stephen Yazza, Arizona, Co. 10 Field Arty., June 5, 1930."

Yazza, a Navajo, may well have been a descendant of one of the hostiles who attacked the Fort in 1860, yet he was a soldier in the service of the United States when he was killed in a military accident at March Field, California. Brought back to his homeland, Yazza was buried with full military honors, including the firing of a salute over the grave. Most of the town turned out for this funeral, the last to be held in the old military cemetery.

Fort Defiance today is a large and thriving community, where Indians and whites live and work side by side. I doubt if many of them have ever heard of the little old cemetery whose headstones record the changing history of their town.

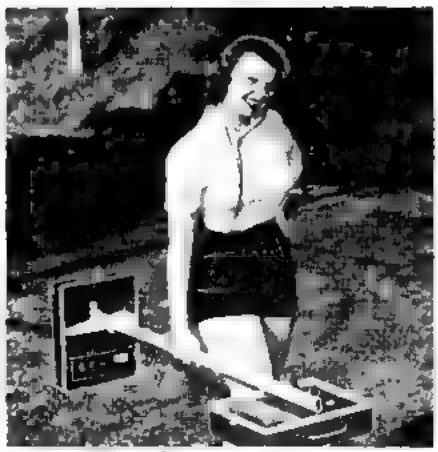
Mr. Arbuckle's Coffee

(Continued from page 18)

though from a printing press. Every Navajo coming along received a handful of them gratis. Soiled a little and wrinkled, the coupons looked exactly like bona fide ones Indians brought in from their hogans.

The 2¢ trader enjoyed a real rush of business. In the bundle next dispatched to Arbuckle's premium department he unknowingly included 5,000 of the phonies. The clerks there could hardly credit their eyes on examining them. Who would go to so much trouble counterfeiting something so small, involving so little money? One of their officials came west looking into the matter. While he stood talking to the trader at the post a squaw banded in a dozen more phonies. This absolved him of suspicion. The episode kept reservation dwellers in stitches for months, and the dude trader never bought another coupon from Navajos.

Inscription House, where I traded longest, had a real nasty competitor twenty miles away at Shonto. Devising what he called a "trade getter," he



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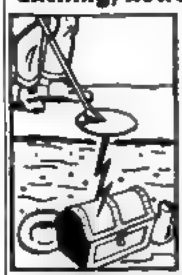

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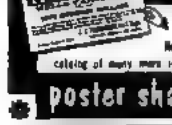

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Giving Navajo friends the largest rugs on hand, we sent them to Shonto instructed to barter only for coffee, and by the full case. This was in the late fall, at a time when Navajos distant from a trading post put in a supply for the winter, so the fact aroused no suspicion.

Before the wise-guy trader discovered what went on, we filled our warehouse with coffee. It was enough to last through the winter and into late spring at a price much lower than the wholesale cost.

MONEY in those days was almost nonexistent among Navajos, but they always managed to "treat" their children returning home from school. A couple of months before the school year's end, they saved all their coffee coupons. When government buses disgorged children before the trading post door in June, fond parents gave them nickels and dimes for apples, oranges, gum, candy and soda pop. Never did they hand over the coupons—but always the money for which they had exchanged them.

They followed the opposite policy aiding an indigent family needing food. Riders went from hogan to hogan asking for coupons. When several hundred had been collected, they were given to the needy to trade. Probably they did this knowing we would add something extra to help out.

This medium of exchange also held true at squaw dances. A young man not having nickels and dimes to pay forfeit when chosen to dance by a girl, would give her several coupons instead. By the time they came across the post store counter they were often worn ragged.

One time a Navajo bought a $200 Studebaker wagon from my father on credit. On selling us his wool in the spring he still lacked $92 paying off his grocery account and the wagon.

"I'll return in four days," he said, "and bring the balance."

During those four days he must have covered considerable territory visiting all his relatives and friends. But he strode into the post after sundown of the fourth day, triumphantly throwing a bulging flour sack onto the counter.

"There it is!" he exclaimed. And so it was—all tiny pieces of printed paper coffee coupons.

During the years we sent pack outfits into the canyon country, the coffee allowance of Arbuckle's was always doubled. If the guides and dudes ran out of everything else, they could survive on the strong brew.

The lone Indian sheepherder always took along a pot or can to make his midday meal of Arbuckle's coffee near his grazing flock. It would be all he drank or ate until late supper that night. But he always made out on it.

After Pearl Harbor brought on World War II, western Navajos began using canned coffee. When I returned home from the South Pacific, Arbuckle Brothers' coffee had disappeared from trading post shelves. But the old long-hair's valued strong brew was never replaced in his esteem by the fancier brands.

Only recently an Indian standing at a trading post counter tapped his fingers on a two-pound can of a popular name.

"This coffee is too weak to drink," he asserted. "It doesn't fill a man and give him strength like Hosteen Cohay did. Often do I wish we had him back."

Like the old man, I feel with deep nostalgia that the days of Mr. Arbuckle's were good ones. The dependable standby that meant so much in our lives is gone forever. Mr. Arbuckle's is missed, like the passing of a near relative or dearest friend.

Castle Crags Treasure

(Continued from page 43)

are few; brush and rock walls make exploration slow and painful. The Crags are bordered by Little Castle Creek on the north, Castle Lake on the west, Castle Creek on the south, and the Sacramento River on the east. Somewhere in this area, the Indians divided their loot.

In the past, the majority of treasure seekers have entered Castle Crags State Park and explored along the trail to Castle Dome or around Indian Springs. These locations are easily reached, and the trails are the only open way into the Crags. What has been forgotten is that these routes did not exist fifty years ago, and it is very unlikely that the coins are hidden in their proximity.

The solution may be to determine all the likely old campsites and to explore the crags around them. There are three, large enough to accommodate an Indian encampment, that can be reached from Castle Creek.

The first and the most inaccessible is a small set of lakes within the Crags. These lakes are completely surrounded by rock walls and form a spectacular scene. Long ago they could have been gained by moving to the headwaters of the North Fork of Castle Creek and then to Castle Lake. From this point it is about three miles into the lakes along a ridge and then into the basin of the lakes. It is now easy to reach Castle Lake by following the road from Weed, California; however, the trip into the lakes is still difficult.

There are only game trails and many of these lead off the ridge and into Little Castle Creek. The brush stands four or five feet high and cannot be penetrated on foot. The lakes would have provided excellent protection to the raiders if they feared pursuit, which is doubtful. I am mentioning the site only because it is rarely visited and has been searched very little. If anything were there, it is still there.

The second possibility is along the North Fork of Castle Creek. One of the North Fork's tributaries flows into the creek and forms a flat, wide meadow. It would have made an excellent campsite, and is a good place to explore. Since it is on private property within the National Forest, permission would have to be requested.

The area is large and parts are covered by brush. The Crags can be reached by following the tributary or the ridges. Even without the present road, the site can be reached by following the stream. Old Indian Nancy could have reached this area and returned within a few days.

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West of Sulphur Creek on Castle Creek, is a National Forest campsite which is part of the flood plain of Castle Creek. It is about three miles from the Sacramento River and about seven miles from Soda Creek. Not only is this a good campground but a bordering rock outcrop would have been a good spot to have hidden the supplies and money. If any one search area has to be chosen as most logical, this third site should be that area.

A metal detector is a necessity and few false alarms will be given once you're beyond the roads and camps. Using the detector, however, will not be easy, since brush makes good coverage impossible. The terrain is as primitive as it was a hundred years ago.

Camping facilities are available in the State Park for a nominal fee, and in the Shasta National Forest Campground without cost. Supplies can be purchased along Highway 99 or at Dunsmuir. A topographic map of the Dunsmuir Quadrangle will show the Crags and surrounding territory. In some crevice lies a couple of rotten bags that might make your trip worthwhile.

Starving Out In Long Valley

(Continued from page 30)

darkness. But that wasn't too bad. Father had a good tenor voice and he would sing songs that were popular in his day such as, *When You and I Were Young, Maggie,* or *The Mocking Bird.* Then we would all sing hymns and Father and Mother would tell us tales of happenings in their youth. I remember how we children enjoyed the evenings, looked forward eagerly to them.

Spring showed no signs of coming. Father got bluer and bluer. With eight of us to feed, the situation was getting serious.

"Emma, I've been thinking," he said, "of going to the Boise Valley. They'll be putting in their crops. I'll work until time to put in ours."

"I hate to think of you going, but maybe it is for the best," Mother admitted. "But how will you get there?"

"Ski."

A few days later he and a neighbor, a bachelor, set out. Father made arrangements for a neighbor to lend us flour if we needed it.

Soon he wrote Mother that he was working for a farmer in the Boise Valley. By that time we were really short on rations and all the neighbors were in the same fix. Mother had some side bacon which she would dice and brown and, using the water the potatoes were boiled in, make gravy to eat with our graham bread. When the bacon was all gone, she thickened the potato water and we still had gravy, potatoes and graham bread.

Mother was cheerful and didn't complain. She made sort of a joke of it—and we children, not realizing the seriousness of the situation and being ravenous little animals, ate and were happy.

Grandpa had cut down on Old Brownie's hay, but now it was all gone and she was thin and so weak that we had to help her on her feet in the morning. The snow was melted on the south hillsides but the old grass had burned in a prairie fire.

"We've just got to save Old Brownie," Mother cried. She and Grandma would save every potato peel and each morning Mother would take them and an arm full of straw from our straw mattresses to her. My brothers Ira, twelve, and Henry, eight, would search the hillsides

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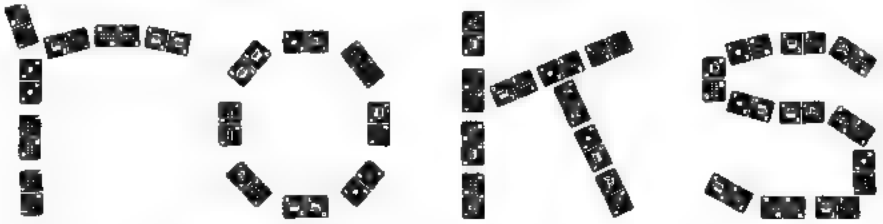

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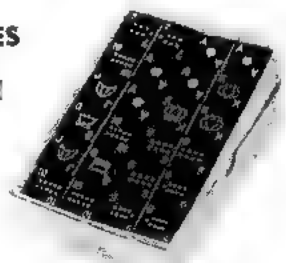

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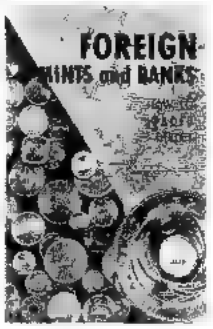

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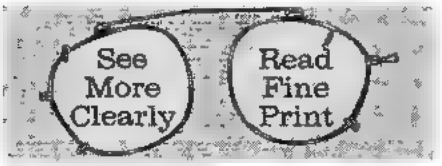

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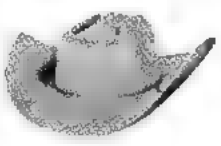

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for a few handfuls of bunch grass that had escaped the fire—so, by hook or crook, we saved Old Brownie.

Mr. Prescott came to see how we were getting along. He didn't have any flour, but he did have quite a supply of potatoes and, as ours were almost gone, he gave us a sackful.

One day the boys, while searching for grass for Brownie, wandered up to the timberline and learned that grouse had arrived and were feeding on seeds under the pines. They rushed home all excited.

"Mother!" Ira shouted, all out of breath. "Grouse are here! If I had a gun I'm sure I could get some of them."

Mother thought it possible. Mr. Barker, our neighbor, had a shotgun and after convincing himself that Ira knew which end of the gun would shoot, he lent it to him. Thereafter, we added grouse to our menu of potatoes and graham bread.

MOTHER wrote Father, but didn't hear from him. The snow was now gone from the valley. Gone, too, was the graham from our larder, and Mother didn't know where to get more. The sloughs were filled with camas—small wild onions—which we gathered, and Mother would cook them with diced potatoes in the grouse broth and we would have soup.

Mother tried to make a garden. "Effie," she would say, "will you look after the little ones and wash the dishes?" Of course, I would. It made me feel important to be useful. About that time, Mother took to wearing her sunbonnet in the house—said the light made her eyes water. I know now that she didn't want a bunch of frightened children—which she would have had, if we had known the water was tears which she couldn't hold back.

A few days later, one of us spied Father as he appeared over a small ridge. We ran to meet him shouting like a bunch of Indians on the warpath.

Ira took a small pack off Father's shoulders and he gathered little sister May in his arms and with all of us clinging to his arms and legs, all laughing and talking, we reached Mother.

"Billy! Billy!" She just threw her arms around his neck, leaned her head on his breast, and cried her heart out.

We children were awed into silence, for Mother wasn't a crying woman, and we couldn't understand why she cried when we were so happy.

We were so excited we wanted to share the good news. The boys went to tell our neighbors—who, in turn, told their neighbors. The news spread like wild fire—"Blankinship is home with a load of flour!"

I rushed to Grandpa's. "Daddy is home and he brought some flour!" I yelled. They came home with me, and Mr. Barker and his two boys came home with Ira and Henry.

"I didn't get the letter Emma sent," Father said, "but I did hear a rumor that people were starving in Long Valley. I immediately bought flour and hired a farmer to haul it into the valley, praying all the while that the mountain passes had been cleared. As we neared the snow line, we met several men with horses. They had fought their way through the snow with the idea of packing flour into the valley."

"I dismissed the farmer, packed the flour on the horses and started back across the mountain pass. It was a heartbreaking job for both horses and men. After crossing the Payette River on a ferry, I hired a farmer to haul the flour the remaining thirty-five miles, and the men with their horses turned back to bring in more supplies."

About three miles from home, Father was stopped by the raging Goldfork River. There was no bridge—only a fallen log for a foot bridge. In desperation, Father slung part of a sack of flour across his shoulders, crossed over on the log, and hurried home.

We were all spellbound as we listened to the story and my heart was nearly bursting with pride. I considered Father a real hero. I didn't realize then that the part Mother played was as heroic or more so.

Mother prepared a wonderful feast. We had the usual boiled potatoes and she made dumplings and real gravy with the grouse. Best of all were the delicious brown fluffy biscuits and a jar of delicious peach preserves that the farmer's wife gave Father when he started for home.

As you might guess, Father had plenty of help carrying the flour across the Goldfork River the next morning. But it taught us to be sure to have enough provisions to last through a long, hard winter.

The Evil One

(Continued from page 18)

followed them and soon spied the man with the antlers driving slowly along. He tried to escape, but they surrounded him and presented him with their evidence.

Unexpectedly, the huge man groveled at their feet and wept. He begged for his life. But he had shown no mercy, and they gave him none. He was shot dead, his body left lying there on the prairie, a sinister blot on the winter snow, carrion for the wolves he had pursued.

Years later, a well-dressed young man stepped off the train in Dodge City one day. He said that his name was Jester, and that he was looking for his father, who had been a wolf-hunter. He had heard that such a hunter had been killed near Dodge. Several men accompanied him to the spot where the wolfer's remains still lay. When he saw the antler headdress, Jester nodded silently and rode back to Dodge. The evil one had found his lonely place.

With The Osages At Grayhorse

(Continued from page 24)

blue eyes, and the stamp of her foot (when she felt sure she was talking to an Indian who could understand English but stood impassive, his obsidian eyes mocking her) was sign language unmistakable. She had no fear. Her philosophy had always been that if she did what she honestly believed to be right, then she could expect the good Lord to take care of her. Besides, the Osages had given the hand of friendship, and the name, "Sha-pa-nah-she," to Ed; they considered her and the children to be his *property*, therefore safe.

In time she became accustomed to noses flattened against windowpanes as Indian women paused to see what was going on inside the trader's wickiup. To them—far less "civilized," by their own choice, than the Indians nearer the Agency—there was no difference between a door that was wooden or a hide-flap over a tipi opening. They felt free to come and go—or to look—at will. When Allie wanted privacy she simply locked her bedroom

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door and pulled the shades. Otherwise, she good-humoredly accepted the goldfish-in-a-bowl life.

Sometimes the women came in, chattering and grinning, to inspect whatever took their eye, and often to finger the locket which she would open to show the picture of Sha-pa-nah-she. It was a curiosity to them.

She became accustomed, when writing or sewing, to glancing up when she smelled the wood smoke and kinnikinnick odor of an Indian blanket, and finding the black intent eyes of a huge Osage towering over her, watching her "talking-stick" scratch over the letter, or the wheel of her sewing machine.

"You can't hear one, despite his size—and so many of them are six feet or more—unless a board creaks under his weight," she would write.

When she had first moved down to the Big Hill area, one day on her daily ride, she was exasperated at the sight of a husky Osage standing by majestically with folded arms while his wa-ko pounded the hard dry earth with her pointed digging pole. Sliding from her side-saddle, she seized the pole, and thrust it at the Osage. "Here, this is a *man's* job!" Her tone and the indignation in her eyes translated her words.

The woman snatched the pole, shrieked in fury, and continued her digging with redoubled energy. The warrior, after one murderous look, stalked off to complain angrily to the trader that he should teach *his* wa ko better manners than to expect any Osage to do a woman's work! Ed answered suavely, but did later suggest in a teasing drawl that Allie should, as much as she could, refrain from trying to change Indian ways. He didn't want to lose his customers!

Once, a year or so later, Allie demanded that old Ni-ki-wi-bra give back her scissors. He left in a huff, ducking his roached head to miss the door jamb, and went straight to Sha-pa-nah-she. Allie suddenly found the scissors he had laid down, and contritely hurried across the boxboard walk. Ed always said he could tell her mood by the tap-tap staccato of her heels. With her long gingham skirt swishing, she stepped behind the counter. Ed remarked casually, "He's pretty mad, Allie," but before her husband could stop her, she had a plug of tobacco for a peace-offering.

"Tell him I made a mistake, Ed," she said and held out the tobacco, a prized gift usually. "Here!"

Instantly the hard plug was grabbed and sent sailing past her head, to smash out a pane of glass in the far end of the store.

"He could have *killed* me, Ed!" Allie stamped her foot, and glared up at the Osage, who glared back, and then left in offended dignity.

Ed, looking after him, nodded, his lips still white, "He could have. The point is, he *didn't*. I declare, Allie, I don't know how you get away with what you do!" and he shook his head, wonderingly. Yet, the next time the Indian saw her, he suddenly grinned.

An old Indian couple who had saved Ed's life out on the prairie, some years before, had an especially proprietary interest in the trader and his family. Often, when the weather was bad, they would choose, instead of the half-mile trek to their tipi, to roll in their blankets on the ash floor, scrubbed white by the trader's wife.

One night the Finneys were awakened by choking smoke and a loud wailing. Jerking on his trousers, Ed rushed to

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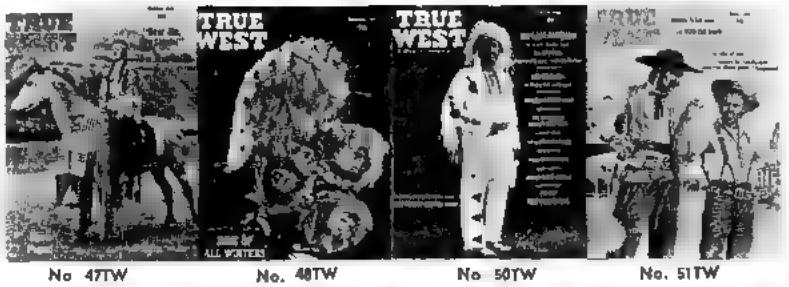

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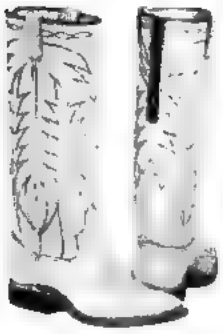

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the kitchen, to find the baffled Ni-ki-wi-bra standing by the back door, choking and spluttering, while his wa-ko, huddled in her blankets, was wailing her misery. Ed had forgotten to leave the door unlocked!

"Like a bunch of children, sometimes," Allie said, annoyed by the smoke in her clean house. "Pity he didn't notice that you opened the damper when you touched a match to the kindling in the cookstove!"

Although Ed's Winchester was always by his bed, he never once in their years at Grayhorse, had need of it in the house.

PNEUMONIA was the bête noir of the primitive people, and deaths were frequent for the Indians kept going until they dropped, sometimes by the side of a wagon-rutted road. Ed and Allie pitied their plight, and so, one night when Washim-pee-sha's son was desperately ill, Allie said she would make a hot onion poultice for his chest.

"On second thought, Ed, I'd better go along to see his mother doesn't make him *eat* it." So she did.

All that night, and most of the next day—despite Ed's thought that the lad would "never make it"—she cooked onions for hot poultices, determined not to lose Ed's favorite runner. He had hunkered down in her kitchen so many times, after his run with the mail over to the Kaw, to eat from a heaped-up plate of venison or fried wild turkey breasts and drink from a pint tin cup of scalding hot coffee. Before he left in the morning he never ate, but made up for it on his return at sunset.

Not long after, Allie was triumphantly filling a plate for him, apparently none the worse for his illness. Usually the Agent and others at the Kaw got mail about three times a week. The runner brought it from Grayhorse, tied in a tea towel around his neck.

With the Osages the greatest problem was idleness enforced by the failure of the twice-yearly hunts. The tribe had been self-sufficient for centuries, the most careful of conservationists, but now the buffalo had been killed off. Beeves, shot in a corral, served to keep them from starvation. The proud, arrogant Osages resented this to the hilt, although the older, wiser ones managed to keep the young hotheads under control, knowing the old days were gone forever.

The main amusement was the moccasin game. "It's a kind of 'Button, button, who's got the button?'" Allie said.

Two players with moccasins before them, heels toward the players, squatted facing two guessers, using the most absurd antics to throw off the latter. The women, who had less time to waste, did have a game of their own, played with plum stones and a bowl, fire-carved out of a walnut burl.

Black Bird was the dandy of the band. His "woman" kept his leggings snowy white; they were fringed and beautifully beaded, too. He formed the habit of dropping in to sit before the big mirror in the front of the folding bed in the sitting room. By the hour! He would hum, or chant in a low tone, watching his reflection with undeviating attention, sometimes applying colored clay with meticulous care to his shaved, roached head, and to his face. All the while he seemed totally oblivious to the white woman going about her household duties. (Later on, the two Finney children would sit by him, fascinated.)

One day, when the humming got on her nerves, Allie grabbed a broom and, as a hint that she wanted him to leave, started to sweep the carpet in his direction. Unperturbed, Black Bird calmly raised his long legs for her to sweep under them. She could have swatted him, she told Ed later, laughing. "He stared at me, and never made a move. I bet he can speak English. Anyhow, I seem to entertain him as much as he entertains me!"

The Osages were ruthless when they decided to make an outcast of one of their people. Allie was always sorry for young John Stink and gave him a tin cup of scalding coffee and whatever food was handy, on a tin plate which she left outside by the back door. Often she would see the unfortunate fellow lying on a big flat rock, covered—even in snow—with only his blanket. He had some kind of scrofulous affliction, which in later years healed, but the name stuck to him.

One time, going to the store, Allie confronted him on the boxboard walk. Neither had any intention of giving way. "Get out of my way, John Stink!" she said, but he only stared with a blank look, immobile.

Instantly Allie crooked her elbow and drove it into his bare ribs. Surprised and caught off balance, the Indian stepped one foot into the deep mud. The next second he had a knife, shining in the sun, held over her, his eyes glaring. Allie caught up her long skirts and ran to the store. Not because of fear, but fury. To think an Osage for whom she had done so much when his own people wouldn't lift a finger to keep him from starving, should act that way!

"Ed," she cried, as he met her at the door, "John Stink pulled a knife on me!" She was still incredulous.

Ed caught up a stout stick the children had been using for a hobby-horse. "Don't kill him, Ed!" Allie shrieked, "Don't kill him!"

As for John Stink, he simply stood like a statue, making no effort to ward off the blow that sent him sprawling in the mud. Then he got up and marched off, while the trader told him furiously, "Don't you ever come back here!"

Several months went by. One morning Allie opened the door to find a blanketed Indian, one eye peering warily at her from the blanket over his head. John Stink was back at his old place on the bench. Of course, Allie's anger had been long since forgotten. The trader's wife filled a plate and a tin cup—and once more John Stink was a steady boarder!

THE OSAGES charged their purchases on the books because almost invariably they had gambled away their annuity money with reckless disregard. At payment time, the traders sat behind tables near the window where the money was being distributed. To get the Big Hill bills paid, Ed got as close as he could to the window where Ho-la-go-*ne* (Loud Talker) boomed out the names of heads of families.

There were a few widows, one of whom took her money in her long gaudy apron, tied over a skirt of striped strouding. She would pass the traders with a contemptuous glance for she *paid cash* when she bought.

Some of the Osages impressed even white visitors with their arrogant dignity. It would amuse Ed Finney to hear the whites discussing Big Hill Jo ("Governor Jo") as if he were an earless wooden statue; it amused him still more to hear Big Hill Jo state his opinion of them in Osage, giving no hint as he spoke that he knew what had been said of him.

Ed would sometimes bet a dollar that

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some white couldn't even bend one of the long bows; he always won! The great strength of the men never failed to awe the watchers as an Osage would bend the bow with ease, and hit a target at an incredible distance.

Big Hill Jo's splendid physique was apparent when he stood with blanket pulled in around his waist, his upper torso bare. His name was Pawnee-no-pah-she, "Not Afraid of Pawnees," and many exploits of his prowess were told around campfires. He always wore a big silver medallion on a string over his tattooed chest, and a beaver tippet.

Hard Rope (Robe) had been a scout with Custer. He generally wore a calico shirt, beribboned by patient wa-ko fingers, tiny stitches, sewn then with steel needles but formerly with bone.

When he first came to the Agency, Ed had known the older Claremore and his son, of the same name, who was taking over, appeared to be as wise a counseller as his father had been.

Strike Ax and Che-to-pah were usually seen together. Both were well-liked and trusted, the former admired for the way he could speak at council forcefully and clearly, regardless of opposing views.

Payment time was an unforgettable sight when viewed at night from the bluff above the Agency. The Osages, in from all the Reservation, camped along Bird Creek in orderly fashion. If the weather turned warm, the tipi hides would be rolled up part-way, and the fire would be outside the opening; if cold, the fire would be in the tipi, its smoke coming out the smoke-hole flap at the top. Shadows played on the painted buffalo-hide walls. (When canvas began to replace the worn-out buffalo hides, only then did the occupants seriously consider the white man's wooden houses.)

Children ran about, shrieking in their play. They never quarreled, and were instantly obedient. Ed said they were never punished, that he could tell, but respect for anyone older was ingrained in an Osage. Even the parents would defer respectfully to the "Old Men," and their care for their aged was touching. Meat was chewed for those without teeth, and the ancients were given the better parts of food.

The Agent reported in 1879 that the Big Hill band had 148 ponies, 6 mules, 222 cattle, 82 hogs that ran wild, 123 chickens, 10 wagons, 23 plows and so on. Reluctant to do the farming they were urged to do, they would quit in the middle of a row and leave the plow there indefinitely. Was it not woman's work to plant the corn? The Osage women made a ritual of it; they even had a planting song.

The Finneys liked to tell about one mourning dance when the drums were being pounded monotonously ("enough to drive a body out of her mind!") and exhausted dancers were being dragged away to permit fresh ones to go on with the ritual. At this point it was customary in the old days—not so very long ago, at that—for a war party to go after a fresh scalp for the dove-pole.

This particular time a war party of young hotheads—brandishing knives, whooping, grinning fiendishly, their faces and bodies painted invaded the store and surrounded the trader and his helper, a lad named Charlie down from the States for the summer. Poor Charlie, he was terrified, but there was no getting away! Plainly he was about to lose his scalp!

Ed, aware of their intention, played up solemnly, pretending to be reluctant about losing his scalp, too.

The visitors hacked off a lock of Ed's white hair and a lock of Charlie's carrot-top hair, and off they went, with blood-curdling whoops, to retrace their circuitous route from the dance to the store.

Then the dove-pole had a "scalp" composed of red and white hair, and the two who had furnished it had to wait for hair to grow where the jagged places were.

This is just one of the many reminiscences a lovely old lady in her eighties—Allie Finney—told me thirty years ago.

The Day The Road Blew Up

(Continued from page 38)

he sold out to John McClanahan.

Charlie was a good cook, furnished good meals, and made a practice of looking up any strangers in town who did not come to his restaurant to eat. To such strangers Charlie would say, "Whas-a-malla? You no come eat? You no like my glub?"

If the answer was that the newcomer had no money to pay for meals, Charlie would say, "You come eat. You catchem money pletty soon. You pay den. You eat now."

Charlie wouldn't let anyone go hungry and let it be said that Charlie didn't lose much money by his generosity.

Conditions of life have changed a lot since that day when the road blew up. Better highways and transportation, better sanitation and communication. All of them make life easier but I can't see that people have improved to keep pace with the improved conditions. Maybe that's because it would be hard to improve on the old-time Westerner as I knew him.

"Bustin'" The Wild Ones

(Continued from page 25)

under his guidance. Many broncs, however, stayed salty and only half broke all their lives.

THE BRONC PEELER was generally a pretty good judge of horse flesh. If he noticed a better grade bronc—one that, in his judgment, might make a rope horse or a cutting horse—this one was kept back and given special attention.

For example, a bronc found to have a quiet disposition, to be heavily muscled, with good withers, and able to run was given a few more lessons and longer rides. It got him accustomed to a swinging rope, and the feel of balancing a man on his back. He was turned constantly to familiarize him with neck reining.

After the bronc was able to start, stop, run and rein in a fair way, the peeler would take him to the closest herd, uncoil his twine, build a loop, and tie it solid. Then he'd ride in among the cattle and select a big salty steer, chase him to give the horse the feel of following a single animal, and at the right time, the loop would go out and around the old steer's horns. The buckaroo then stepped off, and sat down to watch the fun.

That old steer would unravel his slack in a hurry, hit the end of his rope, and turn that surprised bronc end over tea kettle. The bronc would try to scramble to his feet. The steer would bawl and jerk him down again. But a smart horse learned quickly—and it wouldn't be long before that old hoss was on his feet and pointing his ears at the steer real interested-like—and holding him with a tight rope.

The broomtail's next lesson would be to learn to "ground tie." This was also quick and simple. The peeler just took the neck yoke off the chuckwagon, and looped the mecate reins through the ring at the center of the neck yoke.

This lesson required plenty of open space where the bronc could run. Once the neck yoke was secured, the peeler stepped back and threw the heavy yoke at the already scarred up nag, who was now going to get some more scars. When the neck yoke hit him, he took off like a dog with his tail on fire.

That bronc would sure tear up grass getting out of there, but that old neck yoke stayed right along with him. Suddenly one end of the yoke would catch on the ground and it'd jump and clobber him in the belly. The faster he'd run, the more the yoke would bang him. At a dead run he'd think there were at least sixteen neck yokes pounding him all at once.

If he were smart, he'd be slowing up inside of a hundred yards. For he would have noticed the slower he got, the less active the neck yoke was. Pretty soon he'd be standing still—watching. If the neck yoke moved just a little, he'd freeze. The bronc had learned, in a pretty rough way, if he didn't go anyplace, nothing would hurt him.

Now you could walk right up to him, untie the yoke, mount up and ride back, very sure in your mind that whatever waddy rode this horse, and got off miles from camp and threw his reins on the ground, wouldn't be left afoot. Because this bronc had been broke to "ground tie," and he would remember it the rest of his life.

Horses were cheap in those days, and were just one of the tools of a cowhand's trade. There used to be an old saying—you could always tell a cowhand, for he rode a "ten dollar horse, and a forty dollar saddle."

Today a good horse has a crown on his head and a high price tag. The old bronc stomper has disappeared and in his place is the trainer, who is very careful not to harm a hair on that sleek expensive hide.

But I'll take my hat off to that old-time bronc. And I'll take my hat off to the old-time bronc buster. He didn't have much "book larnin'" and he knew nothing about modern "training" methods. It was brute force against brute force, with no holds barred—but that bronc buster sure put the working cowhand on horseback.

Comanche Ambush

(Continued from page 15)

foes might do. Crawling cautiously from his hiding place he made it to the water and drank. When no shots of any kind came his way, John crawled back secure in his belief that sooner or later he would be rescued.

Bill had been swimming near the west side of the waterhole when the Indians started their attack and he heard the commotion on top of the creek bank. The boy climbed onto a large rock which jutted out over the water for a better view.

"What I saw made chills run up and down my backbone," he said. "A half dozen or so of them were sweeping the horses up the flat and out across the creek. Two of them were coming toward where my saddle horse was tied to a bush at the creek bed.

"I didn't know whether to cave in or go blind. I think I could've got away all right if I hadn't stopped to pick up

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my clothes. By that time it was too late. I jumped back and swam underwater across to the big rock. I laid there with only my nose sticking out."

Bill didn't get to pick up his clothes, but the Indians did it for him. They gathered up everything and hurried away with his horse. There was shooting and yelling, and the sound of horses running and cattle stampeding above them on the hill, so they didn't lose any time looking for Bill at the moment.

A few of them came back later when the noise died down. Bill could tell from their actions and gestures, as they gathered on the gravel bar where his horse had been tied, that they were puzzled as to what had become of him. They searched through the bushes and along the creek bank, but they did not come near him. It was apparent that they had not seen him dive back into the creek.

When the Indians left the creek bed, Bill could not see them anymore but he knew they were still around. The exchange of shots farther up the creek indicated they had someone cornered whom they couldn't get. Later in the evening when everything was quiet, Bill still didn't dare expose himself. He knew that Indians, when victorious in a fight, often hung around the scene for more than a half day, looking for spent arrows or any article that might have been dropped.

AFTER sundown, Bill ventured from his hiding place. It was a long way to the ranch and no way to get there except to walk. The rocks cut his bare feet and catclaw and mesquite thorns tore at his naked limbs, but he kept plodding along. It was past midnight before he caught sight of a light in the ranch house. Two of the men who had escaped had arrived an hour ahead of him. One was at that time out hunting horses so all hands could start out on the rescue mission. Like Bill, they had been forced to abandon their horses and hide in the brush until darkness. Unlike Bill, they had not lost their boots and clothes.

At the break of day a rescue party was at the scene of the fight. Bill had wanted to go with them but his mother forbade it. He had told them of the shooting he had heard up the creek and one of the men swam his horse across the waterhole and found John alive but unconscious.

They found Nat Guest lying on the road that ran between Coleman and Fort Concho. He had a bad wound in his hip but, with the aid of a tree fork as a crutch, had made it to the road hoping that some traveler would come along. The other missing man was found alive, but with a broken leg. The bodies of the three slain men were recovered and buried on a high point overlooking the Flat Top Ranch. It was never known how many Indians were killed that day. The Comanches always took care of their own dead when it was possible to do so.

The Negro cook got off better and salvaged more than anyone else. When the shooting started and he realized what was going on, he acted hurriedly. Unhobbling the four mules of his work team, he mounted one bareback and drove the others before him for more than a mile. Then he took off cross country for Coleman twenty miles away.

"I didn't spare that mule a bit," he grinned as he told about it afterward. "My bottom and the inside of my legs was rubbed raw by sweat from the mule, but that was better than having my head raw because my scalp had been lifted." The Indians found the wagon and destroyed everything they couldn't take with them. Rich Coffey recovered the four mules.

A messenger was sent immediately to Fort Concho to notify the post commander of the raid. A detachment of cavalry responded and, in their slow and methodical way, took up the trail. They moved a little faster than the Indians could drive the cattle. In the rough brakes of the Buffalo Gap Mountains, the Indians displayed their skill as cattle thieves. It appeared that they had split the herd into several small bunches and mixed their tracks with those of buffaloes and local cattle in the region in such a manner that the many trails seemed to lead nowhere.

Over Rich Coffey's protest, the lieutenant gave up and abandoned the chase. Coffey argued that they were undoubtedly heading in the general direction of their reservation in Indian Territory; that sooner or later they would have to expose themselves in the open plains country; that in time the cattle would be rebunched and that by keeping pursuit they could make contact with them in the open country and recover a part of the cattle, at least.

The lieutenant replied that he would be exceeding his orders in the first place, and that he did not have sufficient provisions and ammunition for an extended expedition of that kind, and that was all. It was later learned that the Indians continued unmolested and, after arriving on their reservation, all trace of the cattle and horses disappeared.

THE COMANCHES were wards of the United States Government, quartered on their reservation in Indian Territory. Rich Coffey filed a claim to recover for his loss. Eventually, the portion covering the saddle horses was allowed, but long after Rich Coffey had passed away, and the claim for loss of cattle was rejected. No one seemed to know why the distinction was made between the horses and cattle.

Both John and Bill Coffey lived out a normal life expectancy. They both married and reared families. Of the Bill Coffey family, none are living. Only a daughter survives from the John Coffey branch. When John married, he moved to Kimble County where he engaged in ranching; Bill remained on the old homestead on the Colorado. The loss of the large herd of cattle on Elm Creek was not the only one sustained by the Coffeys. One almost as devasting came later. While it was much less in numbers it hurt nearly as badly because of their reduced circumstances.

"On the following Christmas Day we stood helpless on the hill at our home overlooking the Concho Valley and watched a large band of Indians drive away our few remaining cattle—including milch cows," Bill said.

While the Coffey family never became wealthy, they attained a comfortable and respectable status. Due to a great deal of courage and perseverance, Rich Coffey managed to save most of the land he had bargained for and, most important of all, he saved his good name by meeting all financial obligations.

His son, Bill, was a large man, with a heart that matched his 260-pound and 6' 2" stature. His cheerful philosophy and tolerant outlook on life is seldom equalled and never surpassed. Bill never voiced hatred for Indians in gen-

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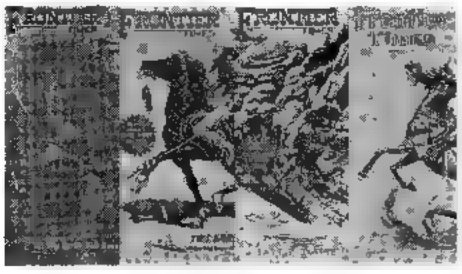

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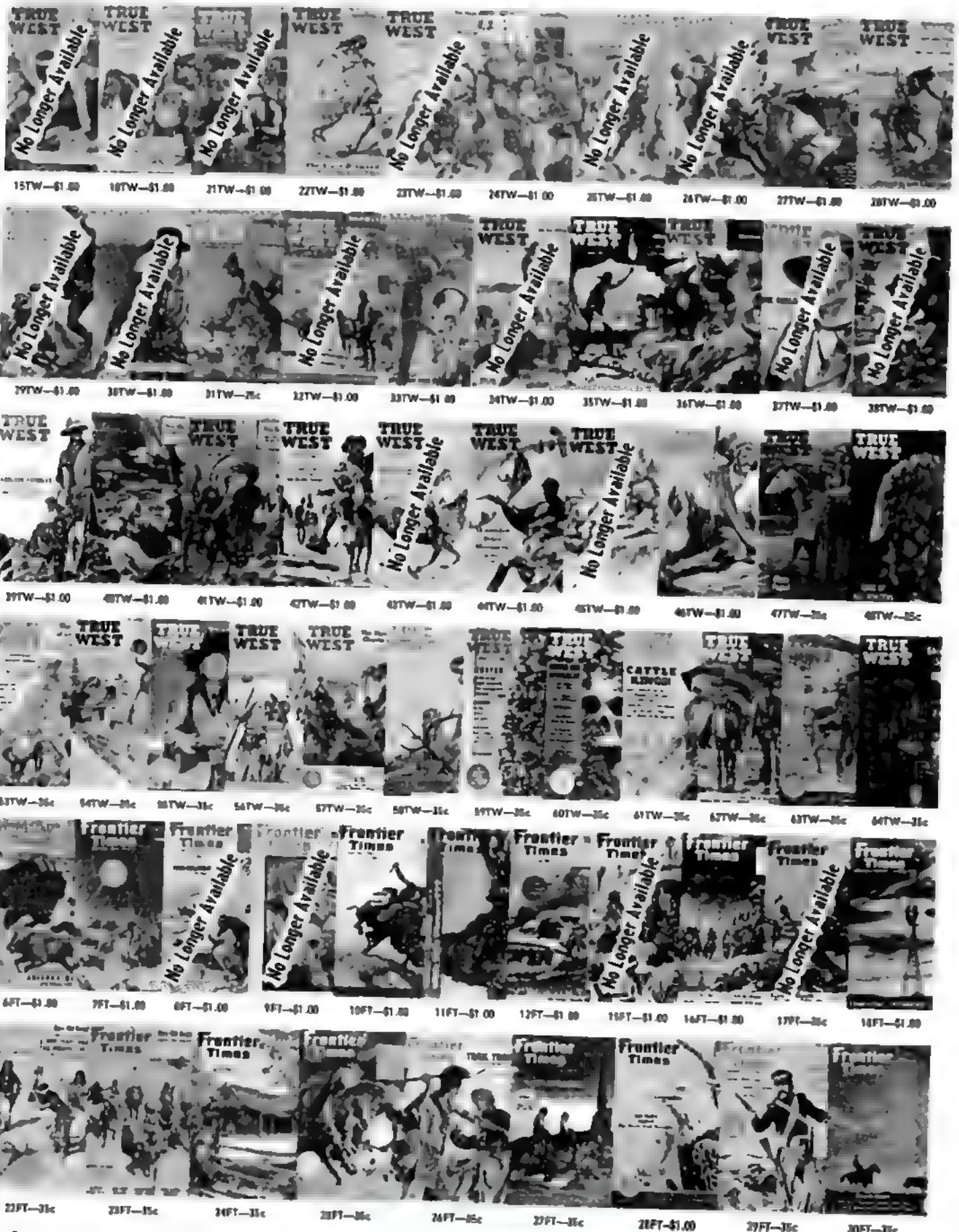

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eral as most any other person would have done under similiar circumstances. He felt no bitterness against the Government because the family's claim was rejected. There was no hint of self pity in words or tone of voice when he told of the hardships the family endured after what to them was a disastrous loss.

He did say, however, "It made me mad as hell to think about some damned buck Indian kid strutting around in my new boots that Pa had bought for me to wear on that trip."

Editor's note: Mr. Gann has given his permission for us to add a little story that ran back in the September, 1926, FRONTIER TIMES written by an Easterner who had once spent an exciting night at the Coffey ranch house and who hoped that some of the family might still be living and contact him.

RICH COFFEY, EARLY DAY RANCHMAN

By Col. Lewis Ginger

IN 1873, *the New York Clipper* had a story of the Lew Ginger Pioneer Minstrels at Fort Concho in western Texas, one of the military posts forming a line from western Nebraska through Kansas, the Indian Territory (now Oklahoma), and through Texas to the Rio Grande. These forts guarded the frontier settlements from the hostile Indians of which, it was estimated, there were (in the country adjacent to those posts) over 150,000 warriors of the Cheyenne, Kiowa, Apache, Comanche, Arapaho and other less prominent tribes.

As I am the man who organized the Pioneer Minstrels which made a tour of the posts playing to the soldiers, over half a century ago, I will relate an incident of the remarkable trip. On our way to Fort Concho, which was 150 miles beyond any civilization, we stopped at the Coffey Ranch, at the mouth of the Concho where it entered the Rio Colorado. This was a cattle ranch started several years before our advent into the country by "Uncle Rich," and four or five of his stalwart sons. They had many a brush with the savages but always beat them off, as the ranch buildings were heavily stockaded on all sides. The Colorado River was heavily wooded and abounded in game such as deer, wild turkey, and occasionally panther and black bear. We were invited to stay a few days at the ranch and hunt and fish, which we were glad to do, and we enjoyed it immensely.

Uncle Rich and I became great friends. One evening he said, "Son, sposen we take our fishing tackle and go up the river a little ways, where I know a fine place for channel cat. They bite fine when it's moonlight."

From our supply of "anti-snake bite remedy," i.e. a demijohn of brandy, I took a half-pint bottle, and Uncle Rich cut several pieces of fresh beef to use as bait. About eight o'clock we started up the river, and had walked a half mile when Uncle Rich said, "Here, Son, is a fine deep hole where we can git all we want in no time."

Before commencing operations Uncle Rich took a good pull from the bottle; then, fixing the poles and lines and baiting the hooks, it was not long before we were landing some fine channel catfish. I was anxious to hear Uncle Rich tell of some of his skirmishes with the red men, and so prevailed upon him to sample the brandy again, which he did. He told me of his starting the ranch with a few hundred cattle and, with the aid of his sons, the herd soon doubled in numbers. He was in the midst of telling me of his first encounter with a raiding band of Comanches, when he stopped suddenly and listened.

An owl hooted some little distance up the river on the same side we were on. It was answered by another on the opposite side.

Uncle Rich said, "Son, did you hear them?"

I said, "Do you mean the owls?"

"Son, them's no owls. They're Injuns. Let's skedaddle."

We had quite a string of fish staked to the bank and I said that I would get the fish.

He advised me, "To h— with the fish. Come on, we've got to get out o' here!"

BY THIS time there were more hoots on both sides of the river—none below us on our side, but below on the opposite side we heard one or two. It was a bright moonlight night and we were making good time for the ranch, with Uncle Rich in the lead.

About a quarter of a mile from the ranch we had to run through an open space where there were no trees and the moon made it almost as light as day. The river here was not very wide and an arrow came whizzing through between Uncle Rich and me.

We soon reached the ranch and everybody got ready to give the redskins a reception. It was not long before some thirty Indians appeared at the mouth of the Concho on the opposite side of the Colorado from the ranch. They made no hostile demonstrations, but danced and shouted for a little while, then disappeared.

Uncle Rich said that it was only a little thieving party out for stealing horses. "All the same," said he, "if they had cotched us, Son, they would have made a nice bonfire to roast you and me in."

Uncle Rich Coffey was a typical western ranchman, honest and generous and was well known throughout that country. There may be one or more of his splendid sons yet living, though he would be an old man by now. If so and he should see this story, I wish he would write to me. My address is the Keswick Hotel, 312 South Flower Street, Los Angeles, California.

Here's What We Want!

(Continued from page 3)

and names closely enough that they fit into a pattern and will give a good idea as to whether the man is telling "stories" or is relating actual facts as he remembers them.

I'll never forget my talks with old-timers who have passed on since we started TRUE WEST. In essence, they told me, "The farther away from the old days you get, the harder it is going to be for people to believe what actually happened." This is true even today. It is almost impossible to put a soft white-collar worker—or a "regular American" (if there is any such thing)—into some of the situations described in "Nine Years Among The Indians" or in "The White Red Man." It simply isn't our way of life now and it is hard to believe that times were ever really that way—especially after we have read and seen so much of the "regular Western" fiction.

Here, again, is our pledge: We started out to *tell the truth* about the Old West. It is a hard thing to do—almost an

impossible thing to do—but we are doing our very damndest. When an event occurred 100 years ago, for instance, it is quite a job to get *everything* exactly as it happened. However, you can be assured that we are giving you true material to the very last ounce of our dead-level best!

I know we are asking for it—we'll probably get snowed under with ideas, propositions, wild plans, etc., that we can't possibly use. But along with them, I am hoping, will come at least a few stories, or leads, that will enable us to preserve the old days, give a little clearer insight into the frontier character and his way of life, preserve a little more interesting history than would have been preserved, had I not written this little piece. If it does nothing whatsoever but get you folks who say, "I'm no writer!" to "put down some things on paper," I will have accomplished something.

If the facts are right, if the story is interesting, you can be sure it will get close attention. If it is wrong for us, then, of course, we will have to send it back with a "thank you and no hard feelings." Even so, this type thing always has value, if not to us, perhaps to your local library, state historical society, a county library or historical society, any number of sources. Just because we think something would not interest a world-wide audience is no reason why it would not be of great value locally.

Again, use "The White Red Man" as an example—we'll buy every one you submit that, in our estimation, is as good!

See you later.—Joe.

Where The Rain Gods Live

(Continued from page 13)

Wolf Robes. Hugh did not want to be outdone by his sister—he had to climb Ka-tsema. And plucky Glenal, wishing to explore the top again, went with him.

Hugh took a camera along—tied to a rope, just in case it was dropped. After a grueling, barefooted climb, they reached the top. But this time shoes were tied around their waists so they could wear them while walking over the rocky surface of the mesa. Pictures were taken of the ascent and from the top looking straight down, and others out across at Acoma and to other points of the compass.

Mr. Davis says, in his opinion, Katsema was not the former home of the Acomas. They did find an old rock shrine on the summit, but he thinks the Indians placed the "ladders" in the walls, and cut the footholds, so that they might climb to the top and pray to the Rain Gods, and also to watch for the Spaniards who followed Coronado into this country. Hugh contends that if the Acomas ever had made their home on Ka-tsema, it must have been in the very distant past, as they found no evidences of dwellings and no artifacts.

When Wolf Robe was asked to think of himself as an Indian of long ago—a member of some other tribe who had journeyed to Acoma and had seen this City In The Sky for the first time—he was silent for some moments, then said, "Maybe I was a Zuni. One summer day I had come to the edge of the bluff west of Acoma and looked across the valley. Sunset would have been a good time. Acoma is very beautiful then. What would I say?"

He then spoke the words that began this story—"The Rain Gods must live up there."

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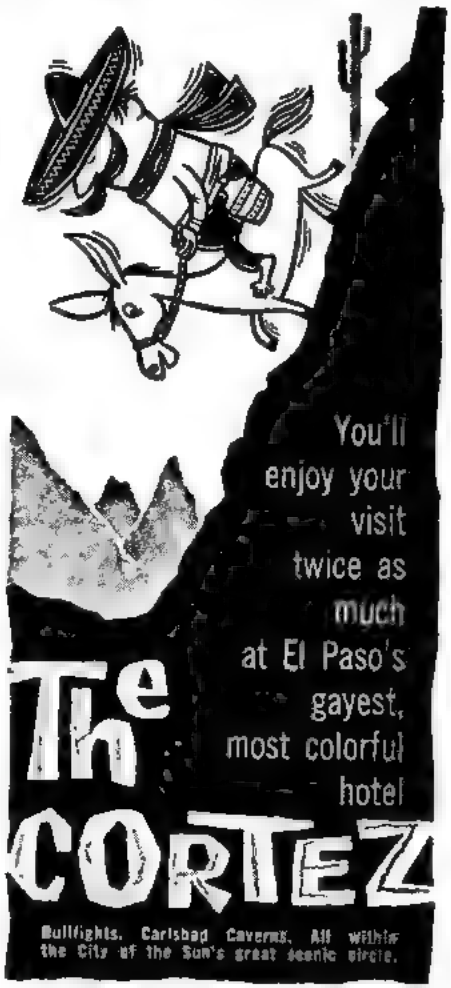
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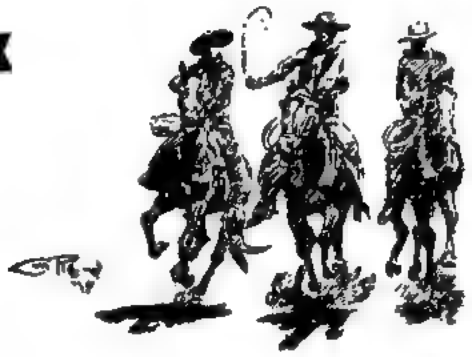
By The Old Bookaroos



RAILS TO DEADWOOD

An inclusive new album, *Railroads of the Black Hills (Superior, $12.50)*, covers the history of railroads that served Black Hills mining and ranching trade and carried passengers to Deadwood where Wild Bill Hickok was backshot in a poker game and Calamity Jane spent her last days. Written by a capable researcher, Mildred Fielder, who grew up in the Black Hills, the book covers the salient pioneering phases of Black Hills railroading including construction, floods, wrecks and excursions. The numerous rare photographs and maps record a phase of railroading that teenagers have never seen. Many of the illustrations are selections from glass plate photographs taken by famous western photographer and artist, William H. Jackson.

MEDICINE MAN

Hosteen Klah (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95) by Franc Johnson Newcomb, is a biography of a famous Navajo sand painter, herb doctor and religious chanter who took to the grave many Navajo prayers and rituals. We have seen Hosteen Klah's magnificent sand paintings at a "sick sing" held for one of his ailing tribesmen. The sand painting is an extraordinary form of American Indian art and handsome replicas of them on tapestries are shown in this book.

The Newcomb family operated an Indian trading post for 25 years and during this period learned to know and also value a warm friendship with the gentle and wise Navajo medicineman, Hosteen Klah. Mrs. Newcomb's book reveals much about the brutal reciprocal raids made between the fleet Navajo cavalrymen and Mexican rancheros. She recounts stories of some who made the dreary Long Walk when Kit Carson, with the U. S. Army, rounded up the Navajos and walked them to a prison camp at Bosque Redondo on the Pecos River. There are exciting revelations about Hosteen's youth as a shepherd, his apprenticeship as a medicine man and finally his emergence as the greatest of all Navajo religious leaders. *Hosteen Klah* is Volume 73, of the University of Oklahoma Press —The Civilization of the American Indian Series.

MORE GHOST TOWNS

Western Ghost Town Shadows (Superior, $12.50) is the fourth in the Western Ghost Town Series by Lambert Florin. It is doubted that AAA or any other tour guide service routed author Florin from his hometown at Portland, Oregon, south to Kings Valley, Oregon, and Whiskeytown, California; then east to Rawhide, Nevada, and south again to Crown King and Bumble Bee, Arizona; southeast to Shakespeare, New Mexico, and then north to Shavano, Colorado, Opal, Wyoming and Pony, Montana; and westward to home base. This reviewer does not suggest that the author made this trip but he did visit all these ghost or near-ghost towns and many more and he has the pictures to prove it. In this book, he invades Yukon Territory for the first time and the pictures and story of the Klondike Gold Rush and of the ghosts it left add a new chapter to our history of Western ghost towns. The text of *Shadows* seems particularly meaty and the usual excellent job of photography makes this a worthy successor to the three previous volumes. Recommended.

LEFT BEHIND

When the Five Civilized Tribes of southern United States were settled in Indian Territory, now Oklahoma, only part of the Choctaw Tribe made the transfer. *Children of Nanih Waiya* (Naylor, $3.95) by Thelma V. Bounds is a comprehensive study of that part of the Choctaw Tribe that remained in the Mississippi homeland. The U. S. Government promised these Indians a sizable reservation but failed to prevent white settlers from squatting on their land. The book describes the disappointing land distribution decisions by dilatory U. S. courts. Students of Indian history will enjoy the excellent detail about social customs, modes of dress, tribal customs, religion and superstitions. But the Choctaw's mode of life is changing due to modern education and training programs. They wear modern clothes; they've forgotten tribal customs, and are being absorbed into the mainstream of present-day American life.

A TIP TO RANGE COLLECTORS

'Tis seldom that The Old Bookaroos mention a book in their column that is not sent them for review. An occasional volume published outside the regular trade seems to merit calling to the attention of certain collectors who have assured us that they depend on the column to guide their buying. *Last Grass Frontier* by Bob Lee and Dick Williams was sponsored by the South Dakota Stock Growers Association with headquarters at Rapid City, South Dakota. It was printed by the Black Hill Publishers at Sturgis, and the price seems to be $7.00. Since this is only a tip to the dedicated cowboy and cattle collectors, suffice it to say that this big volume of 456 pages is loaded with the history of South Dakota cowmen and their Association.

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Mexican Hanging Affair

(Continued from page 27)

soon as the doctor arrived, Irvin wasted no time in returning to Baird.

When he pulled up in front of the jail, a crowd of angry men, coming out of the place and seeing him in the buggy, came storming over demanding to know where he'd taken Vargas.

Tom Irvin didn't bat an eye. He stood his ground until they had quieted down a bit, then announced that there was going to be a trial, not a lynching. The prisoner was out of the county and would stay out until things settled down.

Finally he was able to convince them that under no circumstances would the murderer fail to get his just due. His calm determination, plus the fact that his deputies backed him up, shortened the life of the mob, and Irvin was able to sleep more or less in peace that night.

DALLAS SCARBOROUGH, a young lawyer who just a short time before had established an office in Abilene, was appointed by the court to serve as Vargas' counsel. This man, who later became quite well known as a criminal lawyer in the state, faced his first case knowing full well that his client would be convicted.

He had hoped to prove his man not guilty by reason of insanity, but as he went over the facts of the case with Vargas, he realized that the boy had killed the girl in order to keep her from marrying someone else.

Also, Alberto repeated over and over again that he wanted to follow Emma, he wanted to die, and he only hoped that the court would not make him wait too long. He didn't want prison, but death.

The young lawyer and the young Latin appeared before the Grand Jury in Baird at the beginning of the November term of court. Scarborough entered a plea of "not guilty" and in short order was informed of Vargas' indictment for murder by W. M. Coffman, foreman of the jury. The trial was scheduled for November 20.

On the nineteenth an application for a change of venue was filed by W. E. Morgan and W. H. Griffin of Clyde, who felt that there was too much prejudice in Callahan County and that the trial should be held elsewhere.

This motion was quickly denied according to the records in which Tom Irvin stated:

"The City of Clyde is located and situated within six miles of the west line of Callahan County and there are within Callahan County between 1,500 and 2,000 qualified jurors that said compurgators have not sufficient means of knowing and do not know the feeling and sentiment of the great body of citizenship of said county. There does not exist in said Callahan County so great a prejudice against the said Alberto Vargas that he cannot obtain a fair and impartial trial of his cause in said County."

How this could have been possible—that there could be found in the county twelve men who had formed no opinion concerning the case—must have been hard for an outsider to believe, since the murder had been the main topic of conversation anytime two men got together from the day it happened.

On the morning of the twentieth, the halls of the courthouse and the district courtroom itself were overflowing with spectators who had come to see the Mexican who had murdered a "white woman" in cold blood.

(Continued on page 72)

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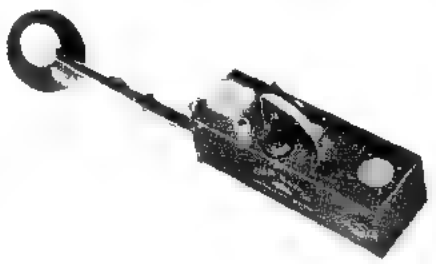

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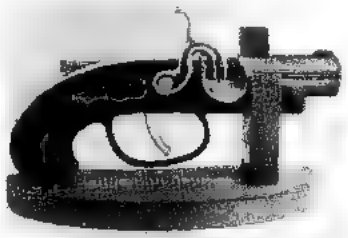

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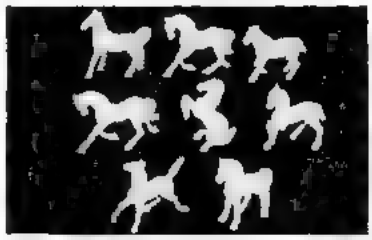

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Saint In A Frontier Saloon

(Continued from page 21)

about the saloon other than to see that it was operated according to his rules. The Capitol was far and away the best saloon in town, a businessmen's saloon, and he aimed to keep it that way. For a frontier town it was elegant and discriminating. The solid mahogany bar, plate glass mirrors, original oils and watercolor paintings by Russell and other western artists then in their ascendancy, the size of the stakes at the gaming tables in the rear, and the over-all refined atmosphere of the establishment, acted as a deterrent to the rougher element. Dude ranches were beginning to flourish in northern Wyoming and Thad catered to their sophisticated guests. He was made to order for the job.

A striking figure of a man—tall, fifty-ish, a little on the portly side, neatly trimmed snow-white hair, steel-blue eyes, ruddy complexion, a slight smile always lurking about his lips, he commanded a second look from those who saw him for the first time. Thad's tailored western garb was emulated by many who could afford it, particularly the guests at the dude ranches whose first question was usually, "Who's your tailor?" But Thad's dress and manners belied his back ground.

BORN in 1860, he had grown to manhood on an isolated ranch in southern Wyoming where his father had amassed a considerable fortune raising beef for the army and trading with the immigrants of the covered wagon trains heil-bent for California and Oregon. Cheyenne, a thriving village at the time, was the nearest trading center and Fort D. A. Russell, the army post. Business, according to Thad, was brisk for all three, the troops at Fort Russell, the business people in Cheyenne, and for Thad's father who found more gold on the hoof than most immigrants found in the gold fields.

After the gold rush petered out and the Indians were confined to Reservations, the Cole spread continued to snowball of its own momentum. Thad, an only child, fell heir to it all when, in the winter of '98, both his parents died of pneumonia during a prolonged blizzard. Then in his late thirties, unmarried and alone, life on the ranch palled. He sold out to some Texas cattlemen for cash and went to Sheridan—not for the excitement for which the town was noted, but to seek investment for his funds.

The owner of the Capitol Saloon had recently died and Thad bought it from the heirs. And it was in front of that saloon I first met Thad Cole when he stopped me, a scrawny, freckled-face boy of eleven, and asked me my name.

And this was the man who had been my benefactor for eight mysterious years. How could I thank him?

"Thanks? Hell, I haven't given you anything," he said gruffly, "it's an investment. You just get yourself an education—and stop blubbering!"

My best thanks were expressed some five years later when out of my marriage a son was born. We named him Cole. Thad was immensely pleased. And the birth of his namesake came just in time, for six months later Thad was dead. I like to think that his heart was just too big for its rib cage for, after his funeral, the full measure of the man was revealed.

A small personal journal, found among his effects, revealed that I had been but one of a dozen or more boys Thad had secretly helped in similar manner, his philanthropies spanning more than twenty years.

Most revealing of all was the library found in his bachelor quarters directly over his saloon. Aside from a few western novels, his library consisted only of the Holy Bible, *Ben Hur* and *Les Miserables*, all well read and with many marginal notes. A bookmark in the Bible caused it to fall open at the Book of Matthew where, in Chapter 9, Verse 30, Christ's words, "See that no man know it," were underlined.

May my own son Cole, and my grandson, Thad Cole Rivers, ever honor and emulate the good works of the saint in a frontier saloon for whom they're both named.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

The structure of the chest, the corroded condition of the coins, and the location in which they were found, leads me to believe that the gentlemen have found a treasure. May I suggest that they look a little deeper, a little farther in the area. If the coins are Holey Dollars, there is the possibility that their centres may be secreted nearby. So, Mr. Luna and Mr. Ruppel, stick to your convictions. Somehow I feel your treasure is valuable, if not monetarily, by all means historically. —Mrs. Ralph Nielsen, 8349 Louise Drive, Tucson, Arizona.

Dear Sir:

I read "Abandoned—1892" by Jessie Peterson in TRUE WEST and decided to poke around the crumbling walls of old Fort Selden. About seventy-five yards from the rear of the fort, where the water runs off, my wife found handfuls of old square-forged nails, plus several old metal buttons. More important, she found an 1843 U. S. minted penny with a dent in it made by a bullet. The coin was badly corroded, had a small hole at the top, and apparently had been worn around someone's neck as a good luck charm.

All in all, it was an interesting find and well worth the few hours we spent hunting. It all proves that no matter how many people have looked before, there is always something to be found.—Dave Wilkinson, 6458C Bradshaw, Fort Bliss, Texas.

Dear Sir:

After reading the article on Sibley stoves, I am sure I have one. And I will sell it. It was given to my father by an old Civil War veteran who was also a buffalo hunter. He stayed with us for years.

The stove is rusty but in good shape for its age. If you know of someone interested, you can get in touch with me by mail. I live twenty miles southeast of Ekalaka on the Alzada Road. Everyone knows me in Ekalaka, and I have a Sibley stove for sure.—Sherrill Farwell, Ekalaka, Montana.

Dear Sirs:

My wife and I move around so much we do not subscribe to your magazines but we never fail to pick them up on the newsstand. We both enjoy them very much.

Regarding the article on Sibley stoves, anyone who actually used one would never care to have one, even as an antique, unless he needed an object to cuss whenever he felt like cussing something. When I was in the Philippines in 1914, we used Sibley tents with the iron tripod and short

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center pole. We had no use for heat, as that was free!

When I was in the Army, stationed in El Paso, during the winter of 1916-17 we lived in tents—square shaped with wooden frames. A box of sand was placed in the center of the floor and the Sibley sat in the middle of it with the smokepipe straight up through the center of the tent.

The door was rather small, and wood (mostly mesquite roots) had to be chopped accordingly. Coal could be burned if available, and the only way was to try to find it along the railroad tracks at night. It was worth being shot at.

The little gem itself had a coarse screen, called a spark arrester which fitted the top of the smokepipe. Without it, the sparks would go up, then right down through the tent making a neat round hole. If the spark was extra large, the tent burned down. We had a choice of being strangled with smoke if the arrester was on, or taking it off, which was a court martial offense, or allowing the fire to go out and freezing. We finally solved the problem by taking turns getting up, going outside and throwing rocks at the arrester until enough soot had been knocked out to let the smoke out. A repeat performance was required every few hours.

I was happy to hear the inventor was never paid, and I think the ones who refused payment must have had, at one time, to use one of the stoves. Best of luck with the magazine—don't change it—it is very interesting as is.—A. J. Quinn, Star Route, Box 63, Lawton, Oklahoma.

We have had so many letters about the Sibley that it's been hard to answer all of them. Some have said, "What do you mean—old? What do you mean—hard to find?" so we've asked Les Beitz to write an explanatory paragraph for those of you who remember this trail blazer of a heatin' contraption.

"Collectors are sometimes confused in distinguishing the genuine 1857 model Sibley stove from a later-day version of identical design. The difference, as in most hand-fashioned pieces of craftsmanship, is simply the irregular and sometimes crude shaping of the component parts.

"The original Sibley stove was entirely handmade. The riveting of the back seam reveals each rivet to be individually crafted and the fire door assembly is similarly irregular and varied. The machine manufactured units of later date are almost perfect in their uniformity. Many of them are of welded construction. Collectors are referred to the authoritative volume *Civil War Collector's Encyclopedia* for more information on this unique military-frontier relic."

End of a Landmark

Gentlemen:

In your issue of August, 1964 TRUE WEST magazine on page 21 is a picture of the World's Fair, Portland, Oregon, 1905. Today, everything in that picture is gone, including the water, filled in and all built up with business warehouses. A few years after the Fair, hobos set the main building on fire and my present employee, then a small boy, watched it burn from an upstairs window, directly looking across into the picture.

The present location of my saddle tree factory is just off the picture in lower right hand corner. It was started in 1895 and has had several owners.—P. Q. (Port) Ritter, 2654-NW 25th Place, Portland, Oregon.

Half the Fun Is Catching Us!

Gentlemen:

Regarding "Lookout Lynching" in the April issue, the names of the people lynched were not Brown but Calvin Hall and his two sons, Frank and Jim, one other man, and a boy about eighteen or nineteen years of age (I do not recall their names)..

I believe that the only proper name in the article was John E. Raker and he was the attorney for the defendants, not for the people.—L. N. Lorenzen, P. O. Box 252, Mount Shasta, California.

Dear Sir:

The head of the family that was lynched was Calvin Hall. He is remembered for raising vegetables and hay. He and his Indian wife (not a half-breed) had three boys—Frank, Jim and the thirteen-year-old whose name is not remembered—and a girl. The mother did not die in 1900; Old Mary lived on for years, working for various families around Alturas. The fifth man to be hanged was a renegade named Dan Yantes.—Hector H. Lee, Sonoma State College, Rohnert Park, California.

Dear Sirs:

When you had finished your first ten years and published your anniversary issue, I meant to write you that they have been great—at least on this end—but a little rough on your end, I understand. Well, feel proud of a job well done. As a postman working for our mutual "Uncle," I come in close contact with people every day of the week and know what the sound "quack" means. Let me assure you that you will never change people, and so long as you are behind that desk you will keep hearing that quacking.

Most of the mistakes I have found are no fault of yours—as an example, Mr. Ballard's article "Soule's Indians"—his comments in regard to the hat of Tah-Po-Me #7, in particular. The Plug Hat is, in fact, an army dress hat which was introduced by General Orders #13 dated August 15, 1855, and I note it even has the regulation feather plume. The hat was replaced sometime in 1875. The bugle or horn is an infantry device and not cavalry. The horn was replaced by crossed rifle for infantry by General Orders #96 dated November 19, 1875.

In regard to Kittie Dale's article—Tom Daly is not shown in a Civil War uniform. It is his G.A.R. If it were not for the fact that I have spent half of my life researching and collecting military articles, I would not have said a word, but hate to see my efforts in vain! Now you see, I didn't blame you for a thing. I hope the next ten years will bring you health, riches and fame.—Joseph L. Schornak, 1846 Phillips, Berkley, Michigan.

Thanks, Joe! It's impossible to get 60,000 words together without some mistakes—but we clear them up in this department with the help of our readers. We make mistakes of our own and then there are those captions on photos from responsible sources that are wrong—and no human on earth could catch all of them! Thanks for writing in.

A Heartbreaker

Hello, Pat:

I never miss reading one of your TRUE WEST or FRONTIER TIMES magazines, but that is not why I'm writing you. The reason is this:

Many years ago when I was a small boy living on a farm in Arkansas it was rumored that the house we lived in was

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once owned by a very rich man and that he never used a bank for his money. Supposedly he buried it somewhere around the house. One summer our well went dry and we had to dig another one, about twenty feet from the old well and about thirty feet from the old house.

Now, here's what bugs me. At about five or six feet, we struck something hard. We at first thought it was a rock, but when we finally got it up on top, it was an old iron pot and it was filled near the top with lead—or it was believed at that time to be lead. But if it was lead, why bury it? And if it was silver, why melt it? We never did think of the fact that only the top might have been lead. It might have been filled with coins, with melted lead poured over the top to seal it. Anyway, I can remember the old pot being around for several years. We used it for a barn doorstop.

What do you think? I wonder if it could be found again? The house or barn no longer stand.—Mel Jones, 1418 South Main Street, Rockford, Illinois.

Well, Mel, one of the things we think is that our Arkansas readers are sure going to be wishing that you had given the location of that farm and that there is likely to be a re-evaluation of old cast-off pots all over the state!

Mexican Hanging Affair

(Continued from page 67)

Judge J. H. Calhoun called the court to order; the state and defense attorneys made opening remarks, and the 250 men who had been summoned for jury duty were questioned briefly in turn. G. W. Russell, W. A. Ramsey, John Sembritzski, G. T. Howell, M. O. Metcalf, J. M. McCanlis, M. A. Reynolds, Louie Neeb, Pete Fulcher, T. F. Wolfe, W. H. Oliver and S. C. Eldridge, who would serve as foreman, were chosen.

THIRTY-FIVE witnesses, most of whom had been in the dining room at the time of the murder were called, as well as Jailer L. L. Peevy, District Clerk W. J. Young, E. M. Overshiner, and a Doctor Grizzard from Taylor County. G. E. Beford, the sheriff from Eastland County who was later to lose his life in the Santa Claus Bank robbery there some years later, was also summoned to testify.

The only recorded statement that Vargas made during the trial was in answer to a question concerning his age. None of the witnesses' testimony was recorded verbatim, and the proceedings must have been quite brief because before the afternoon was over, the jury had its instructions from the judge and had retired to consider the verdict.

A short time later, S. E. Eldridge notified the deputy that the jury was ready to return to the courtroom.

The Fort Worth *Record* of November 21, 1906, reported that "There was an indescribable feeling among the large crowd as the statements of the condemned man were listened to, and the evident sincerity with which he talked was somewhat of a surprise. The only change apparent in Vargas is the effect of his illness, resulting from his self-inflicted wounds, and since his trial began he has moved as if fearing he would aggravate the injuries that only recently healed.

"His attorney has made no announcement on the case but the possibilities are that there will be no appeal and the execution will be in about thirty days. The desire of Vargas to be hanged will most likely prevent further procedure in the case. The courtroom was crowded during the trial but no unusual demonstrations were made or threatened. The people were informed at the time of the murder that Vargas would be given as speedy a trial as possible, and they believed the promises of the authorities and all are satisfied with the results of the trial, even Vargas himself."

Thus the twelve good men and true of the county had by their verdict given Vargas what he desired. He was turned over to the sheriff and removed to the jail next door where he stayed until he returned to the court room five days later to learn, "It is the order of the court that the defendant, Alberto Vargas, who has been adjudged to be guilty of murder in the first degree and whose punishment has been assessed by the verdict of the jury at death, shall on Friday, the fourth day of January, 1907, in Callahan County, Texas, at the county jail of said county, between the hours of 11 o'clock A.M. and sunset of said day be by the sheriff of Callahan County hung by the neck until he is dead."

When the prisoner heard the sentence setting the date of his death, it was as though a weight had been lifted from his shoulders. He suddenly seemed straighter and there was an air of peace about him as he shook the hand of Scarborough, and returned to his cell.

The jailer's wife had much compassion for the boy. She would chat with him when she brought up his meals; a little comfort, she felt, would do him no harm and a woman's presence might make the wait easier.

One day he asked her for a pencil and paper. Vargas then drew a lifelike portrait of the girl he had killed, and this he kept in the cell with him until the morning of his execution. His last request was that it be given to the woman who had been so kind to him while he was awaiting death.

A gallows was erected due north of the old courthouse approximately where the front steps of the present building now stand. According to law, the execution was to have been held within the walls of the jail, the sheriff being so notified in Vargas' death warrant which was delivered to him on December 14. But later Irvin stated that "this was impossible because the county jail of said county is not so constructed that a gallows could have been erected within."

This was rather a strange pronouncement for the sheriff to have made since the hanging could well have taken place within the confines of the jail; but probably feeling in the county was so high concerning this affair that in order to prove to one and all that Vargas would get his just due, Irvin decided to build the gallows on the courthouse lawn.

Vargas' last hours on January 4 were spent saying goodbye to the jailer's wife and his lawyer, and finally in conversation with the priest who had come from Clyde to give his solace and to accompany Vargas on his journey to the gallows.

Shortly after 11 o'clock, Irvin came into the cell and told the boy to put out his hands for the handcuffs to be adjusted. The shiny newness of the metal was in distinct contrast to the faded cotton jacket, colored shirt, dark tie and cotton pants that were the Mexican's costume in the last moments of his life.

The prisoner, the priest and the sheriff then went downstairs and out the front door of the jail where they were joined by several deputies and five "freeholders of the county" who had been chosen by the sheriff to witness the execution. J. M. Bryant, C. E. Barr, Z. T. Webb, L. D. Montgomery, and T. J. Harris fell in line and made their way through the crowd of more than 5,000 people who had gathered to watch the proceedings.

When they reached the hanging place, Vargas' attorney also joined the procession as they mounted the steps and grouped themselves in a semi-circle on the planked floor in front of the gallows.

Tom Irvin stepped forward, and in a loud and unemotional voice read the sentence; he then turned to Vargas and asked if he had any last words to say.

Without hesitation, the handcuffed boy stepped forward and calmly waited until the throng of people below him had quieted. He was prepared for his fate, he stated simply; he knew he had sinned and he welcomed the penalty. He waited only for death to claim him so that at last he and Emma might be reunited.

A SHOCKED MURMUR rose from the crowd as the boy turned his back to them and walked the few steps to the rope that awaited him.

One of the deputies turned him around, bound his arms and legs with rope, placed a black hood over his head, and secured it. The men in the semi-circle turned their backs to the crowd obscuring its view. This brought some cries of indignation from those who did not want to be denied the right to see the Mexican go through the trap. Irvin went to the side of the gallows, while another deputy placed the knotted loop of hemp around Alberto's neck and pulled it taut.

Suddenly the rope stiffened, the trapdoor was sprung, and the five witnesses quickly left the platform for the room below. They waited until the form was limp, then took turns checking for pulse and heartbeat, and pronounced him dead.

Sheriff Tom Irvin dropped the rope when he received the message on the platform, took a deep breath, and left to join the freeholders below.

The wagon containing a crude pine coffin pulled up as Irvin reached the door. His deputies made way for him to enter the room, after which they took the coffin from the wagon and brought it in. What remained of the once impassioned boy was cut down and placed inside.

As soon as the last nail had been hammered into the pine box, the deputies picked it up, placed it on the bed of the wagon, retrieved their rifles, climbed into the wagon, and took seats on the coffin. Irvin got up front with the driver and gave him the signal to start to the burial ground.

Only half of Alberto Vargas' wish had been granted—that he die. Burial near Emma was, of course, denied him. She was buried at Eagle Cove; his lonely unmarked grave is somewhere in or near the Ross Cemetery outside Baird, Texas.

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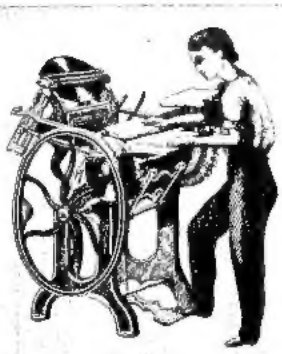

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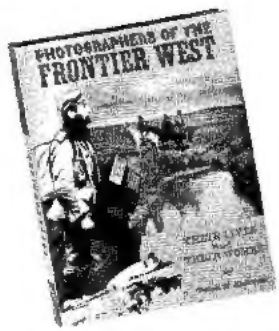

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